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THE CHILDREN'S WONDER BOOK

Xmas 1956

To:- Shane, Barry & Lorraine.

With all our Love

From:- Mum & Dad.

THE CHILDREN'S WONDER BOOK



Edited by
JOHN R. CROSSLAND
AND J. M. PARRISH

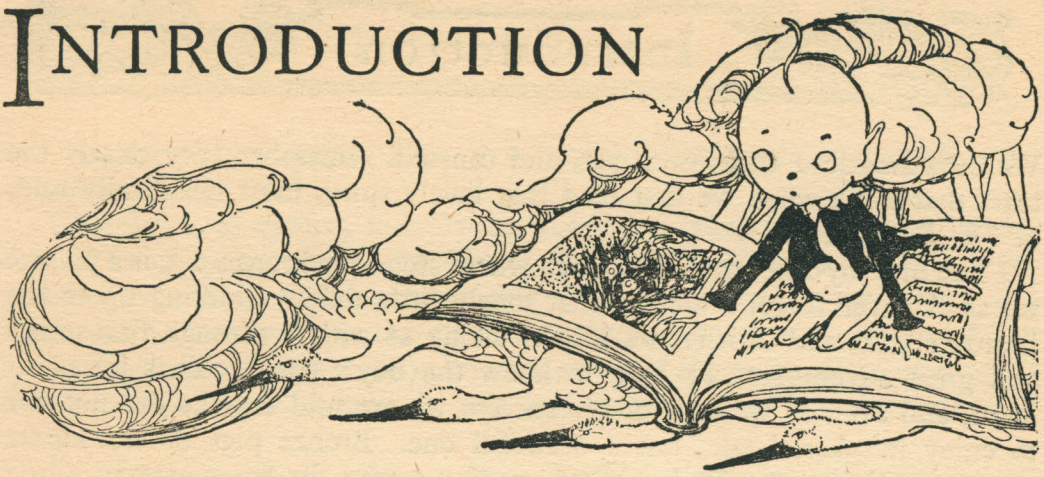
Stories and Poems by

RUDYARD KIPLING ALFRED NOYES
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JOHN DRINKWATER JULES VERNE
HANS ANDERSEN CHARLES DICKENS
BROTHERS GRIMM

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INTRODUCTION



BY THE FIRESIDE,
AT NIGHT.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

We have now completed our task of making this book for you, and the machines will soon be roaring away, eating up miles of paper, so that the book shall be printed. At last, bound and finished in every particular, it will come into your hands.

As we sit here by the hearth—for it is now late night—with the curtains drawn close and the fire sending up its wriggling flames in the grate before us, we wonder what you think of our work. If you enjoy the stories and verses as well as we have done, you are in for a very happy time.

We, too, were once children, and not so very long ago either. As we have chosen the stories and poems for you, our childhood has lived before us once again, and we have revelled for yet another time in the tales that kept us so very interested in those happy days now gone. So we chose just those tales, those romances, those poems that we felt sure you would learn to love, and our only sorrow is that we cannot be near you as you bury your nose in the book and read on and on and on.

There are stories for girls, beginning with the Wonderful tale of *Alice*, who slipped down a rabbit-hole and fell into a topsy-turvy world of fun and adventure. There are the fairy tales we all love, whether we be young or old. Some were written by the Brothers Grimm, in Germany, long ago, and others by that lovable Dane, Hans Christian Andersen, a marvellous spinner of stories.

Boys will love the stories of *Robin Hood, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver.* Girls, too, we know, love stories of adventure, and the book holds many of these. We hope that the boys will not turn up their noses at fairy tales.

We ourselves love them even yet, and can still remember very clearly the tears that came when we first read that lovely story, most beautifully told, of *The Bronze Pig*.

The little by-lane, the *Porta Rosa*, where stood the bronze pig, is a picture we shall never forget. We see that lonely little fellow cuddling up to the bronze statue, and as it comes to life, taking us with it through fine scenes and great adventures, we long to know the boy's name. That we never learn, and even as we hear of his success we are told that he did not live to enjoy it. A sad tale, but a beautiful one. Bronze pigs do not career round city palaces really, but when reading stories for enjoyment it is best to believe that such things are possible.

You *do* believe, don't you? Of course you do, at any rate whilst you read these grand stories of fairyland. But there are other kinds of stories. We have given you adventure, romance, nature tales, tales of school and home, of our own land and lands afar. We have chosen stories of real countries and fairy realms, of grown ups and of children. There are sad stories, though not many, and even they end happily. Tales to make you laugh are always cropping up as you turn over the pages. You are sure to chuckle, for instance, when you read of *Sagrimah the Charmer*, of Old Scrooge after the three ghosts have been on his track, and many other tales of joy and fun.

Stories are here for you from the long ago, some being told in the quaint language of olden times. From the old tales you will gain new knowledge as you read, for all people should know these evergreen stories.

Some people tell us that children do not like poetry. We know better, for we have taught children of all ages and we have seen their faces light up as they read or recited the swinging lines of poems, such as *The Ballad of East and West*. Here we have gathered together for your enjoyment verses by some of our most famous poets of the past, and the most noted poets of to-day.

The poems in this book give you some of the most beautiful and musical language you can imagine. It rolls on the tongue, swings along with a regular step, and tells a great story as it marches forward.

There are humorous poems, too, including *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, *The Jackdaw of Rheims* and the curious *Nonsense Rhymes* of Edward Lear, with their quaint pictures drawn by him for a little boy friend of his, ever so long ago. If you want a story-poem you will never forget, read Mr. Walter de la Mare's *Sam's Three Wishes*, and learn how Sam got his wishes

and became a boy again. This is a never-ending poem, for—well, read it and see.

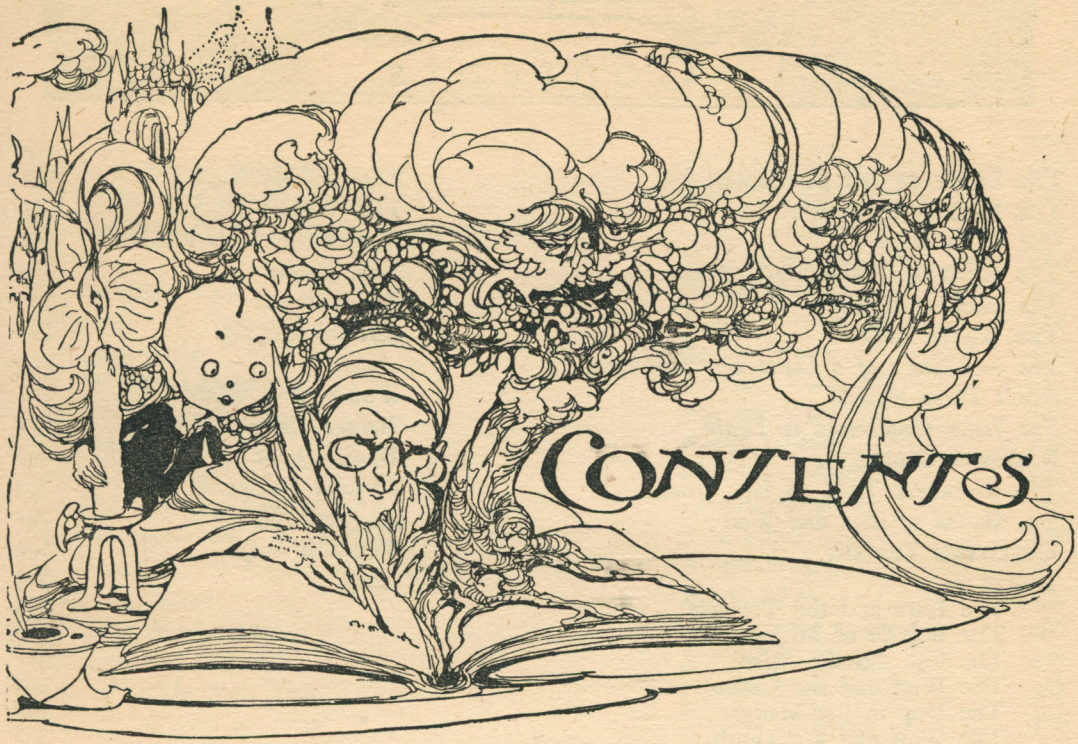
Oftentimes, in garden, meadow or wood, you come across a tiny flower, hidden away in a corner, and almost shut our from view by the larger growths around it. Violets grow that way, but are they not sweet and fragrant, all the same? In this book tiny poems appear at the end of many long stories. Do not pass them by, for some of them are gems of English poetry that will live as long as men and women, boys and girls are able to read.

So here is the book, and we hope it will become one of your dearest friends. It will never quarrel with you, but will always be ready to gladden your heart and take you away, on the magic carpet of your imagination, to fairy lands or distant countries, in the air or under the sea, to adventures and joyous happenings in which you may join without check or hindrance.

Good-bye, and good luck to you!

YOUR EDITORS.





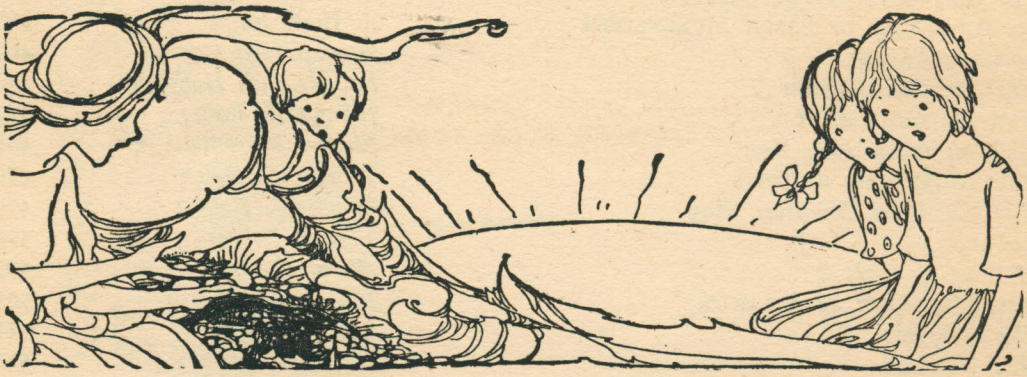
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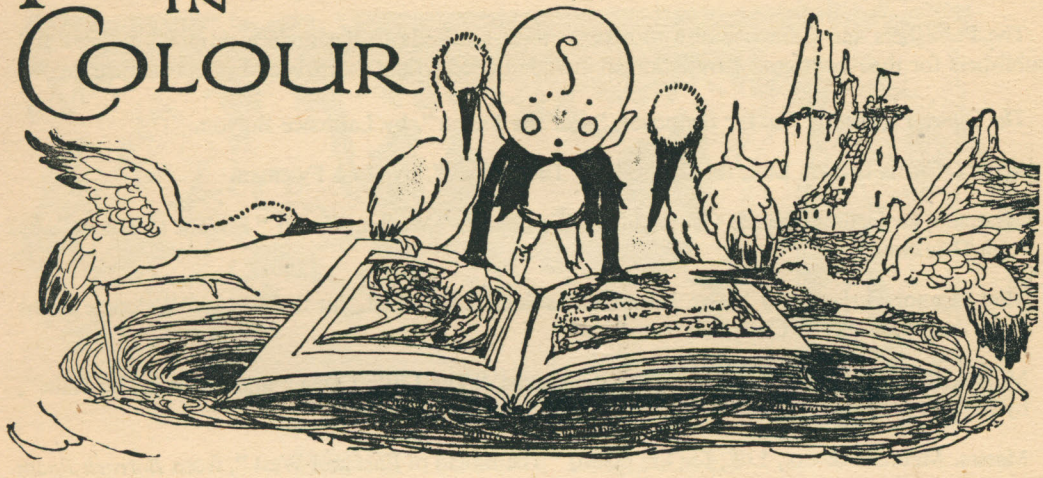
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Tales of Robin Hood

Adapted from W. J. Thoms



ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHTS

ON a midsummer's day in the morning, Robin Hood, with Little John and Will Scarlock, did walk forth betimes, and wished that on the way they might meet with some adventure that might be worthy of their valour. They had not walked long by the forest side, but, behold, three of the keepers of the king's game appeared, with their forest-bills in their hands and well appointed with falchions and bucklers to defend themselves.

"Lo, here," saith Robin Hood, "according to our wish, we have met with our mates, and before we part from them we will try what metal they are made of."

"What! Robin Hood!" cried one of the keepers.

"I, the same," replied Robin.

"Then have at you," said the keeper. "Here are three of us and three of you; we will single out ourselves one to one; and, bold Robin, I for my part am resolved to have a bout with thee."

"Content with all my heart," said Robin Hood, "and fortune shall determine who shall have the best, the outlaws or the keepers."

With that they did lay down their coats, which were all of Lincoln green, and fell to it for the space of two hours with their brown bills, in which hot exercise Robin Hood, Little John, and Scarlock had the better, and, giving the rangers leave to breathe, demanded of them how they liked them.

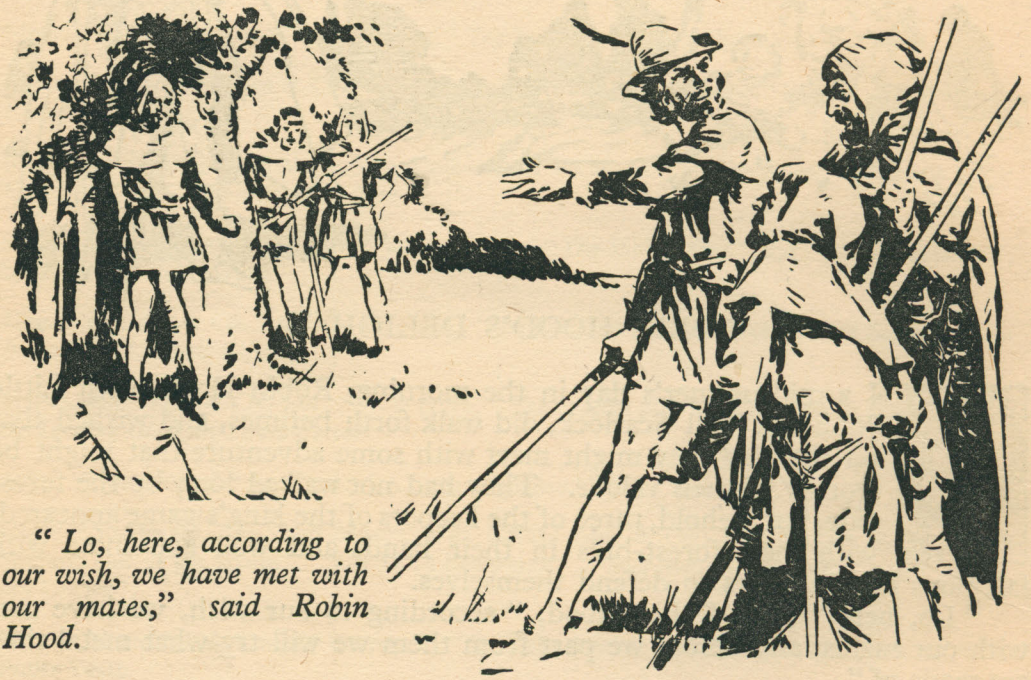
"Why, good stout blades, i' faith," said the keeper that fought with Robin; "we commend you, but let us make trial whether you are as good at your sword and buckler as you have been at your quarter-staff."

"Why, do you doubt it?" said Robin Hood; "we shall satisfy you in that immediately."

With that, having laid down their staves and thrown off their doublets, they fell to it pell-mell; and dealt their blows unmercifully sore, which were carefully always defended with their bucklers. At the last, Robin Hood, observing Little John and Will Scarlock begin to give ground, which they never did in all their lives before, called out for a little space to breathe.

"Good boys, i' faith," said he to the keepers, "and the best that ever I dealt withal. Let me know your names, and for the time to come I will give that respect unto you that belongs unto your valour."

"Tush," replied one of the keepers, "ye lose time in asking after our names; if thou wilt have any more to do with our hands or our swords, we are for thee."



"Lo, here, according to our wish, we have met with our mates," said Robin Hood.

"I see that you are stout men," said Robin Hood; "we will fight no more in this place; but come with me to Nottingham (I have silver and gold enough about me), and there we will go to the King's Head tavern; and after we are weary we will lay down our arms, and become sworn brothers to one another. I love those men that will stand to it, and scorn to turn their backs on a foe."

"With all our hearts, jolly Robin," said the keepers to him; so, putting up their swords, and on their doublets, they went to Nottingham, where for three days' space they were very merry, and in the end parted good friends.

ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS

THE name of Robin Hood did now begin to grow famous up and down the country; those who had occasion to go from one market to another were either afraid of him, and did forbear to go those ways where his haunts

were, or else they were in fee with him, and every quarter did give him money, that with their goods and cattle they might pass by unmolested.

This he considered to be a secure and thriving way to fill his pockets, wherefore he contracted with all the graziers and rich farmers thereabouts, who had rather to give him every quarter a certain sum of money, than to be liable to those dangers, both by day and by night, which before did too much afflict them.

Robin Hood, in the meantime living high, and being out of any fear of hues and cries, or constables' warrants, would repair oftentimes to the town of Nottingham, where he would constantly make merry at the King's Head, and no guest was more respected than himself.

It so fell out that the king, lying at that time at a great earl's house not far from Nottingham, the townsmen and some others of the countryside did intend to delight his majesty with the honest exercise and game of archery. Thither were going many of the rangers of Sherwood Forest, and thither was going Robin Hood himself, but so disguised that it was not easy for any one to know him.

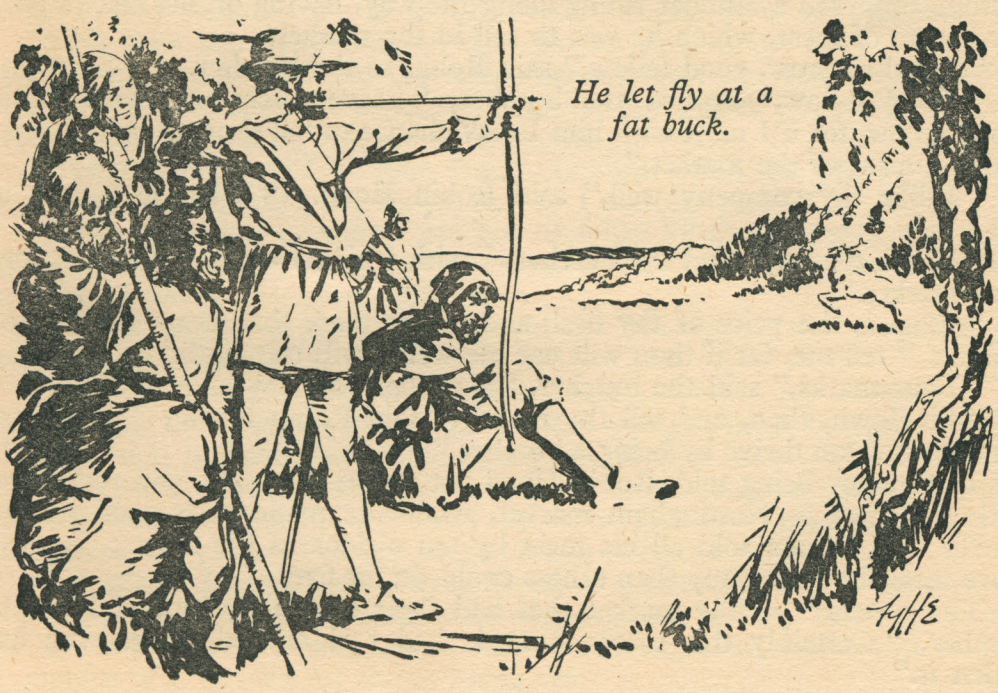
The foresters meeting him, demanded of him whither he was going, and he answered, to the shooting-match, to which purpose he had taken his bow of yew along with him.

" Thou shoot," said one of the foresters, " alas, you boy, thou art not able to bend a bow of yew, much less to draw it being bent—thou shoot before the king ! "

" I will hold you twenty mark," said Robin Hood, " that I will shoot a good buck one hundred rod off and kill him dead in the place."

" A hundred mark on that," said the foresters.

" Down with your dust," said Robin, and having told down the money,



He let fly at a fat buck.

with which he did go always provided, he bended his bow, and, having drawn a broad arrow up to the head of it, he did let it fly at a fat buck, one hundred rod or more. The arrow, entering in between the ribs of the buck, made him give a jump from the ground and fall down dead on the place, which Robin espying, "The wager," said he, "is mine, if it were for a thousand pounds."

"It is none of thine," said the foresters, and began to threaten him with violence, if he did not let the money alone, and get him suddenly gone.

"I will go," returned Robin Hood, smiling though angry, "but the money shall go with me."

With that he blew his horn, and on three or four of his men running up, the foresters made away with all the speed they could, though several were left dead on the plain.

"Now to your costs," said Robin Hood, "you have found me to be an archer," and taking up the money with him, withdrew into the forest to avoid all further danger that might ensue, and the spilling of more blood.

In the meantime, the townsmen of Nottingham, hearing that Robin Hood was abroad, and that some of the foresters were slain, did go forth in great numbers, hoping that Robin Hood was either slain or so hurt that they might now take him before the king. Robin, however, having sent some stinging arrows amongst them, they found to their costs that he was safe enough from being hurt or endangered.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER

NOT long afterwards Robin Hood, walking in the forest as was his daily custom, observed a butcher riding along the way, having on his mare's back good store of meat, which he was to sell in the market.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said Robin to the butcher.

"Good fellow," replied the butcher, "heaven help me from Robin Good fellow, for if I meet with him I may chance to fall short of my journey, and my meat of the market."

"I like thy company well," said Robin Hood. "What hast thou to sell?"

"Flesh, master," said the butcher, "with which I am going to Nottingham market."

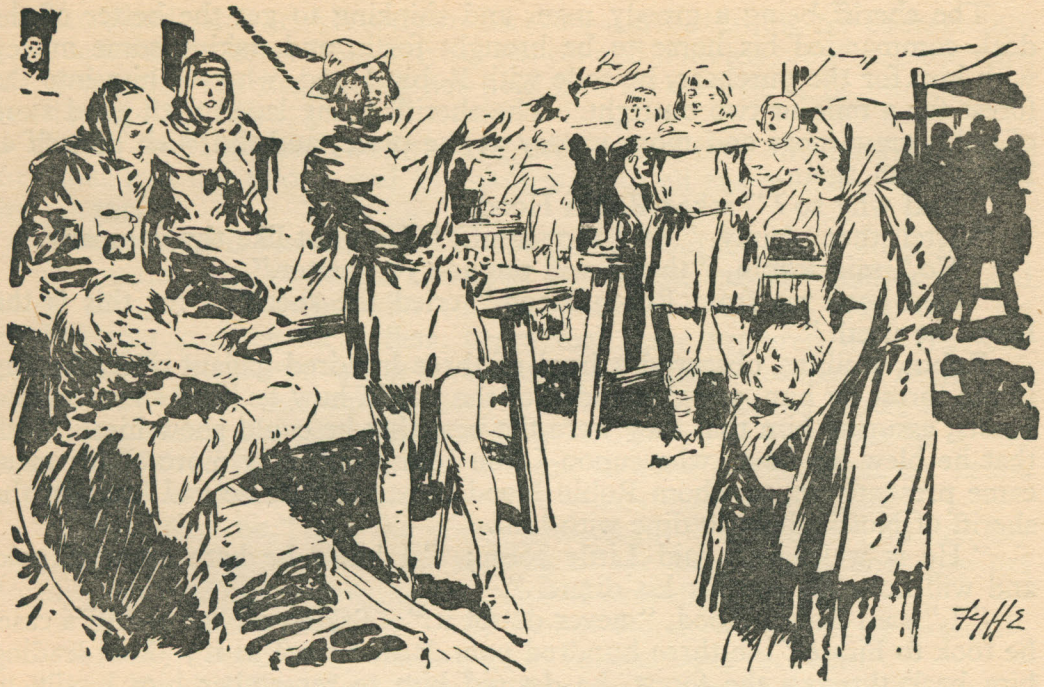
"What is the price of thy flesh and of the mare that bears it?" asked Robin; "tell me, for if thou wilt use me well I will buy both."

"Four marks," said the butcher, "I cannot bate anything of it."

"Sit down, then, and tell thy money," said Robin Hood; "I will try for once if I can thrive by being a butcher."

The money being told, Robin Hood got up on the mare, and rode away with the meat to Nottingham market, where he made such good pennyworths that he had sold all his meat by ten o'clock in the morn; he gave more meat for one penny than others could do for five.

The butchers in the market that had their stands by him said one to another, "Certainly this man's meat is bad and tainted, or else he has stolen it."



Robin Hood had sold all his meat by ten o'clock.

"Whence cometh he?" asked another; "I have never seen him before."

"That will I tell you by-and-by," said a third butcher, who stepping to Robin Hood said unto him, "Brother, thou art the freest butcher that ever came to this market. We be all of a trade; come, let us dine together."

"No man can deny a butcher so fair an invitation," said Robin, and, going with him to the inn, the table was suddenly covered and furnished, and the best man in the company being to say grace, Robin Hood at the upper end of the table did put off his bonnet.

"God bless us all," he said, "and our meat upon this place; a cup of sack is good to nourish the blood, and so I end my grace."

Robin Hood was no sooner sat, but he called for a cup of sack, and drank to them all, desiring them to be merry, for if there were five pounds to pay, he would pay it, every farthing.

"Thou art the bravest blade," said the butchers, "that ever came to Nottingham market."

The sheriff, who was newly alighted, and had taken his chamber at the inn, hearing of what was going on, said the stranger must be some prodigal that had sold his land, and would now spend it all at once. This, coming to Robin Hood's ear, he, after dinner, took the opportunity to speak unto him.

"Well, my good fellow," said the sheriff, "thou hast made a good bargain to-day; hast thou any more horned beasts to sell?"

"Yes, that I have," said Robin Hood to master sheriff, "I have two or three hundred, and a hundred acres of good land to keep them on as ever the crow flew over, which, if you will buy of me, I will make you as good assurance of it as ever my father made me."

The sheriff being a greedy man, and thinking to get the better of the deal, commanded his horse to be brought forth, and, taking some money with him for the purchase, he rode with Robin Hood, who led him into the forest for a mile or two outright. The sheriff, being laden with good store of gold, grew more and more uneasy at the place, and did wish himself at Nottingham again.

"And why so?" asked Robin Hood.

"I tell thee plainly," said the sheriff, "I do not like thy company."

"No," said Robin, "then I will provide you better."

"God keep me from Robin Hood," cried the sheriff, "for this is the haunt he useth."

Robin, smiling, observed a herd of three hundred gallant deer, feeding in the forest by him, and demanded of the sheriff how he liked these horned beasts, assuring him that they were the best that he could show him. With that he blew his horn, whereupon Little John, with fifty more of his men, came presently in, to whom Robin Hood imparted that he had brought the sheriff of Nottingham to dine with him.

"He is welcome," said Little John; "I know he hath store of gold and will honestly pay for his dinner."

"I," said Robin Hood, "never doubt it." Taking off the sheriff's case, he took to himself the three hundred pounds that were in it; then, leading him back through the forest, he desired him to remember him kindly to his wife, and so went laughing away.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR

ROBIN HOOD took not any long delight in the mare which he bought of the butcher, but having now supplied himself with good store of money, which he got by the sheriff of Nottingham, he bought him a stout horse, and, riding one day on him towards Nottingham, it was his fortune to meet with a poor beggar.

Robin, who was of a jovial spirit, observing the beggar to have several sorts of bags, which were fastened to his patched coat, did ride up to him, and, giving him the time of day, demanded of him what countryman he was.

"A Yorkshireman," said the beggar, "and I would desire of you to give me something."

"Give thee," said Robin Hood, "why, I have nothing to give thee. I am a poor ranger in the forest, and thou seemest to be a lusty knave. Shall I give thee a good beating over the shoulder?"

"Content, content," said the beggar, "durst lay my coat and all my bags to a threaden point, thou will repent it."

At that Robin alighted, and the beggar and he fell to it, he with his sword and buckler, and the beggar with his long quarter-staff, who so well defended himself that, let Robin Hood do what he could, he could not come within the beggar, and nothing vexed him more than to find that the beggar's staff was as hard as iron itself. So, however, was not Robin Hood's head, for the beggar with all his force did let his staff descend with such a side blow that Robin, for all his skill, could not defend it.

The blood came trickling down his face, which, turning his courage into fury, he let fly at him with his trusty sword, and doubled blow on blow, but, perceiving that the beggar did not hold him so hard to it, he cried out to him to hold his hand.

" That will I not do," said the beggar, " unless thou wilt resign unto me thy horse and thy sword, and thy clothes, with all the money thou hast in thy pockets."

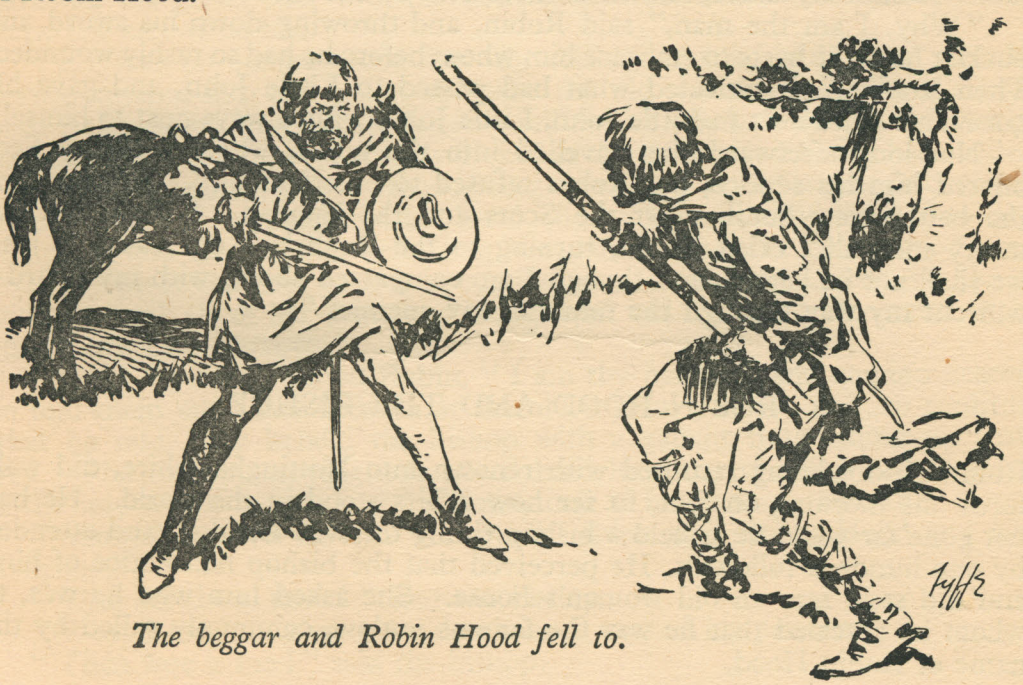
" The change is uneven," said Robin Hood, " but for once I am content."

So, putting on the beggar's clothes, the beggar was the gentleman, and Robin Hood the beggar, who entering into Nottingham town with his patched coat and several wallets, heard that three brethren were that day to suffer at the gallows, being condemned for killing the king's deer. He made no more ado but went directly to the sheriff's house, where a young gentleman, seeing him stand by the door, demanded of him what he would have. Robin returned answer that he came to crave neither meat nor drink, but the lives of those three brothers who were condemned to die.

" That cannot be," said the young gentleman, " for they are all this day to suffer according to law, for stealing of the king's deer, and they are already conveyed out of town to the place of execution."

" I will be there presently," said Robin Hood, who, coming presently to the gallows, found many making great lamentations for them.

Robin Hood did comfort them, and assured them they should not die. Blowing his horn, behold on a sudden a hundred brave archers came unto him, by whose help, having released the prisoners, and killed the hangman, and hurt many of the sheriff's officers, he took those who were condemned to die for killing the king's deer along with him. The three brothers, being very thankful for the safety of their lives, became afterwards of the band of Robin Hood.



The beggar and Robin Hood fell to.

A COMBAT WITH A VALIANT YOUNG GENTLEMAN

ROBIN HOOD now did wish he had continued his butcher's trade a little longer, for provisions grew scarce, and he had not therewith to maintain his band and himself. Riding, therefore, forth to see what good fortune he could be master of, he met with a young gentleman that had shot a buck.

Robin was not far off when it was done, and praised him for his archery, and offered him a place in his service, to be one of his yeomen. The young gentleman, disdaining his offer, told him if he would not begone he would kick him out of that place, whereupon Robin assured him that he had men enough to take his part if he would but blow his horn.

"Sound it, and thou darest," said the gentleman, "I can draw out a good sword that shall cut thy throat and thy horn too."

These rough words made Robin Hood so impatient that he did bend his bow, which, the gentleman observing, said unto him, "I am as ready for that as you, but then one, if not both of us, shall be surely slain; it were far better to try it out with our swords and bucklers."

"Content," said Robin Hood, "we can nowhere find a more fitting place than under the shadow of this oak."

They drew out their swords, and to it they went. Robin Hood gave the young gentleman a cut on the right elbow, and a little prick on his left shoulder, which the gentleman returned with advantage, insomuch that both of them taking space to breathe a little, Robin Hood demanded of him if he had never seen nor heard of him before.

"I know not who you are," said the gentleman, "but my name is Gamwel. I was born in Maxfield, and for killing my father's steward I am forced hither to seek my uncle, known to most folk by the name of Robin Hood."

"Why, I am the man," said Robin, and throwing down his sword and buckler he made haste to embrace him whom before he had so rashly wounded. Then Robin communicated what had passed to Little John, and gave his kinsman a place next to Little John, Little John being always next to himself.

Not long afterwards he travelled into the north, where a bonny Scot offered him his service, but Robin refused to entertain him. At that time the battle grew hot betwixt the Scots and the English. "Fight on, my merry men all," cried Robin, turning to the English, "our cause is just, we shall not be beaten, and though I am compassed about, with my sword I will cut my way through the midst of my enemies."

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP

ROBIN HOOD, being returned with renown into Nottinghamshire, did walk forth one morning on foot, to see how affairs stood in the world. He had not gone far when he beheld a bishop riding towards London, and attended by one hundred followers. He perceived that the bishop had notice of him, and did steal into an old woman's house. She asked him who he was, to whom he revealed that he was the famous outlaw, commonly called by the name of Robin Hood.



Robin Hood, in danger of being captured, escapes by the help of an old woman.

" If thy name be so," said the old woman, " I will do the best I can to provide for thee, for I do well remember it is not long since I received some kindness from thee. The best way that I can advise thee to conceal thyself is to put on my clothes, and I will put on thine."

" With all my heart," said Robin; so, putting on her gray coat, he gave her his green one, with his doublet and breeches, and his bow, and those few arrows he had.

This was no sooner done but the bishop's men, with their swords drawn, entered into the house, did take the old woman, believing she had been Robin Hood, and did set her on a milk white steed, the bishop following himself on a dapple gray, being overjoyed at the great purchase he had made.

In the meantime, Robin Hood, being dressed in an old woman's clothes, with a rock and a spindle in his hand, did address himself straight to his company, and Little John, beholding him coming over the green, cried out, " Oh! who is she that yonder is coming towards us, and looketh so like a witch? I will shoot her dead, and being dead will nail her to the earth with one of my broad arrows."

" Hold thy hand," cried Robin, " I am thy master," and coming nearer he told them what had befallen at the old woman's house, and, to confirm what he said, they beheld the bishop with a gallant train riding up that way. The bishop, espying a hundred bold bowmen standing near a tree, in the way where he was to pass, demanded of his prisoner who they were.

" Marry," replied the old woman, " I think it is Robin Hood and his company."

" Who art thou, then? " said the bishop.

" Why, I am just a simple old woman," replied his prisoner.

" Then woe is me! " said the bishop.

He had scarce finished when Robin Hood called out to him and bade him stay, and taking hold of his horse tied the bishop fast to a tree. Next he took from the cases on the sumpter-horse five hundred pounds, which being done, Robin Hood smiling on Little John, and all his band laughing at one another, Robin Hood bade Little John give the bishop his horse and let him go.

First, however, they made him sing a mass; then they set him on his horse again, with his face towards the tail, and, bidding him to pray for Robin Hood, they suffered him to go forward on his journey.

FAMOUS ARCHERY BEFORE THE QUEEN

ROBIN HOOD, having on all hands supplied himself with good store of gold, sent thereof a considerable present to the queen, begging her to ask his majesty for a pardon for himself and his band. The queen accepted the gift, and sent one of her pages, Richard Patrington, by name, to advise Robin to come to London.

Great was the haste that Patrington made, and, being well mounted, he covered within the space of two days and less, so long a journey. Being come to Nottingham, he found so much friendship that, on the next morning, he was brought to Robin's place, where he delivered his message from the queen, and Robin assured him that he would not fail to wait upon her majesty.

Immediately he clothed the chiefest of his men in Lincoln green, with black hats and white feathers, all alike, and himself in scarlet, and thus attended, he came to London to the queen.

"Welcome Locksly," said she, "the king is now gone into Finsbury Field to be present at a great game of shooting with the long-bow, and you come very seasonable unto it. Do you go before; I will presently be there myself."

When Robin Hood was come into Finsbury Field, the king spake unto his bow-bearer, and bade him to measure out the line, to know how long the mark should be; and the queen, not long afterwards, being sat next unto him, the king asked of her for what wager they should shoot.

The queen made answer, "The wager is three hundred tuns of Rhenish wine, and three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest bucks that run on Dallum plains."

"Beshrew me," said the king, "it is a princely wager indeed; well, mark out the ground."

This immediately was done, and though it was in length full fifteen score, Clifton, a famous archer about the town, boasted that he would hit the clout every time.

And now the king's archers had shot three goals and were three for none; but the queen, nothing discouraged, desired to know if any would be on her side. Sir Richard Lee, who was descended from the noble family of the Gowers, and was standing close unto her, was unwilling to lay one wager, while the Bishop of Hereford told her bluntly that he would not bet one penny on her side.

" For," said he, " those that shoot on the king's side are excellent archers, and those that you have made choice of, we know not who they are or whence they come. I durst wager all that I have about me against them."

" What is that ? " asked Robin Hood.

" Fifteen score nobles," said the bishop, " and that is almost one hundred pounds."

" It is right," said Robin Hood, " I will lay with you," and, taking his bag of money from his side, he threw it down upon the green.

William Scarlock being present, said, " I will venture my life that I know beforehand who will win this wager."

Now the archers did begin to shoot again, and now those whom the queen made choice of were equal to those of the king's side, they were both three and three. Whereupon the king spake aloud to the queen and said the next three must pay for all.

Robin Hood in the first place shot, and with such skill that his arrow entered into the clout; and almost touched the black; he on the king's side that did second him did also shoot well, and came very near unto the clout.

Then shot Little John and hit the black, at which the ladies laughed aloud, being now almost sure that the game would go on their side, which Midge, the miller's son, confirmed. I know not at that time whether I may most commend his art or his fortune; but so it was that he cleft the very pin in the middle of the black, and that with such a twang of his bow that it seemed to proclaim the victory before the arrow came unto the mark.

The queen, having thus won the wager, fell down on her knees before the king, and besought his majesty that he would not be angry with any there present who were on her side. This, the king (the day being meant for mirth), promised, although he did not well understand what she did mean by that petition.

This being granted, the queen said aloud, " Then welcome Robin Hood, and welcome Little John, welcome Midge, the miller's son, and welcome every one of Robin Hood's company that is now in the field."

" Is this Robin Hood ? " asked the king; " I thought he had been slain at the palace gate in the north."

The Bishop of Hereford, turning to the king, said unto him, " May it please your Majesty, this bold outlaw, Robin Hood, three weeks ago last Saturday, took from me five hundred pounds in gold, and bound me fast to a tree, and afterwards made me sing a mass, to him and to those of his most unruly company that were with him."

Robin Hood laughed heartily.

" What if I did ! " he cried, " I was full glad of it, for I have not heard mass before in many a year; and for recompense of it, behold, sir bishop, here is half your gold."

" No, no," cried Little John, " that must not be, for, master, before we go we are to give gifts to the king and queen's officers, and the bishop's gold will serve for all."

So the king and queen took pleasure in their visit to the greenwood, and their hearts warmed towards Robin Hood and his merry men.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR

ROBIN HOOD, being now grown most famous for his skill in archery, and being high in the favour of Queen Katherine, did return with much honour into Nottinghamshire. Forthwith he set aside a day of mirth for all his companions, and wagers were laid amongst them, who should succeed at this exercise, and who at that.

Some did contend who should jump farthest, some who should throw the bar, some who should be swiftest afoot in a race five miles in length; others there were with whom Little John was most delighted, who did strive which of them should draw the strongest bow, and be the best marksman.

"Let me see," said Little John, "which of you can kill a buck, and who can kill a doe, and who is he can kill a hart, being distance from it by the space of five hundred foot."

With that, Robin Hood going before them, they went directly to the forest, where they found good store of game feeding before them. William Scarlock, that drew the strongest bow of them all, did kill a buck; and Little John made choice of a fat doe, and the well-directed arrow did enter into the very heart of it; and Midge, the miller's son, did kill a hart above five hundred foot distant from him.

The hart falling, Robin Hood stroked him gently on his shoulder, and said unto him, "God's blessing on thy heart, I will ride five hundred miles to find a match for thee."

William Scarlock hearing him speak these words, smiled, and said unto him, "Master, what needs that? Here is a curtal friar * not far off, that for a hundred pound will shoot at what distance you choose to fix, either with Midge or with yourself. An excellent archer is he, and will draw a bow with great strength; he will shoot with yourself, and with all the men you have, one after another."

"Sayest thou so?" replied Robin Hood, "by the grace of God, I will neither eat nor drink, till I see this friar thou dost speak of."

Having prepared himself for his journey, he took Little John and fifty of his best archers with him, whom he placed at a convenient spot, as he himself thought fitting. This being done, he ran down into the dale, where he found the curtal friar walking by the water side. He no sooner espied him, but he took unto him his broad sword and buckler, and put on his head a steel bonnet. The friar not knowing who he was, nor for what reason he came, did arm himself to encounter him.

Robin Hood coming near unto him, alighted from his horse, which he tied to a thorn that grew hard by, and looking on the friar said unto him, "Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar, or else thy life lies at stake."

The friar made no more ado, but took up Robin Hood and carried him on his back through the deep water. He spake not so much as one word to him, but, having carried him over, he gently laid him down on the side of the bank. This being done, the friar said to Robin Hood, "It is now my turn; therefore, carry me over the water, thou bold fellow, or be sure I shall make thee repent it."

* Curtal Friar, a friar wearing a short frock.

Robin Hood took the friar on his back, and, not speaking the least word to him, carried him over the water and laid him gently down on the side of the bank. Then turning to him, he spake thus unto him as at first, and bade him carry him over the water once more, or he should answer it with his life.

The friar, in a smiling manner, took him up, and spake not a word till he came in the midst of the stream, where, being up the middle and higher, he did shake him from off his shoulders, and said unto him, " Now choose thee, bold fellow, whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood, being soundly washed, did swim to a bush of broom on the other side of the bank; the friar swam to a willow tree which was not far from it. Robin Hood, taking his bow in his hand, and one of his arrows, did shoot at the friar, which the friar caught on his buckler of steel. " Shoot



The friar smilingly took Robin Hood on his back.

on, shoot on, thou bold fellow," he said; " if thou shootest at me a whole summer's day, I will stand thy mark still."

" That will I try," said Robin, and shot arrow after arrow at him, until he had not one left in his quiver. He then laid down his bow, and drew out his sword, which but two days before had been the death of three men.

Now hand to hand they meet with sword and buckler; the steel buckler defends whatsoever blow is given: sometimes they make at the head, sometimes at the foot, sometimes at the side; sometimes they strike directly down, sometimes they come in foot and arm with a full thrust at the body; and being ashamed that so long they cannot hurt one another, they multiply their blows; they hack, they hew, they slash, they foam. At last Robin Hood desired the friar to hold his hand, and to give him leave to blow his horn.

" Thou wantest breath to sound it," said the friar; " take thee a little rest, for we have been five hours at it by Fountain Abbey clock."

Robin Hood took his horn from his side, and, having sounded it three times, behold where fifty lusty men, with their bended bows, came to his assistance.

The friar, wondering at it, said, " Whose men be these ? "

" They are mine," said Robin, " what is that to thee ? "

" False loon," said the friar, and making a little pause, " thou soundest thy horn three times, let me now but whistle three times."

" With all my heart," said Robin, " I were to blame if I should deny thee that boon."

With that the friar set his fist to his mouth, and whistled three times so shrilly that the place echoed again with it, and, behold, three-and-fifty fair ban-dogs (their hairs rising on their backs showing their rage) were almost on the backs of Robin Hood and his companions.

" Here is for every one of thy men a dog," said the friar, " and two for thee."

" That is foul play," said Robin Hood.

He had scarce spoken that word, but two dogs came upon him at once, one before, another behind him, who, although they could not touch his flesh (his sword had made so swift a despatch of them), yet they tore his coat in two pieces. By this time his men had so lain about them that the dogs began to fly back, and their fury to be confined to barking. Little John did so bestir himself that the curtal friar, admiring his courage and nimbleness, did ask him who he was.

He made him answer. " I will tell the truth and not lie. I am he who is called Little John, and do belong to Robin Hood, who hath fought with thee this day, five hours together, and if thou wilt not submit unto him this arrow shall make thee."

The friar, perceiving how much he was overpowered, and that it was impossible for him to deal with so many at once, did make a compact with Robin Hood. The articles of agreement were these :—

That the friar should abandon Fountain Dale and Fountain Abbey, and live with Robin Hood at his place not far from Nottingham, where, for saying of mass, he should receive a noble for every Sunday throughout the year, and for saying of mass on every Holyday, a new change of garments.

Thus, by the courage of Robin Hood and his yeomen, the friar was forced at the last to submit, having for seven long years kept Fountain Dale, not all the powers thereabouts being able to bring him on his knees.

THE NOBLE FISHERMAN

THE countryside and the cities being full of the doings of Robin Hood and his companions, he resolved with himself to make some adventure at sea, and to try if he could be as famous at sea. Having therefore called all his yeomen together, he did communicate unto them his plan, but none of them would consent unto it, nor any of them would so much as go along with him on such an expedition. Little John, in whom he much trusted, and who was partaker with him in all his schemes, and in all his dangers, was absolutely

against it, and told him it was a madness in him to harbour any thought of such an adventure.

Wherefore Robin Hood did go by himself to Scarborough, where, being clad in a seaman's habit, he came to a woman's house by the waterside, and desired employment. The good woman, seeing him a tall, likely fellow, did ask him what his name was, and he made answer that it was Simon over the Lee.

"It is a good name," said she, "and I hope thou wilt make a good servant. If thou wilt be my servant, I will give thee any wages that in reason thou wilt demand. I have a ship of my own, as good as any that sails upon the sea, and neither thou nor it shall want for any accommodation."

Robin Hood being content to serve, took token monay from her, and on the next morning, the wind being fair, the ship put forth to sea, where Robin Hood had not been long, before he fell very sick, the sea and he not being able to agree. Besides, he was so utterly useless that the master of the ship repented a thousand times that he ever took him along with him, and every one would call him the tall, unwieldy lubber.

When others, as they were a-fishing, would cast into the sea their baited hooks, he would throw in nothing but his bare line, without any hook or bait at all. This mistake, amongst many others, made him so ridiculous, that a thousand times he wished himself again either in Sherwood Forest or in Plumpton Park.

At last the master of the ship espied a Spanish man-of-war to make up to him, wherefore he made away from her with all the speed he could; but, it being impossible to outsail her, they yielded themselves lost, and all the goods in the ship. Robin Hood, who called himself Simon over the Lee,



Taking his bow and arrows up on deck, he killed Spaniard after Spaniard.

seeing all men in despair, took courage to himself, and bade his master but give him his bow and his arrows, and he would deal well enough with them all.

"Thou deal with them!" said the master; "I think we all fare the worse in the ship, for such a lubber as thou art."

Robin grew angry at these words; nevertheless, taking his bow and arrows in his hand, he went up to the deck, and, drawing his arrow up to the very head, killed one Spaniard, and by and by another and another.

The master of the ship, seeing the Spaniards to drop so fast, encouraged his men and boarded the ship, where Robin Hood, alias Simon, behaved himself so manfully that, by his particular valour, they possessed themselves of the ship, in which they found twelve thousand pounds. Half of this money Robin Hood set aside for his dame and her children, and the other half he offered to his companions in the ship.

"No," said the master, "it must not be so, Simon, for you have won it with your own hands, and you shall be master of it."

"Why then," cried Robin Hood, "it shall be as I have said. Half of it shall go to the dame and her children, and (since you refuse my bounty) the other half shall be for the building of an alms-house for the comfort of the poor!"

The Death of Robin Hood

by JOHN R. CROSSLAND



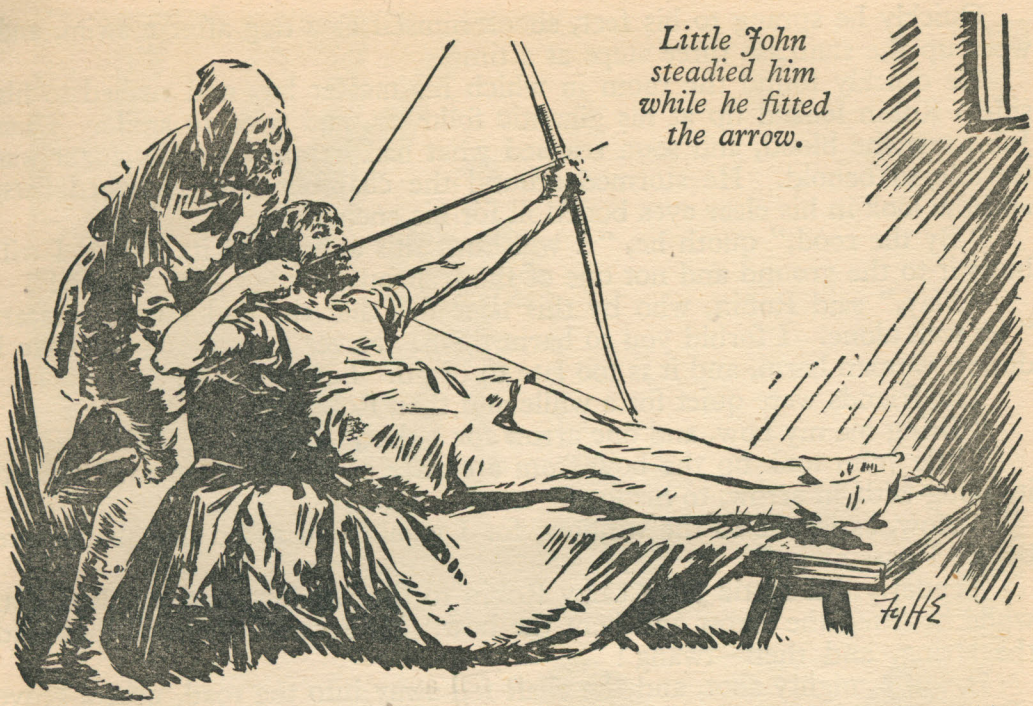
WE are told that Robin lived to the age of eighty-five years, and until that time led his men in the greenwood.

His beloved Maid Marian had died, and the aged forester found his bones too weary and his muscles too stiff to allow him to continue in command.

Even then, however, he felt that a rest and careful nursing might set him again on his feet, and he remembered that in Yorkshire lived his lady cousin, who was Abbess of the Priory of Kirklees, on the way to Huddersfield from Leeds. He felt sure that his cousin, who was reputed to be skilled in medicine, would give him shelter and nurse him back to his accustomed health and vigour.

So, accompanied by Little John, he set out northwards and over into Yorkshire. After a painful journey the pair reached Kirklees Priory, and sought the Abbess. She instantly took them in, and ordered her own chamber to be prepared for the sick old outlaw.

When Robin was snugly ensconsed in this little room, the Abbess examined him and decided that the first step towards a cure must be the letting of blood. She therefore bared the arm of her cousin and carefully opened up a vein. After the necessary amount of blood had been allowed to escape, she bound up the arm, as was usual in the olden days, when blood-letting was considered a cure for all ills.



Little John steadied him while he fitted the arrow.

Robin, weak from loss of blood, lay back in his bed and slept. On waking, however, he found himself in far worse plight than ever before. The vein had not been bound up tightly and during his sleep the blood had drained from his sick body. The truth was that once, away back in their early days, the cousin fancied herself slighted by Robin over some family matter. She had nursed this grievance all her life, and when Robin came to her for help she saw an opportunity for revenge. In binding up the arm she had taken care to leave the bandage slack, so that the vein might continue to bleed.

Robin realised his plight, and saw clearly that, at his great age, it would be impossible for him to recover from this terrible loss of blood. He had been hoping to see his faithful friend and follower, Little John, but for some reason John had not been to see him since he took his bed.

Robin looked around, and saw with joy that his horn lay near at hand. With a great effort he raised himself and grasped it. Putting it to his lips, and summoning up his fast ebbing strength, he blew a blast, such as he had, for so many happy years, been wont to blow in Sherwood, to call his band together.

Little John, ever faithful to his chief, was keeping watch from a copse in the abbey grounds. He heard the sound of the horn and raised himself to his full height. Straight for the abbey door he came, to find it locked and barred. He beat the stout oak with his staff, but no one answered his knocks.

But oak doors were no barriers to Little John. His master had sounded the alarm, and the blast had been weak. Robin Hood was in danger, and he needed his henchmen.

John backed away from the doors and then, with a rush and a sudden leap, his great body fell like a battering ram upon them. There was a shivering crash, and they gave way, depositing him in a heap in the hall.

Quickly he sprang to his feet, shook himself as a dog after a swim, and went up the staircase three steps at a time.

He quickly found the room in which his master lay, and rushed to his side. Robin looked up at his gigantic follower, and tried to smile. Then John saw the blood, and soon realised what had happened. His anger was terrible to behold. He stormed around the chamber with clenched fists, and the look in his clear eyes boded ill for his enemies.

"By the rood," quoth he, "I will burn this abbey and its nuns. I will burn it to the ground and not one of the traitrous witches shall escape!"

"Nay," said Robin, who by this time felt that the end was very near, "let well alone. I forbid you to harm them. Never in my long life have I done a woman harm, and it is too late to begin. Let them be!"

The friends were quiet for a while and then Robin spoke.

"Bring me my bow, and one arrow for a shot," said he.

Little John took up the bow from a corner of the chamber and handed it, along with an arrow, to his lord.

"Now, assist me to the window, for I would fain speed one shaft more before I pass away."

Tenderly did Little John carry Robin to the window, and steadied him while he fitted the arrow and bent the bow. Back came the hand that held the string, and then—twang!

It was a mighty shot, and the shaft fell away into the road, near a grove of trees. Robin dropped the bow and fell back into the arms of his friend.

"That is my last shaft!" he gasped. "Make my grave there, where the arrow fell, and bury me under the trees."

There was a pause, and then Robin's face lit up with a most wonderful smile. "Listen, Little John," he cried, "I can hear her voice. I hear Maid Marian calling."

His head sank back on Little John's arm, and his gallant soul passed from his old, worn body.

Where the arrow lay his grave was dug by Little John. With reverence he buried his master there, and his horn was placed in the grave with him, as were his bow and arrows. He had a green sod at his head and one at his feet.

Thus passed away one of the romantic figures of "Merrie England." On the stone erected over his grave the following inscription, given here in modern English, used to be seen:

"Here, underneath this little stone
Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon;
No archer was as he so good,
And people called him Robin Hood.
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again.

Died 24th December, 1247."

At the crossroads above Kirklees Priory grounds there has recently been erected a village sign bearing, in mosaic, a picture of Robin preparing to shoot his arrow, and underneath, in gilt mosaic, is the one word "Kirklees."



C.W.B. TALES OF ROBIN HOOD.

Patrington was brought to Robin's Place, where he delivered his message from the Queen.
(Page 24.)

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland







by

LEWIS CARROLL

CHAPTER I

DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE

ALICE was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

She was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE," but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well," thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think"—for, you see, Alice had learned several things of this sort in her lessons in the school-room, and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over—"yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words.

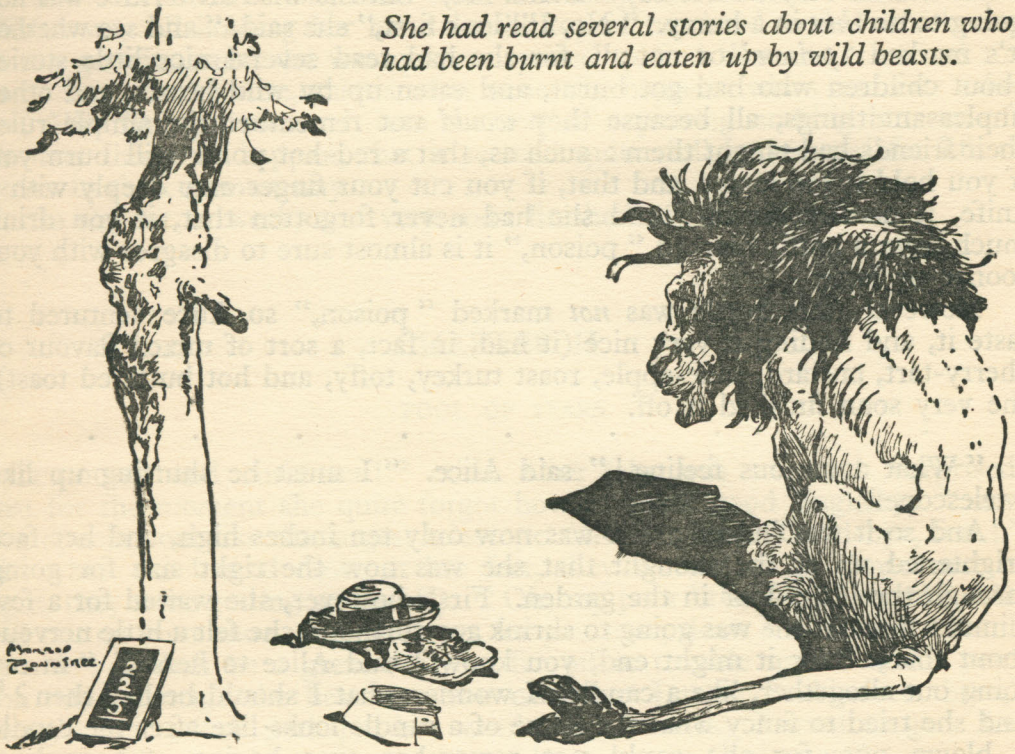
Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The Antipathies, I think"—she was rather glad there *was* no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word—"but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" (and she tried to curtsey as she spoke—fancy *curtseying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear, I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment:

she looked up, but it was dark overhead; before her another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.



She had read several stories about children who had been burnt and eaten up by wild beasts.

Suddenly she came upon a three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway;

" and even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, " it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice was beginning to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half-hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it (" which certainly was not here before," said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words " DRINK ME " beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say " Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. " No, I'll look first," she said, " and see whether it's marked '*poison*' or not; " for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that, if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked " poison," it is almost sure to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked " poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

. . . . . .

" What a curious feeling! " said Alice. " I must be shutting up like a telescope."

And so it was indeed; she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door in the garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; " for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, " in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then? " And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

" Come, there's no use in crying like that! " said Alice to herself, rather sharply. " I advise you to leave off this minute! " She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself

in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. "But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!"

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? Which way?" holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

CHAPTER II

POOL OF TEARS

"CURIOUSER and curiouser!" cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English); "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure *I* shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you: you must manage the best way you can—but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. "They must go by the carrier," she thought, "and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

Alice's Right Foot, Esq.,
Hearthrug,
near the Fender,
(with Alice's love).

"Oh, dear, what nonsense I'm talking!"

Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact, she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key, and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! it was as much as she could do, lying down on one side,

to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and began to cry again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you" (she might well say this), "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half-down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, sir——" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking: "Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five are twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say '*How doth the little*—'" and she crossed her hands on her lap as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

"*How doth the little crocodile*
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

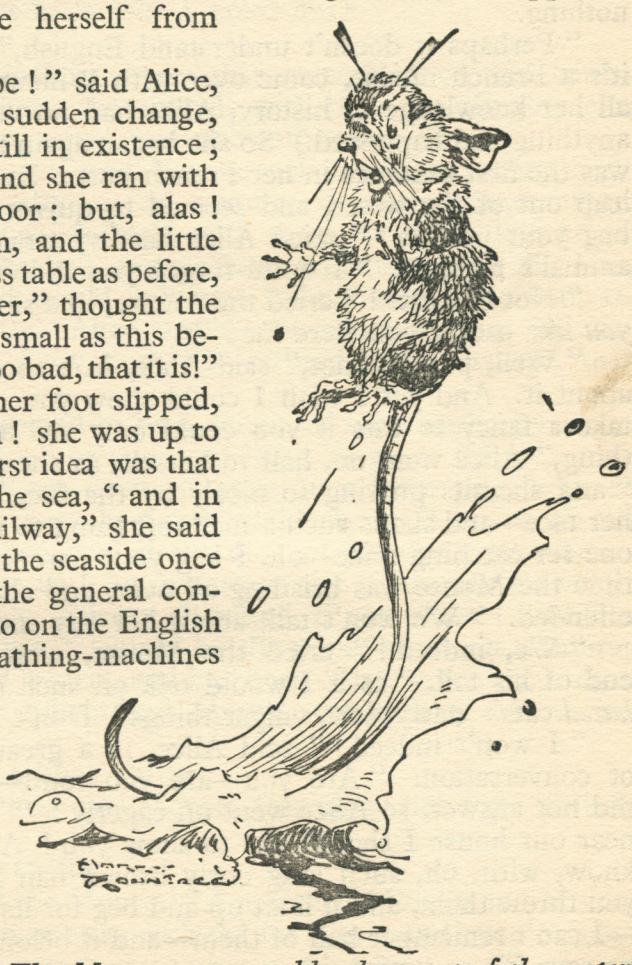
"*How cheerfully he seems to grin,*
How neatly spread his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

" I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on, " I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh ! ever so many lessons to learn ! No, I've made up my mind about it ; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here ! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying ' Come up again, dear ! ' I shall only look up and say ' Who am I then ? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up : if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else '—but, oh dear ! " cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears, " I do wish they *would* put their heads down ! I am so *very* tired of being all alone here ! "

As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. " How *can* I have done that ? " she thought. " I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly : she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

" That *was* a narrow escape ! " said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence ; " and now for the garden ! " and she ran with all speed back to the little door : but, alas ! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, " and things are worse than ever," thought the poor child, "for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!"

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash ! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, " and in that case I can go back by railway," she said to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion, that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing-machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging-houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.



The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water.

" I wish I hadn't cried so much ! " said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. " I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears ! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure ! However, everything is queer to-day."

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was : at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.

" Would it be of any use now," thought Alice, " to speak to this mouse ? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk : at any rate there's no harm in trying." So she began : " O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool ? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse ! " (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse : she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother's Latin grammar, " A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse ! ") The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

" Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice ; " I dare say it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror." (For, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again : " Où est ma chatte ? " which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. " Oh, I beg your pardon ! " cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. " I quite forgot you didn't like cats."

" Not like cats ! " cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. " Would *you* like cats if you were me ? "

" Well, perhaps not," said Alice, in a soothing tone : " don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah : I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, " and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she's such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon ! " cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. " We won't talk about her any more if you'd rather not."

" We, indeed ! " cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of his tail, " as if I would talk on such a subject ! Our family always *hated* cats : nasty, low, vulgar things ! Don't let me hear the name again ! "

" I won't indeed ! " said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. " Are you—are you fond—of—of dogs ? " The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly : " There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you ! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with, oh, such long curly brown hair ! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things —I can't remember half of them—and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds ! He says it kills all the

rats and—oh dear!" cried Alice in a sorrowful tone, "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

So she called softly after it, "Mouse, dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats or dogs either, if you don't like them!" When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought) and it said in a low, trembling voice, "Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it; there was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

CHAPTER III

A CAUCUS-RACE AND A LONG TALE

THEY were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

The first question, of course, was, how to get dry again: they had a consultation about this, and after a few minutes it seemed quite natural to Alice to find herself talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and would only say, "I am older than you, and must know better;" and this Alice would not allow without knowing how old it was, and, as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was no more to be said.

At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of some authority among them, called out, "Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! *I'll* soon make you dry enough!" They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.

"Ahem!" said the Mouse with an important air. "Are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! 'William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria——'"

"Ugh!" said the Lory, with a shiver.

"I beg your pardon!" said the Mouse, frowning, but very politely, "did you speak?"

"Not I!" said the Lory hastily.

"I thought you did," said the Mouse. "I proceed. 'Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him: and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable——'"

" Found *what*? " said the Duck.

" Found *it*," the Mouse replied rather crossly: " of course you know what ' it ' means."

" I know what ' it ' means well enough, when *I* find a thing," said the Duck: " it's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find? "

The Mouse did not notice this question, but hurriedly went on, " '—found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William's conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of his Normans——' How are you getting on now, my dear? " it continued, turning to Alice as it spoke.

" As wet as ever," said Alice in a melancholy tone; " it doesn't seem to dry me at all."

" In that case," said the Dodo solemnly, rising to its feet, " I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies——"

" Speak English! " said the Eaglet. " I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you do either! " And the Eaglet bent down its head to hide a smile: some of the other birds tittered audibly.

" What I was going to say," said the Dodo in an offended tone, "was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race."

" What *is* a Caucus-race? " said Alice; not that she much wanted to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.

" Why," said the Dodo, " the best way to explain it is to do it." (And, as you might like to try the thing yourself some winter day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)

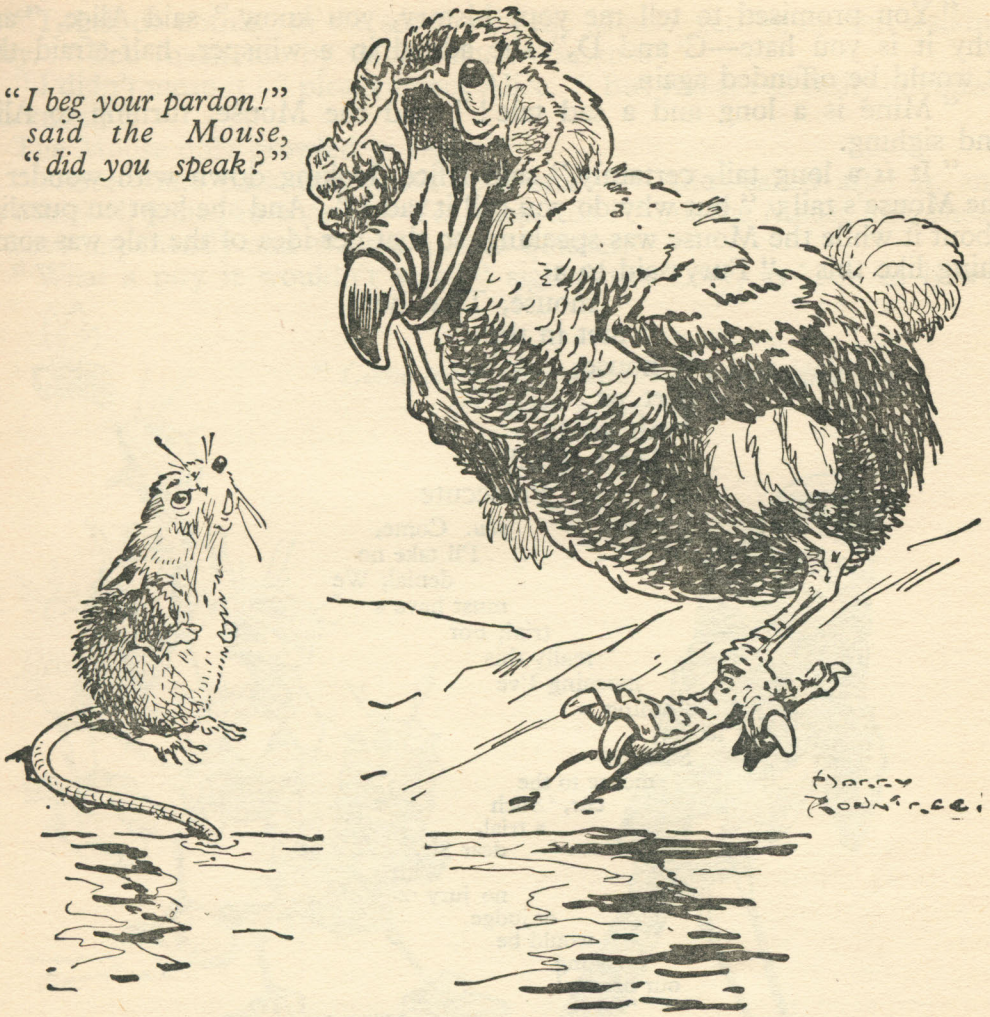
First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle (" the exact shape doesn't matter," it said), and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no " One, two, three, and away," but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out, " The race is over! " and they all crowded round it, panting and asking, " But who has won? "

This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dodo said " *Everybody* has won, and all must have prizes."

" But who is to give the prizes? " quite a chorus of voices asked.

" Why *she*, of course," said the Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round her, calling out in a confused way, " Prizes! Prizes! "

Alice had no idea what to do, and in despair she put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a box of comfits (luckily the salt water had not got into it), and handed them round as prizes. There was exactly one a-piece all round.



"I beg your pardon!" said the Mouse, "did you speak?"

"But she must have a prize herself, you know," said the Mouse.

"Of course," the Dodo replied very gravely. "What else have you got in your pocket?" he went on, turning to Alice.

"Only a thimble," said Alice sadly.

"Hand it over here," said the Dodo.

Then they all crowded round her once more, while the Dodo solemnly presented the thimble, saying, "We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble;" and, when it had finished this short speech, they all cheered.

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh; and, as she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as she could.

The next thing was to eat the comfits: this caused some noise and confusion, as the large birds complained that they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked and had to be patted on the back. However, it was over at last, and they sat down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to tell them something more.

"You promised to tell me your history, you know," said Alice, "and why it is you hate—C and D," she added in a whisper, half-afraid that it would be offended again.

"Mine is a long and a sad tale!" said the Mouse, turning to Alice and sighing.

"It *is* a long tail, certainly," said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you call it sad?" And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this: "Fury said to a

mouse, That he
met in the
house,
'Let us
both go to
law: I will
Prosecute
you. Come,
I'll take no
denial; We
must have a
trial; For
really this
morning I've
nothing
to do.'
Said the
mouse to the
cur, 'Such
a trial,
dear Sir,
With
no jury
or judge
would be
wasting
our breath.'
'I'll be
judge, I'll
be jury,'
Said
cunning
Old Fury:
'I'll try
the whole
cause,
and
condemn
you
to
death.'"

"You are not attending!" said the Mouse to Alice severely. "What are you thinking of?"

"I beg your pardon," said Alice very humbly; "you had got to the fifth bend, I think?"

"I had *not*!" cried the Mouse sharply, and very angrily.

"A knot!" said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her. "Oh, do let me help to undo it!"

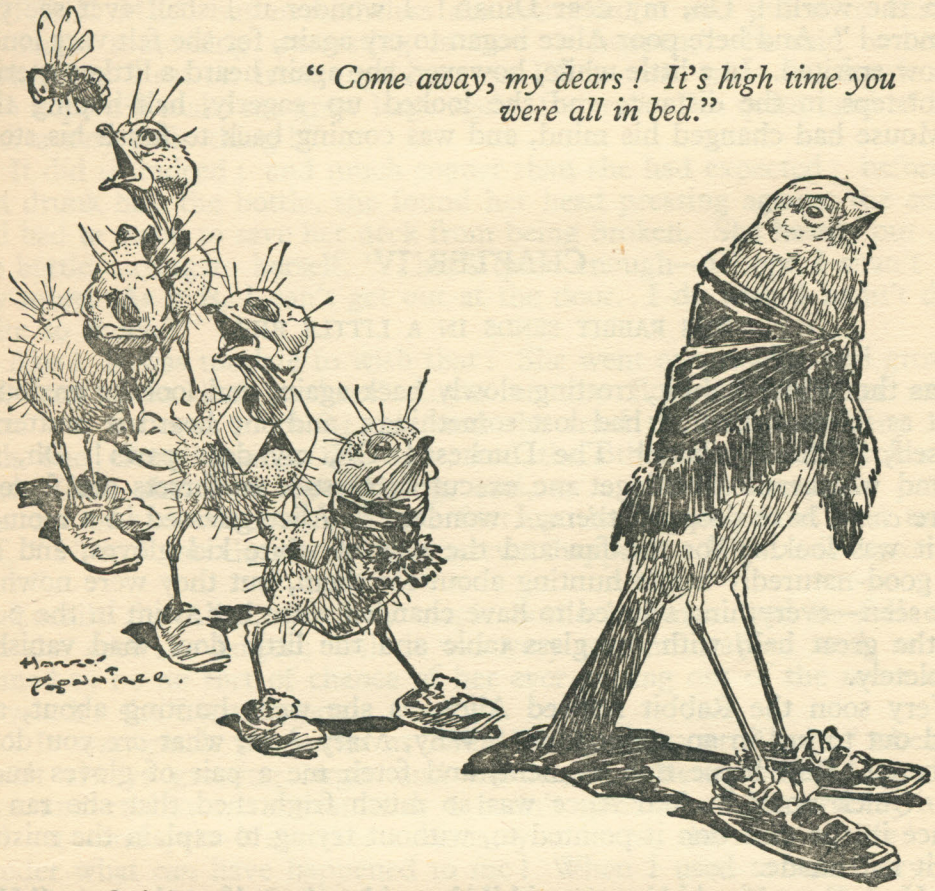
" I shall do nothing of the sort," said the Mouse, getting up and walking away. " You insult me by talking such nonsense ! "

" I didn't mean it ! " pleaded poor Alice. " But you are so easily offended, you know ! "

The Mouse only growled in reply.

" Please come back and finish your story ! " Alice called after it, and the others all joined in chorus, " Yes, please do ! " but the Mouse only shook its head impatiently and walked a little quicker.

" What a pity it wouldn't stay ! " sighed the Lory, as soon as it was



" Come away, my dears ! It's high time you were all in bed."

quite out of sight ; and an old Crab took the opportunity of saying to her daughter, " Ah, my dear ! Let this be a lesson to you never to lose *your* temper ! " " Hold your tongue, Ma ! " said the young Crab, a little snappishly. " You're enough to try the patience of an oyster ! "

" I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do ! " said Alice aloud, addressing nobody in particular. " She'd soon fetch it back ! "

" And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question ? " said the Lory.

Alice replied eagerly, for she was always ready to talk about her pet ; " Dinah's our cat. And she's such a capital one for catching mice, you can't think ! And oh, I wish you could see her after the birds ! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it ! "

This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurried off at once: one old Magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking, "I really must be getting home; the night air doesn't suit my throat!" and a Canary called out in a trembling voice to its children, "Come away, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed!" On various pretexts they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.

"I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah!" she said to herself in a melancholy tone. "Nobody seems to like her down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!" And here poor Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance and she looked up eagerly, half-hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

CHAPTER IV

THE RABBIT SENDS IN A LITTLE BILL

It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something; and she heard it muttering to itself, "The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder?" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, "Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here? Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick now!" And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake that it had made.

"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT" engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and the gloves.

"How queer it seems," Alice said to herself, "to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah'll be sending me on messages next!" And she began fancying the sort of thing that would happen: "'Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready for your walk!' 'Coming in a minute,

nurse! But I've got to watch this mouse-hole till Dinah comes back, and see that the mouse doesn't get out.' Only I don't think," Alice went on, "that they'd let Dinah stop in the house if it began ordering people about like that!"

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves: she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. "I know something interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"

It did so indeed; and much sooner than she had expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself, "That's quite enough—I hope I shan't grow any more. As it is, I can't get out at the door. I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself, "Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger; still it was very uncomfortable; and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.

"It was much pleasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit hole—and yet—and yet—it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what *can* have happened to me! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up, I'll write one; but I'm grown up now," she added in a sorrowful tone; "at least there's no room to grow up any more *here*."

"But then," thought Alice, "shall I *never* get any older than I am now? That'll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like *that*!"

"Oh, you foolish Alice!" she answered herself. "How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there's hardly room for *you*, and no room at all for any lesson-books!"

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making

quite a conversation of it altogether; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

"Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" said the voice. "Fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but, as the door opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself, "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

"*That* you won't!" thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honour!"

"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit angrily. "Here! Come and help me out of *this*!" (Sounds of more broken glass.)

"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honour!" (He pronounced it "arrum.")

"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

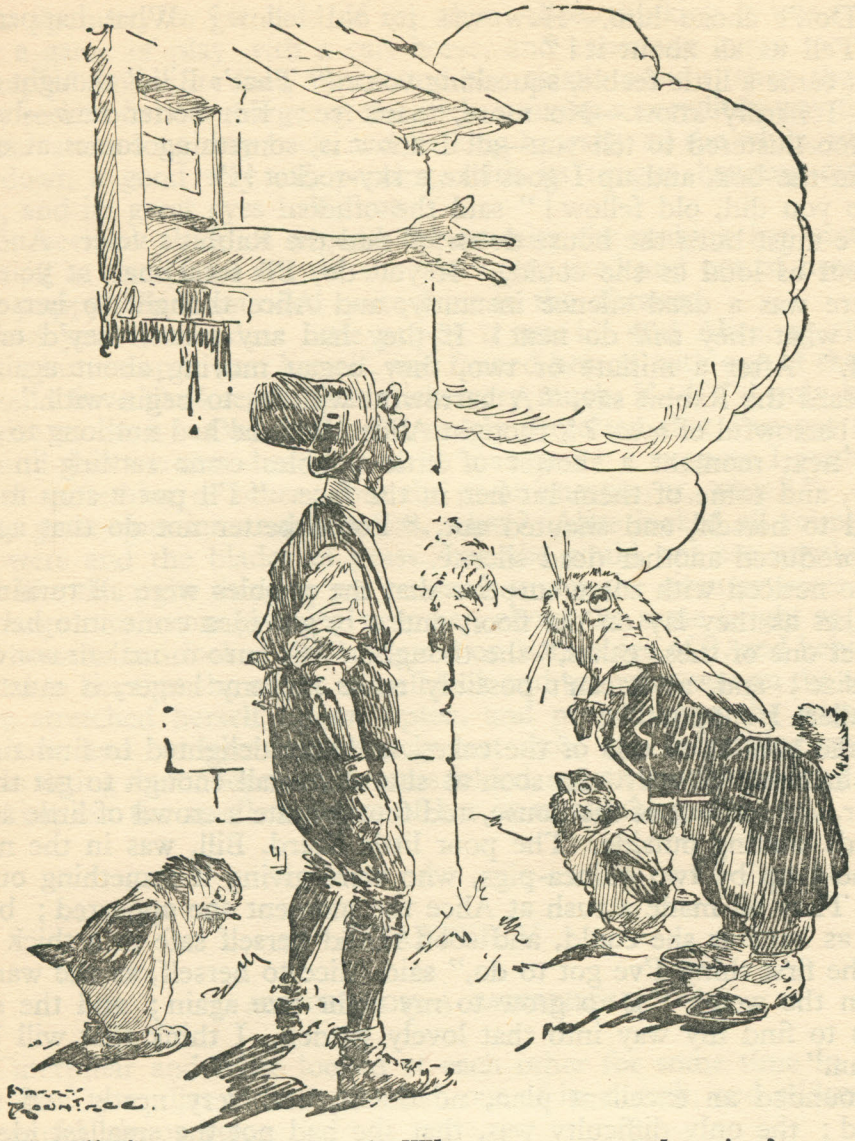
"Sure, it does, yer honour; but it's an arm for all that."

"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate; go and take it away!"

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then; such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all!" "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again, and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could*! I'm sure *I* don't want to stay in here any longer!"

She waited for some time without hearing anything more; at last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: she made out the words: "Where's the other ladder? —Why, I hadn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other—Bill! Fetch it here, lad!—Here, put 'em up at this corner.—No, tie 'em together first—they don't reach half high enough yet.—Oh! they'll do well enough; don't be particular.—Here, Bill! catch hold of this rope.—Will the roof bear?—Mind that loose slate.—Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash).—"Now who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy.—Who's to go down the chimney?—Nay, I shan't! You do it!—*That* I won't, then!—Bill's got to go down.—Here, Bill! the master says you've got to go down the chimney!"

"Oh! So Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice



" An arm, you goose ! Who ever saw one that size ?
Why, it fills the whole window ! "

to herself. " Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill ! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal : this fireplace is narrow, to be sure ; but I *think* I can kick a little ! "

She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her : then, saying to herself, " This is Bill," she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing she heard was a general chorus of " There goes Bill ! " then the Rabbit's voice alone—" Catch him, you by the hedge ! " then silence, and then another confusion of voices—" Hold up his head—Brandy

now.—Don't choke him.—How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!"

Last came a little feeble, squeaking voice ("That's Bill," thought Alice), "Well, I hardly know.—No more, thank ye; I'm better now—but I'm a deal too flustered to tell you—all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!"

"So you did, old fellow!" said the others.

"We must burn the house down!" said the Rabbit's voice. And Alice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll set Dinah at you!"

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, "I wonder what they *will* do next! If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a minute or two, they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."

"A barrowful of *what*?" thought Alice. But she had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," she said to herself, and shouted out, "You'd better not do that again!" which produced another dead silence.

Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. "If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make *some* change in my size; and, as it can't possibly make me any larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose."

So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, "is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan."

It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged; the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it; and, while she was peering about anxiously among the trees, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.

An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. "Poor little thing!" said Alice, in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it; but she was terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Alice dodged behind a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over

heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half-shut.

This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape; so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

"And yet what a dear little puppy it was!" said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with one of the leaves. "I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if—if I'd only been the right size to do it! Oh, dear! I'd nearly forgotten that I've got to grow up again! Let me see—how *is* it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?"

The great question certainly was, what? Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself; and, when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.

CHAPTER V

ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR

THE Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

"Who are *you*?" said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, "I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least, I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar sternly. "Explain yourself!"

"I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice; "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," said Alice; "all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*."

"You!" said the Caterpillar contemptuously. "Who are *you*?"

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such *very* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, "I think you ought to tell me who *you* are, first."

"Why?" said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

"Come back!" the Caterpillar called after her. "I've something important to say!"

This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing down her anger.

"No," said the Caterpillar.

Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, "So you think you're changed, do you?"

"I'm afraid I am, sir," said Alice; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!"

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I've tried to say, '*How doth the little busy bee*,' but it all came different!" Alice replied, in a very melancholy voice.

"Repeat, '*You are old, Father William*,'" said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son.
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

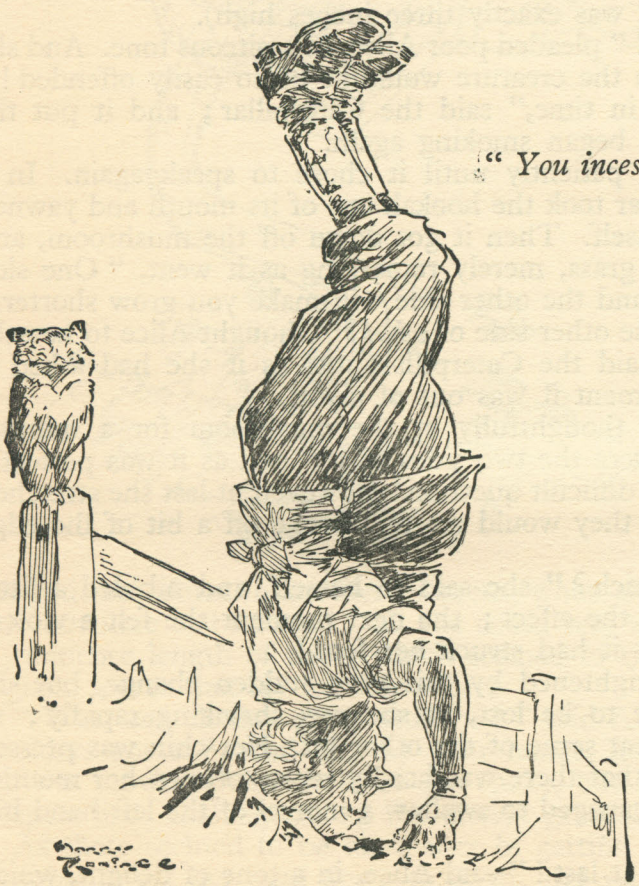
"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

" In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
" I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple ? "

" You are old," said the youth, " and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it ? "

" In my youth," said his father, " I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

" You are old," said the youth, " one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever ? "



" You incessantly stand on your head."



" I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father ; " don't give yourself airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs ! "

" That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.

" Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said Alice timidly ; " some of the words have got altered."

" It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes.

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

" What size do you want to be ? " it asked.

" Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily replied ; " only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."

" I *don't* know," said the Caterpillar.

Alice said nothing : she had never been so much contradicted in all her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper.

" Are you content now ? " said the Caterpillar.

" Well, I should like to be a *little* larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice ; " three inches is such a wretched height to be."

" It is a very good height indeed ! " said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

" But I'm not used to it ! " pleaded poor Alice, in a piteous tone. And she thought to herself, " I wish the creature wouldn't be so easily offended ! "

" You'll get used to it in time," said the Caterpillar ; and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again.

This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it went, " One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

" One side of *what* ? The other side of *what* ? " thought Alice to herself.

" Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud ; and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it ; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

" And now which is which ? " she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect ; the next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin ; it had struck her foot !

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly ; so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot, that there was hardly room to open her mouth ; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

. . . . . .

" Come, my head's free at last ! " said Alice, in a tone of delight, which



"I'm not *a serpent!" said Alice indignantly. "Leave me alone!"*

changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be found: all she could see, when she looked down, was an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below her.

"What *can* all that green stuff be?" said Alice. "And where *have* my shoulders got to? And oh, my poor hands, how is it I can't see you?" She was moving them about as she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little shaking among the distant green leaves.

As there seemed to be no chance of getting her hands up to her head, she tried to get her head down to them, and was delighted to find that her

neck would bend about easily in any direction, like a serpent. She had just succeeded in curving it down into a graceful zigzag, and was going to dive in among the leaves, which she found to be nothing but the tops of the trees under which she had been wandering, when a sharp hiss made her draw back in a hurry; a large pigeon had flown into her face, and was beating her violently with its wings.

"Serpent!" screamed the Pigeon.

"I'm *not* a serpent!" said Alice indignantly. "Leave me alone!"

"Serpent! I say again!" repeated the Pigeon, but in a more subdued tone, and added with a kind of sob, "I've tried every way, and nothing seems to suit them!"

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," said Alice.

"I've tried the roots of trees, and I've tried banks, and I've tried hedges," the Pigeon went on, without attending to her; "but those serpents! There's no pleasing them!"

Alice was more and more puzzled, but she thought there was no use in saying anything more till the Pigeon had finished.

"As if it wasn't trouble enough hatching the eggs," said the Pigeon; "but I must be on the look out for serpents night and day! Why, I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!"

"I'm very sorry you've been annoyed," said Alice, who was beginning to see its meaning.

"And just as I'd taken the highest tree in the wood," continued the Pigeon, raising its voice to a shriek, "and just as I was thinking I should be free of them at last, they must needs come wriggling down from the sky! Ugh, Serpent!"

"But I'm *not* a serpent, I tell you!" said Alice. "I'm a—I'm a——"

"Well! *What* are you?" said the Pigeon. "I can see you're trying to invent something!"

"I—I'm a little girl," said Alice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she had gone through that day.

"A likely story indeed!" said the Pigeon, in a tone of the deepest contempt. "I've seen a good many little girls in my time, but never *one* with such a neck as that! No, no! You're a serpent; and there's no use denying it. I suppose you'll be telling me next that you never tasted an egg!"

"I *have* tasted eggs, certainly," said Alice, who was a very truthful child; "but little girls eat eggs quite as much as serpents do, you know."

"I don't believe it," said the Pigeon; "but if they do, why, then, they're a kind of serpent, that's all I can say."

This was such a new idea to Alice, that she was quite silent for a minute of two, which gave the Pigeon the opportunity of adding, "You're looking for eggs, I know *that* well enough: and what does it matter to me whether you're a little girl or a serpent?"

"It matters a good deal to *me*," said Alice hastily; "but I'm not looking for eggs, as it happens; and if I was, I shouldn't want *yours*: I don't like them raw."

"Well, be off, then!" said the Pigeon, in a sulky tone, as it settled

down again into its nest. Alice crouched down among the trees as well as she could, for her neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and every now and then she had to stop and untwist it. After a while she remembered that she still held the pieces of mushroom in her hands, and she set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height.

It was so long since she had been anything near the right size, that it felt quite strange at first; but she got used to it in a few minutes, and began talking to herself, as usual. "Come, there's half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another! However, I've got back to my right size: the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden—how *is* that to be done, I wonder?" As she said this, she came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. "Whoever lives there," thought Alice, "it'll never do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits!" So she began nibbling at the right-hand bit again, and did not venture to go near the house till she had brought herself down to nine inches high.

CHAPTER VI

PIG AND PEPPER

For a minute or two she stood looking at the house, and wondering what to do next, when suddenly a footman in livery came running out of the wood—(she considered him to be a footman because he was in livery: otherwise, judging by his face only, she would have called him a fish)—and rapped loudly at the door with his knuckles. It was opened by another footman in livery, with a round face, and large eyes like a frog; and both footmen, Alice noticed, had powdered hair that curled all over their heads. She felt very curious to know what it was all about, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footman began by producing from under his arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and this he handed over to the other, saying, in a solemn tone, "For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet." The Frog-Footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, "From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet."

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.

Alice laughed so much at this, that she had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her; and, when she next peeped out, the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alice went timidly up to the door and knocked.

"There's no sort of use in knocking," said the Footman, "and that for two reasons. First, because I'm on the same side of the door as you are;

secondly, because they're making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you." And certainly there *was* a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

"Please, then," said Alice, "how am I to get in?"

"There might be some sense in your knocking," the Footman went on without attending to her, "if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were *inside*, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know." He was looking up into the sky all the time he was speaking, and this Alice thought decidedly uncivil. "But perhaps he can't help it," she said to herself; "his eyes are so *very* nearly at the top of his head. But at any rate he might answer questions. How am I to get in?" she repeated aloud.

"I shall sit here," the Footman remarked, "till to-morrow——"

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head: it just grazed his nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind him.

"Or next day, maybe," the Footman continued, in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

"How am I to get in?" asked Alice again, in a louder tone.

"*Are* you to get in at all?" said the Footman. "That's the first question, you know."

It was, no doubt; only Alice did not like to be told so. "It's really dreadful," she muttered to herself, "the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive one crazy!"

The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity for repeating his remark, with variations. "I shall sit here," he said, "on and off, for days and days."

"But what am *I* to do?" said Alice.

"Anything you like," said the Footman, and began whistling.

"Oh, there's no use in talking to him," said Alice desperately; "he's perfectly idiotic!" And she opened the door and went in.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment's pause. The only two creatures in the kitchen that did not sneeze were the cook and a large cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

"Please, would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats *could* grin."

"They all can," said the Duchess; "and most of 'em do."

"I don't know of any that do," Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

"You don't know much," said the Duchess; "and that's a fact."



The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool, nursing a baby, while the cook stirred a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.

Alice did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation. While she was trying to fix on one, the cook took the cauldron of soup off the fire, and at once set to work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby—the fire-irons came first; then followed a shower of saucepans, plates, and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them even when they hit her; and the baby was howling so much already that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.

"Oh, *please* mind what you're doing!" cried Alice, jumping up and

down in an agony of terror. "Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!" as an unusually large saucepan flew close by it, and very nearly carried it off.

"If everybody minded their own business," said the Duchess, in a hoarse growl, "the world would go round a deal faster than it does."

"Which would *not* be an advantage," said Alice, who felt very glad to get an opportunity of showing off a little of her knowledge. "Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis——"

"Talking of axes," said the Duchess, "chop off her head!"

Alice glanced rather anxiously at the cook, to see if she meant to take the hint; but the cook was busily stirring the soup, and seemed not to be listening, so she went on again: "Twenty-four hours, I *think*; or is it twelve? I——"

"Oh, don't bother *me*," said the Duchess; "I never could abide figures!" And with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

"*Speak roughly to your little boy,*
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."

CHORUS

(in which the cook and the baby joined):

"*Wow! wow! wow!*"

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled, so that Alice could hardly hear the words:

"*I speak severely to my boy,*
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"

CHORUS

"*Wow! wow! wow!*"

"Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen," and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, "just like a star-fish," thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam-engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself

out again, so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself), she carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two: wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice; "that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."



"I *growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry," said the Cheshire Cat.*

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether, Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?" when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any farther.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have made a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "If one only knew the right way to change them——" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. "It looked good-natured," she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on. "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where——" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you walk," said the Cat.

"So long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added, as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat; "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on. "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see, a dog growls when its angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore, I'm mad."

"*I* call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this; she was getting so well used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By the by, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half-expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before" she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May,

it won't be raving mad—at least, not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" said the Cat.

"I said pig," replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!"

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself, "Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

CHAPTER VII

A MAD TEA-PARTY

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out, when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles. I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least, I mean what I say —that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the breadknife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook his head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, " Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

" Have you guessed the riddle yet? " the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

" No, I give it up," Alice replied; " what's the answer? "

" I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

" Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. " I think you might do something better with the time," she said, " than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

" If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, " you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

" I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

" Of course you don't! " the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. " I dare say you never even spoke to Time! "

" Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; " but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

" Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. " He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner! "

(" I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

" That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; " but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

" Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter; " but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you like."

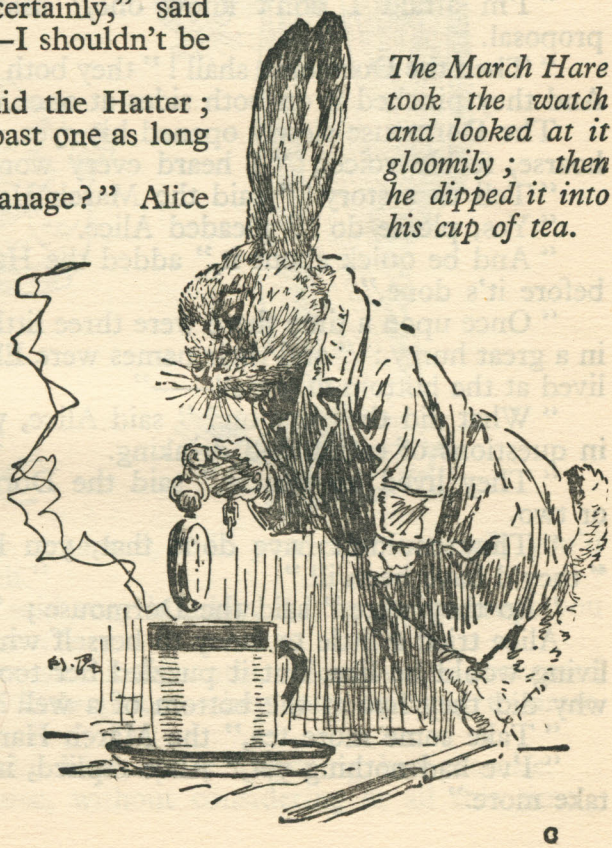
" Is that the way *you* manage? " Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. " Not I! " he replied. " We quarrelled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know "—(pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) — " it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

" *Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!*
How I wonder what you're
at!

You know the song, perhaps? "

" I've heard something like it," said Alice.



The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

"*Up above the world you fly,*
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle——"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*——" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on, in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh; "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter; "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice; "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began, in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well——"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied, in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

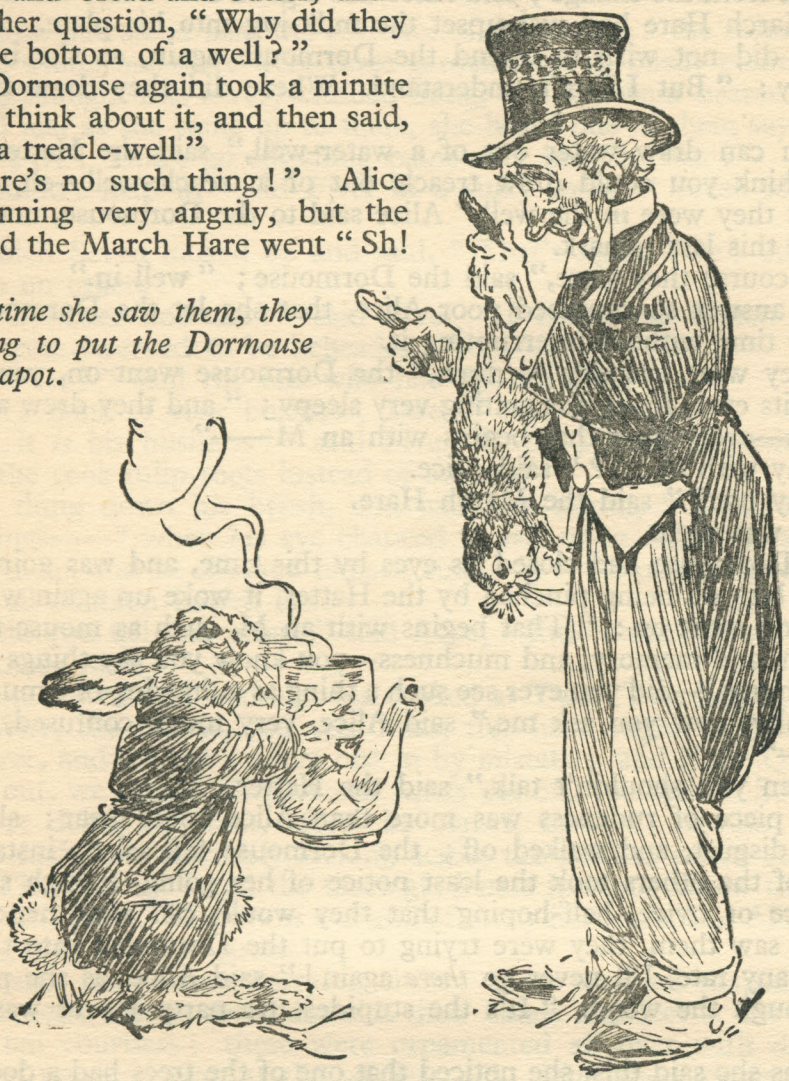
"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question, "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh!

The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.



sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly, "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know——"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "That begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things as 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think——"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half-hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate, I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and *then*—she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

CHAPTER VIII

THE QUEEN'S CROQUET GROUND

A LARGE rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them, she heard one of them say, "Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five, in a sulky tone. "Seven jogged my elbow."

On which Seven looked up and said, "That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!"

"You'd better not talk!" said Five. "I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded!"

"What for?" said the one who had spoken first.

"That's none of *your* business, Two!" said Seven.

"Yes, it *is* his business!" said Five. "And I'll tell him—it was for bringing the cook tulip-roots instead of onions."

Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun, "Well, of all the unjust things——" when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly: the others looked round also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two began, in a low voice, "Why, the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to have been a *red* rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to——" At this moment, Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out, "The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs; these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers; these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children; there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognised the White Rabbit: it was talking in a hurried, nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion; and, last of all this grand procession, came the KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her face

like the three gardeners, but she could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions; "and besides, what would be the use of a procession," she thought, "if people had all to lie down on their faces, so that they couldn't see it?" So she stood still where she was and waited.

When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely, "Who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and turning to Alice, she went on, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them."

"And who are *these*?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rose-tree; for, you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

"How should I know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. "It's no business of *mine*."

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, began screaming, "Off with her head! Off——"

"Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said, "Consider, my dear: she is only a child!"

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave, "Turn them over!"

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

"Get up!" said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else!

"Leave off that!" screamed the Queen. "You make me giddy." And then, turning to the rose-tree, she went on, "What *have* you been doing here?"

"May it please your Majesty," said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, "we were trying——"

"*I* see!" said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. "Off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

"You shan't be beheaded!" said Alice, and she put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

"Are their heads off?" shouted the Queen.

"Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!" the soldiers shouted in reply.

"That's right!" shouted the Queen. "Can you play croquet?"

The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

"Yes!" shouted Alice.

"Come on, then!" roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

"It's—it's a very fine day!" said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

"Very," said Alice; "where's the Duchess?"

"Hush! Hush!" said the Rabbit, in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered, "She's under sentence of execution."

"What for?" said Alice.

"Did you say 'What a pity!'?" the Rabbit asked.

"No, I didn't," said Alice: "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said 'What for?'"

"She boxed the Queen's ears——" the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter.



"I couldn't help it," said Five, in a sulky tone. "Seven jogged my elbow."



" Oh, hush ! " the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. " The Queen will hear you ! You see she came rather late, and the Queen said——"

" Get to your places ! " shouted the Queen, in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other ; however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began. Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet ground in her life ; it was all ridges and furrows ; the croquet balls were live hedgehogs, and the mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet, to make the arches.

The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo : she succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it *would* twist itself round and look up into her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing : and when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away : besides all this, there was generally a ridge or a furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.

The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs ; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting, " Off with his head ! " or " Off with her head ! " about once in a minute.

Alice began to feel very uneasy : to be sure she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but she knew that it might happen any minute, " and then," thought she, " what would become of me ? They're dreadfully fond of beheading people here ; the great wonder is, that there's any one left alive ! "

She was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air : it puzzled her very much at first, but after watching it a minute or two she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself, " It's the Cheshire Cat : now I shall have somebody to talk to."

" How are you getting on ? " said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. " It's no use speaking to it," she thought, " till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had some one to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

" I don't think they play at all fairly," Alice began, in rather a complaining tone, " and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speak—and they don't seem to have any rules in particular ; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you've no idea how confusing it is

all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!"

"How do you like the Queen?" said the Cat, in a low voice.

"Not at all," said Alice; "she's so extremely——" Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind her listening; so she went on, "likely to win, that it's hardly worth while finishing the game."

The Queen smiled and passed on.

"Who *are* you talking to?" said the King, coming up to Alice, and looking at the Cat's head with great curiosity.

"It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat," said Alice. "Allow me to introduce it."

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King; "however, it may kiss my hand if it likes."

"I'd rather not," the Cat remarked.

"Don't be impertinent," said the King, "and don't look at me like that!" He got behind Alice as he spoke.

"A cat may look at a king," said Alice. "I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where."

"Well, it must be removed," said the King very decidedly, and he called to the Queen, who was passing at the moment, "My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!"

The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. "Off with his head!" she said, without even looking round.

"I'll fetch the executioner myself," said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.

Alice thought she might as well go back and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen's voice in the distance, screaming with passion. She had already heard her sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and she did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went off in search of her hedgehog.

The hedgehog was engaged in a fight with another hedgehog, which seemed to Alice an excellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other: the only difficulty was, that her flamingo was gone across to the other side of the garden, where Alice could see it trying in a helpless sort of way to fly up into a tree.

By the time she had caught the flamingo and brought it back, the fight was over, and both the hedgehogs were out of sight: "But it doesn't matter much," thought Alice, "as all the arches are gone from this side of the ground." So she tucked it away under her arm, that it might not escape again, and went back to have a little more conversation with her friend.

When she got back to the Cheshire Cat, she was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it: there was a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once, while all the rest were quite silent, and looked very uncomfortable.

The moment Alice appeared, she was appealed to by all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to her, though, as they

all spoke at once, she found it very hard to make out exactly what they said.

The executioner's argument was, that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from: that he had never had to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at *his* time of life.

The King's argument was, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense.

The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time, she'd have everybody executed, all round. (It was this last remark that made the whole party look so grave and anxious.)

Alice could think of nothing else to say but, "It belongs to the Duchess: you'd better ask *her* about it."

"She's in prison," the Queen said to the executioner: "fetch her here." And the executioner went off like an arrow.

The Cat's head began fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with the Duchess, it had entirely disappeared; so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.

CHAPTER IX

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

"YOU can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!" said the Duchess, as she tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's and they walked off together.

Alice was very glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and thought to herself that perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when they met in the kitchen.

"When *I'm* a Duchess," she said to herself (not in a very hopeful tone though), "I won't have any pepper in my kitchen *at all*. Soup does very well without—maybe it's always pepper that makes people hot-tempered," she went on, very much pleased at having found out a new kind of rule, "and vinegar that makes them sour—and camomile that makes them bitter—and—and barley-sugar and such things that make children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew *that*: then they wouldn't be so stingy about it, you know——"

She had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and was a little startled when she heard her voice close to her ear. "You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit."

"Perhaps it hasn't one," Alice ventured to remark.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it." And she squeezed herself up closer to Alice's side as she spoke.

Alice did not much like her keeping so close to her: first, because the Duchess was *very* ugly; and secondly, because she was exactly the right height to rest her chin on Alice's shoulder, and it was an uncomfortably



Alice did not like the Duchess keeping so close to her.

sharp chin. However, she did not like to be rude, so she bore it as well as she could. "The game's going on rather better now," she said, by way of keeping up the conversation a little.

"'Tis so," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is—'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!'"

"Somebody said," whispered Alice, "that it's done by everybody minding their own business!"

"Ah, well! It means much the same thing," said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into Alice's shoulder as she added, "and the moral of *that* is—'Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.'"

"How fond she is of finding morals in things!" Alice thought to herself.

"I dare say you're wondering why I don't put my arm round your waist," said the Duchess, after a pause: "the reason is, that I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?"

"He might bite," Alice cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to have the experiment tried.

"Very true," said the Duchess: "flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Only mustard isn't a bird," Alice remarked.

"Right, as usual," said the Duchess: "what a clear way you have of putting things!"

"It's a mineral, I *think*," said Alice.

"Of course it is," said the Duchess, who seemed ready to agree to everything that Alice said; "there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is—'The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.'"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Alice, who had not attended to this last remark. "It's a vegetable. It doesn't look like one, but it is."

"I quite agree with you," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is—'Be what you would seem to be'—or, if you'd like it put more simply—'Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.'"

"I think I should understand that better," Alice said very politely, "if I had it written down; but I can't quite follow it as you say it."

"That's nothing to what I could say if I chose," the Duchess replied, in a pleased tone.

"Pray, don't trouble yourself to say it any longer than that," said Alice.

"Oh, don't talk about trouble!" said the Duchess. "I make you a present of everything I've said as yet."

"A cheap sort of present!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they don't give birthday presents like that!" But she did not venture to say it out loud.

"Thinking again?" the Duchess asked, with another dig of her sharp little chin.

"I've a right to think," said Alice sharply, for she was beginning to feel a little worried.

"Just about as much right," said the Duchess, "as pigs have to fly; and the m——"

But here, to Alice's great surprise, the Duchess's voice died away, even in the middle of her favourite word "moral," and the arm that was linked into hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

"A fine day, your Majesty!" the Duchess began, in a low, weak voice.

"Now, I give you fair warning," shouted the Queen, stamping on the ground as she spoke; "either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time! Take your choice!"

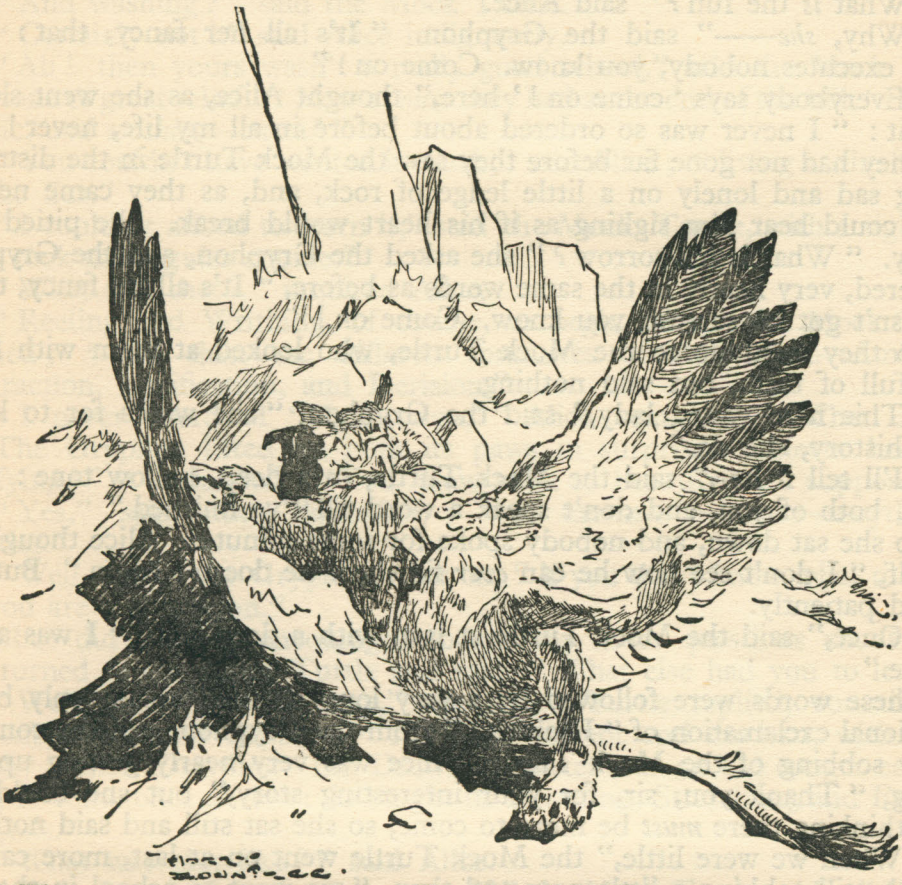
The Duchess took her choice, and was gone in a moment.

"Let's go on with the game," the Queen said to Alice; and Alice was too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her back to the croquet-ground.

The other guests had taken advantage of the Queen's absence, and were resting in the shade; however, the moment they saw her, they hurried back to the game, the Queen merely remarking that a moment's delay would cost them their lives.

All the time they were playing, the Queen never left off quarrelling with the other players, and shouting, " Off with his head ! " or " Off with her head ! " Those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who, of course, had to leave off being arches to do this, so that by the end of half an hour or so there were no arches left, and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Alice, were in custody and under sentence of execution.

Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Alice, " Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet ? "



They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun.

" No," said Alice. " I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

" It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from," said the Queen.

" I never saw one, or heard of one," said Alice.

" Come on, then," said the Queen, " and he shall tell you his history."

As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say, in a low voice, to the company generally, " You are all pardoned." " Come, *that's* a good thing ! " she said to herself, for she had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen had ordered.

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. (If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture.) " Up, lazy

thing ! " said the Queen, " and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered," and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole, she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen : so she waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes ; then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight ; then it chuckled. " What fun ! " said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

" What *is* the fun ? " said Alice.

" Why, *she*——" said the Gryphon. " It's all her fancy, that : they never executes nobody, you know. Come on ! "

" Everybody says ' come on ! ' here," thought Alice, as she went slowly after it : " I never was so ordered about before in all my life, never ! "

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. " What is his sorrow ? " she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, " It's all his fancy, that : he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on ! "

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

" This here young lady," said the Gryphon, " she wants for to know your history, she do."

" I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle, in a deep, hollow tone : " sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So she sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, " I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

" Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, " I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of " Hjckrrh ! " from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, " Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

" When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, " we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise——"

" Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one ? " Alice asked.

" We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily ; " really you are very dull ! "

" You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon ; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, " Drive on, old fellow ! Don't be all day about it ! " and he went on in these words :

" Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——"

" I never said I didn't ! " interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on:

"We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——"

"*I've* been to day-school too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing*—extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the Sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" Alice ventured. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully; "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you are a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—"Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it to you myself," the Mock Turtle said; "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon; "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said, with a sigh; "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle; "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked; "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone; "tell her something about the games now."

CHAPTER X

THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

THE Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice, and tried to speak, but, for a minute or two, sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon; and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:

"You may not have lived much under the sea"—("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster"—(Alice began to say, "I once tasted——" but checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never")—"so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the sea-shore——"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way——"

"*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"You advance twice——"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said; "advance twice, set to partners——"

"Change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the——"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"As far out to sea as you can——"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon.

"Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.

"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

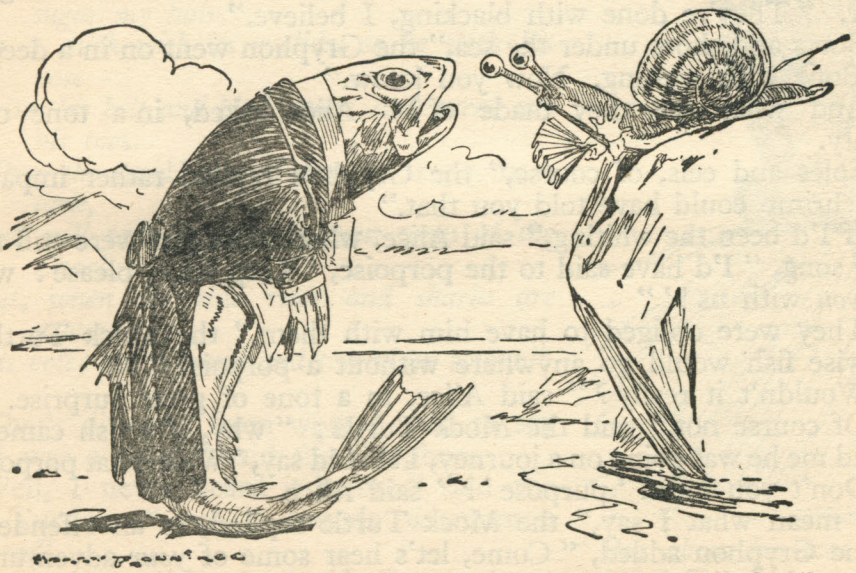
"Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their fore paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance,
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The farther off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"



"Will you walk a little faster?" said a Whiting to a Snail.

"Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last: "and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!"

"Oh, as to the whiting," said the Mock Turtle, "they—you've seen them, of course?"

"Yes," said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn——" she checked herself hastily.

"I don't know where Dinn may be," said the Mock Turtle, "but if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like."

"I believe so," Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails in their mouths—and they're all over crumbs."

"You're wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle; "crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason is——" Here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes. "Tell her about the reason and all that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice; "it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"*It does the boots and shoes,*" the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are *your* shoes done with?" said the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, "are done with whiting. Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked, in a tone of great curiosity.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied rather impatiently; "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please: we don't want *you* with us!'"

"They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said; "no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it really?" said Alice, in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle; "why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going on a journey, I should say, 'With what porpoise?'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied, in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added, "Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures."

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said

Alice a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no! The adventures first," said the Gryphon, in an impatient tone; "explanations take such a dreadful time."

So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit. She was a little nervous about it just at first, the two creatures got so close to her, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so *very* wide, but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating, "*You are old, Father William,*" to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said, "That's very curious."

"It's all about as curious as it can be," said the Gryphon.

"It all came different!" the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. "I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

"Stand up and repeat '*'Tis the voice of the sluggard,*'" said the Gryphon.

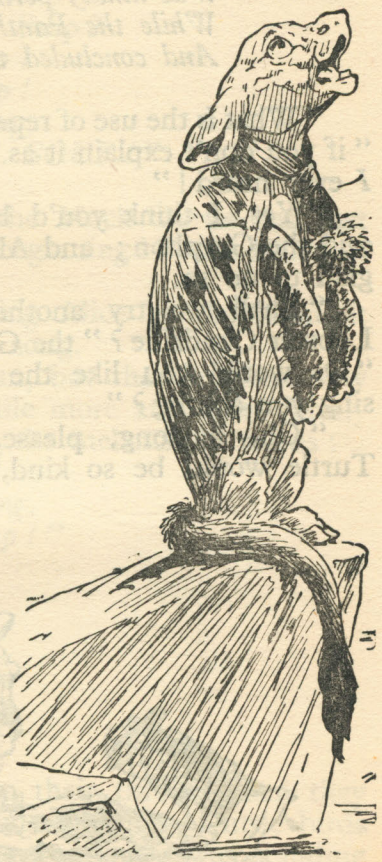
"How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice. "I might just as well be at school at once." However, she got up, and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed:

"*'Tis the voice of the Lobster; I heard him declare,*
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.'
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.
When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark:
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound."

"That's different from what *I* used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing; she had sat down



"*But about his toes?*" *the Mock Turtle persisted.*

again with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

"I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle.

"She can't explain it," said the Gryphon hastily. "Go on with the next verse."

"But about his toes?" the Mock Turtle persisted. "How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?"

"It's the first position in dancing," Alice said; but she was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon repeated impatiently; "it begins, '*I passed by his garden.*'"

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

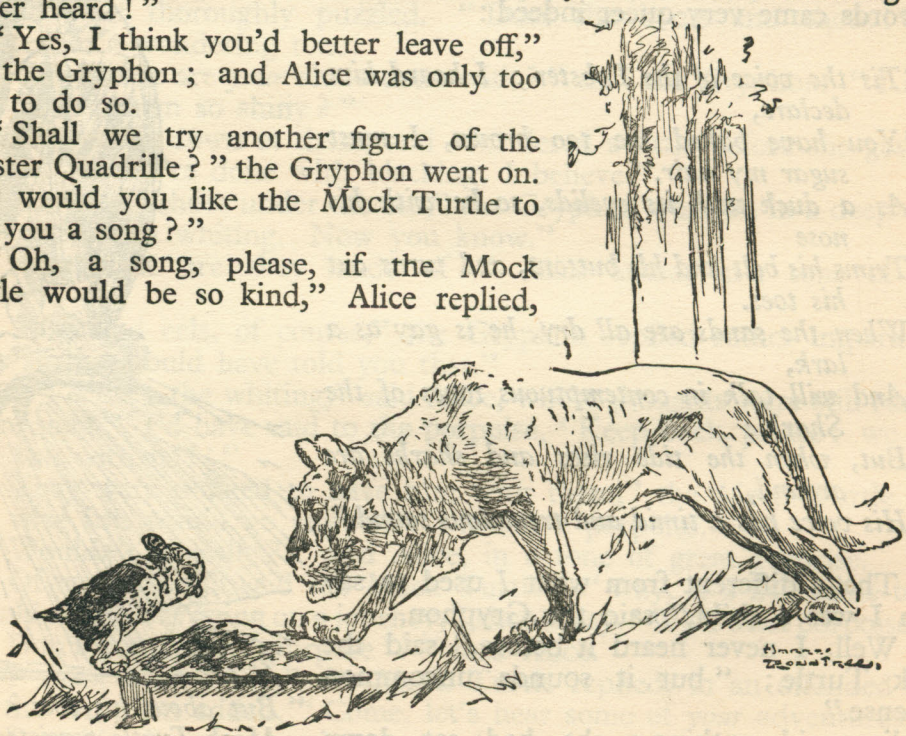
"*I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,*
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie:
The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon:
While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet by——"

"What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff," the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? it's by far the most confusing thing *I* ever heard!"

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Gryphon; and Alice was only too glad to do so.

"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster Quadrille?" the Gryphon went on. "Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?"

"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied,



The Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie.

so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her '*Turtle Soup*,' will you, old fellow?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this:

"*Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,*
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—vening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

"*Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,*
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two p
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!"

"Chorus again!" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.

"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

"What trial is it?" Alice panted, as she ran, but the Gryphon only answered, "Come on!" and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:

"*Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,*
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"

CHAPTER IX

WHO STOLE THE TARTS?

THE King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them—all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards; the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll

of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it; they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them. "I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the refreshments!" But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking at everything about her, to pass away the time.

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. "That's the judge," she said to herself, "because of his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King; and as he wore his crown over the wig, he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.

"And that's the jury-box," thought Alice, "and those twelve creatures" (she was obliged to say "creatures," you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds), "I suppose they are the jurors." She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it; for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it all. However, "jurymen" would have done just as well.

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun."

"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered in reply, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things!" Alice began in a loud, indignant voice, but she stopped herself hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out, "Silence in the court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.

Alice could see, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down "stupid things!" on their slates, and she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid," and that he had to ask his neighbour to tell him. "A nice muddle their slates'll be in before the trial's over!" thought Alice.

One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked. This, of course, Alice could *not* stand, and she went round the court and got behind him, and very soon found an opportunity of taking it away. She did it so quickly that the poor little juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.

"Herald, read the accusation!" said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows:

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts
And took them quite away!"

"Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit hastily interrupted. "There's a great deal to come before that!"

"Call the first witness," said the King; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out, "First Witness!"

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a tea-cup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. "I beg your pardon, your Majesty," he began, "for bringing these in; but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for."

"You ought to have finished," said the King. "When did you begin?"

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. "Fourteenth of March, I *think* it was," he said.

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," added the Dormouse.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury, and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

"*Stolen!*" the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

"I keep them to sell," the Hatter added, as an explanation: "I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."

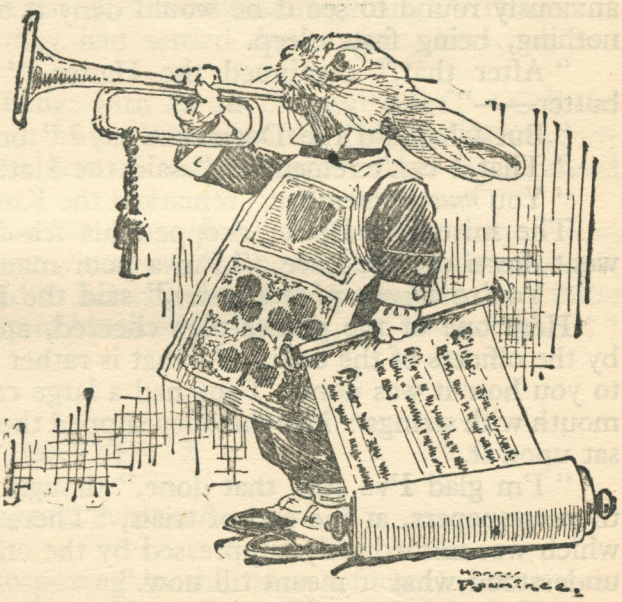
Here the Queen put on her spectacles, and began staring hard at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

"Give your evidence," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot."

This did not seem to encourage the witness at all; he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his tea-cup instead of the bread-and-butter.

Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was; she was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. "I can hardly breathe."



The White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet.

"I can't help it," said Alice very meekly; "I'm growing."

"You've no right to grow *here*," said the Dormouse.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Alice more boldly; "you know you're growing too."

"Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace," said the Dormouse; "not in that ridiculous fashion." And he got up very sulkily and crossed over to the other side of the court.

All this time the Queen had never left off staring at the Hatter, and, just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said to one of the officers of the court, "Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!" on which the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook both his shoes off.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily, "or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not."

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began in a trembling voice —"and I hadn't but just begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea——"

"The twinkling of *what*?" said the King.

"It *began* with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course twinkling begins with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, "and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said——"

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it!" said the March Hare.

"He denies it," said the King: "leave out that part."

"Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said——" the Hatter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it too; but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.

"After that," continued the Hatter, "I cut some more bread-and-butter——"

"But what did the Dormouse say?" one of the jury asked.

"That I can't remember," said the Hatter.

"You *must* remember," remarked the King, "or I'll have you executed."

The miserable Hatter dropped his tea-cup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee. "I'm a poor man, your Majesty," he began.

"You're a *very* poor *speaker*," said the King.

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinea-pig, head first, and then sat upon it.

"I'm glad I've seen that done," thought Alice. "I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, 'There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court,' and I never understood what it meant till now."

"If that's all you know about it, you may stand down," continued the King.

"I can't go no lower," said the Hatter; "I'm on the floor as it is."

"Then you may *sit* down," the King replied.

Here the other guinea-pig cheered, and was suppressed.

"Come, that finishes the guinea-pigs!" thought Alice. "Now we shall get on better."

"I'd rather finish my tea," said the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.

"You may go," said the King; and the Hatter hurriedly left the Court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.

"And just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the officers; but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

"Call the next witness!" said the King.

The next witness was the Duchess's cook. She carried the pepper-box in her hand, and Alice guessed who it was, even before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.

"Give your evidence," said the King.

"Shan't," said the cook.

The King looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said in a low voice, "Your Majesty must cross-examine *this* witness."

"Well, if I must, I must," the King said, with a melancholy air; and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said in a deep voice, "What are tarts made of?"

"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.

"Treacle," said a sleepy voice behind her.

"Collar that Dormouse," the Queen shrieked out. "Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!"

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, and by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.

"Never mind!" said the King, with an air of great relief. "Call the next witness." And, he added in an undertone to the Queen, "Really, my dear, *you* must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!"

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like, "For they haven't got much evidence *yet*," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise, when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"

CHAPTER X

ALICE'S EVIDENCE

"HERE!" cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting

all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of goldfish she had accidentally upset the week before.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed, in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the goldfish kept running in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

"The trial cannot proceed," said the King, in a very grave voice, "until the jurymen are back in their proper places—*all*," he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; "Not that it signifies much," she said to herself; "I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the trial one way up as the other."

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever*?" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: "*Un*important, your Majesty means, of course," he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

"*Un*important, of course, I meant," the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, "important—unimportant—unimportant—important"—as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down "important," and some "unimportant." Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; "But it doesn't matter a bit," she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, called out, "Silence!" and read out from his book, "Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*"

Everybody looked at Alice.

"*I'm* not a mile high," said Alice.

"You are," said the King.

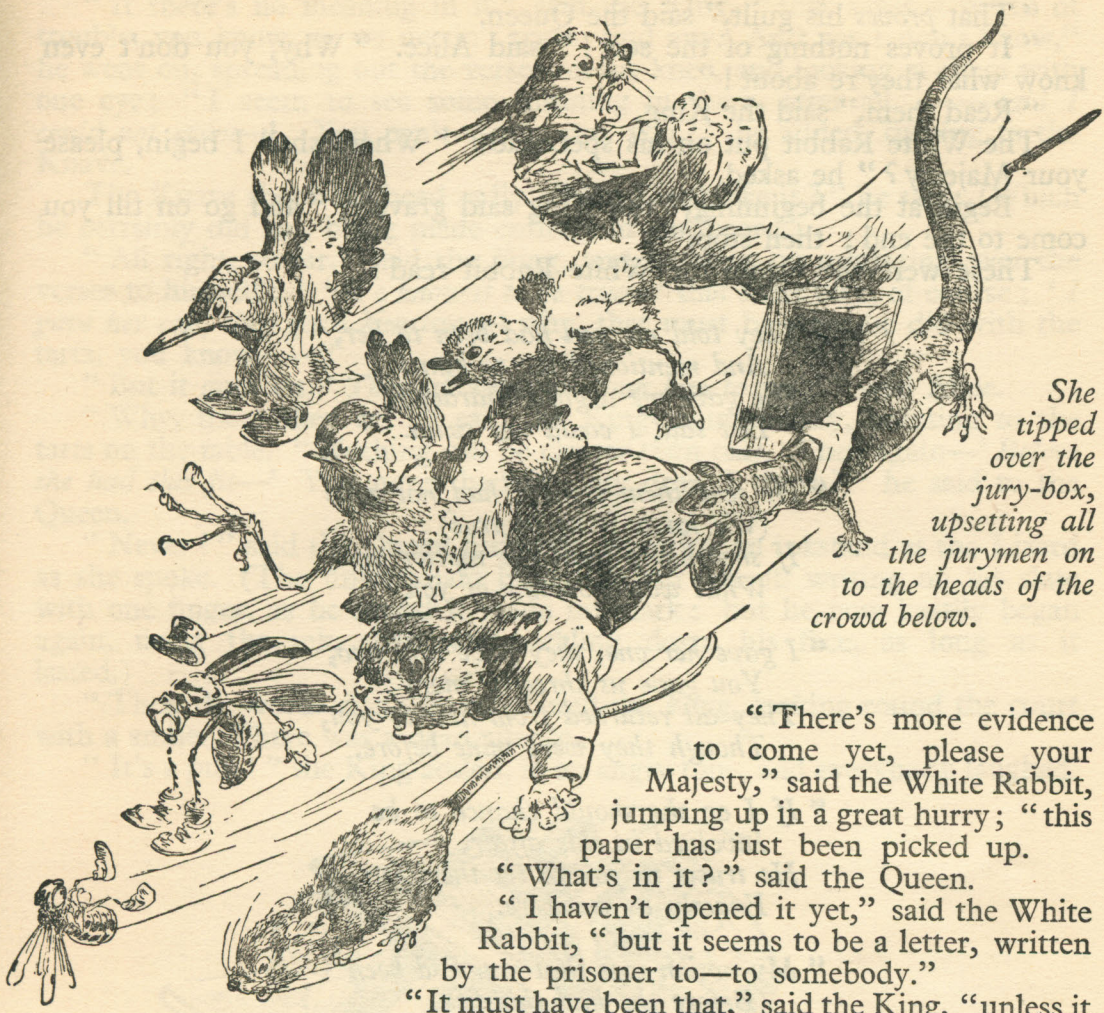
"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I shan't go, at any rate," said Alice; "besides, that's not a regular rule; you invented it just now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.



She tipped over the jury-box, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; "this paper has just been picked up.

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit; "in fact, there's nothing written on the *outside*." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "It isn't a letter, after all; it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That *proves* his guilt," said the Queen.

"It proves nothing of the sort!" said Alice. "Why, you don't even know what they're about!"

"Read them," said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said gravely, "and go on till you come to the end; then stop."

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:

"They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

"He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on
What would become of you?

"I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

"If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

"My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

"Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."

"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; "so now let the jury——"

"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him), "I'll give him sixpence. *I* don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."

The jury all wrote down on their slates. "*She* doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it," but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

" If there's no meaning in it," said the King, " that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know," he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; " I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. '——*said I could not swim*—' You can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. " Do I look like it?" he said. (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard.)

" All right, so far," said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: " ' *We know it to be true*—' that's the jury, of course; ' *I gave her one, they gave him two*—' why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know——"

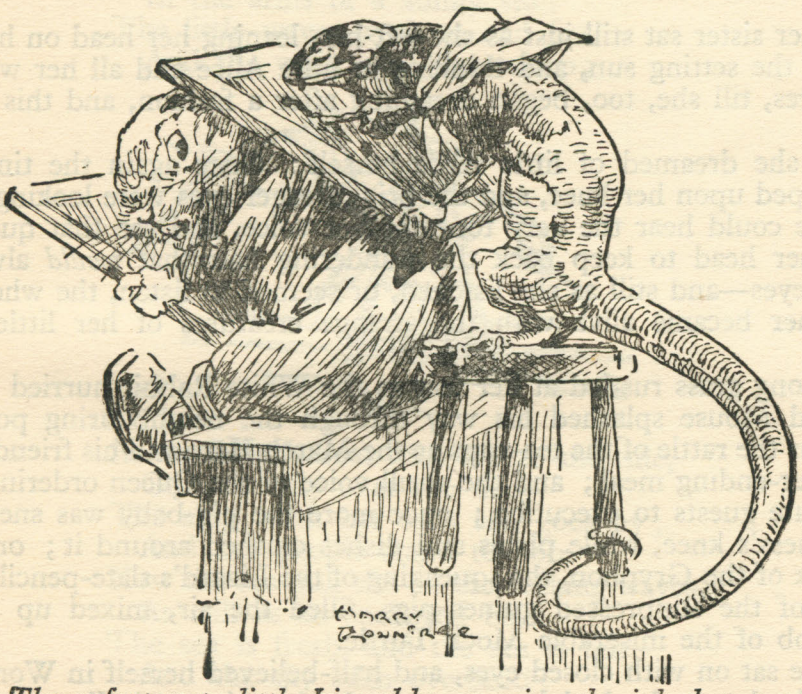
" But it goes on, ' *They all returned from him to you,*' " said Alice.

" Why, there they are!" said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. " Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Then again—' *Before she had this fit*—' You never had fits, my dear, I think?" he said to the Queen.

" Never!" said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

" Then the words don't *fit* you," said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.

" It's a pun!" the King added, in an angry tone, and everybody laughed.



The unfortunate little Lizard began using the ink that was trickling down his face.

"Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't!" said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for you?" said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on to her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you've had!"

"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly: but now run in to your tea; it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she, too, began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:

First she dreamed of little Alice herself: Once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright, eager eyes were looking up into hers—she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by; the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool; she could hear the rattle of the tea-cups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal; and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution; once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it; once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sob of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on with closed eyes, and half-believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool

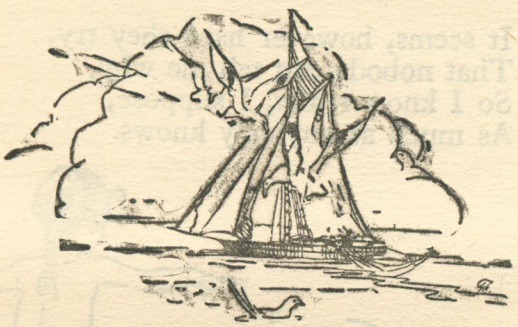
rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling tea-cups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farmyard—while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago; and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.

The White Sea-gull

by MARY HOWITT

The white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull!
  A joyful bird is he,
As he lies like a cradled thing at rest
  In the arms of a sunny sea!
The little waves wash to and fro,
  And the white gull lies asleep;



As the fisher's boat with breeze and tide,
  Goes merrily over the deep,
The ship, with her sails set, goes by;
  And her people stand to note
How the sea-gull sits on the rocking waves,
  As still as an anchored boat.
The sea is fresh, and the sea is fair,
  And the sky calm overhead;
And the sea-gull lies on the deep, deep sea,
  Like a king in his royal bed!



I WANT TO KNOW—

by JOHN DRINKWATER

I want to know why when I'm late
For school, they get into a state,
But if invited out to tea
I mustn't ever early be.

Why, if I'm eating nice and slow,
It's " Slow-coach, hurry up, you know ! "
But if I'm eating nice and quick
It's " Gobble-gibble, you'll be sick ! "

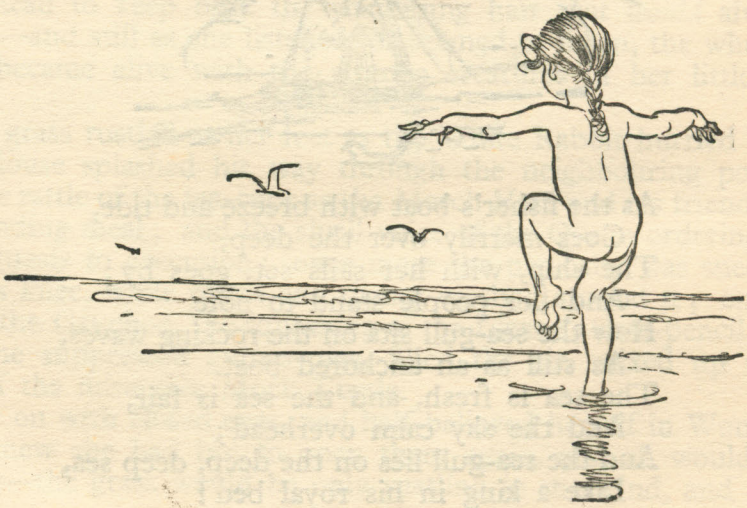
Why, when I'm walking in the street
My clothes must always be complete,
While at the seaside I can call
It right with nothing on at all.



Why I must always go to bed
When other people don't instead,
And why I have to say good-night
Always before I'm ready, quite.

Why seeds grow up instead of down,
Why sixpence isn't half a crown,
Why kittens are so quickly cats,
And why the angels have no hats.

It seems, however hard they try,
That nobody can tell me why,
So I know really, I suppose,
As much as anybody knows.





THE FROG PRINCE.

The Frog seemed to relish his dinner, but every bit that the king's daughter ate nearly choked her.

(Page 109.)



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A Child's Story

by **ROBERT BROWNING**

I

Hamelin town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, 'twas a pity.

II



Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps
and flats.

III



At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV



An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence;
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V



"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up as the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

VI



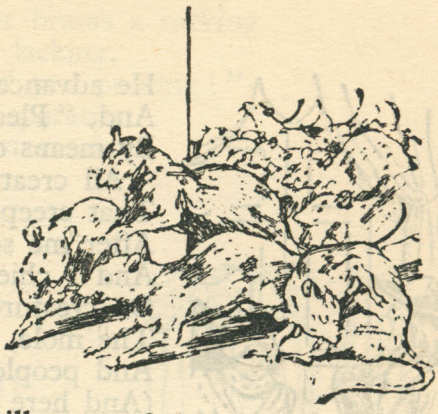
He advanced to the council table :
And, " Please your honours," said he, " I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
" Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats ;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? "
" One ? Fifty thousand ! " was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII



Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,



Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-boards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said: 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.



For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait; beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor!
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed,
And the piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after-years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where water gushed and fruit-trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue.
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs out-ran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas, for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when he saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick-land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.



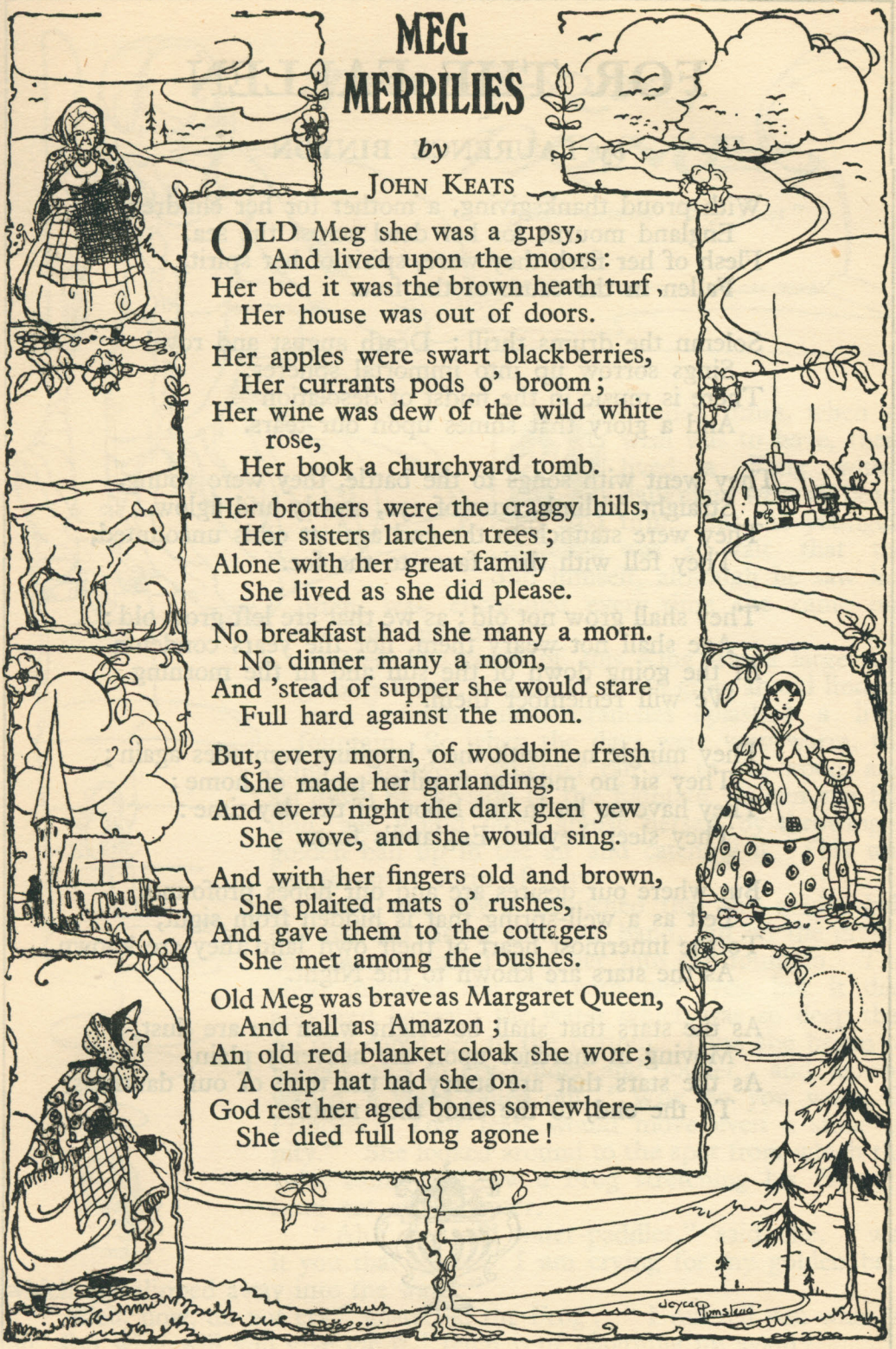
The Light-Hearted Fairy

ANON.

OH, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy! heigh ho,
Heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy? heigh ho!
Heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From the primroses' lips.
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy? heigh ho!
Heigh ho!
The night is his noon
And the sun is his moon
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!



MEG MERRILIES

by

JOHN KEATS

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
Her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn.
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But, every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown,
She plaited mats o' rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long agone!

FOR THE FALLEN

by LAURENCE BINYON

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
  England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
  Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
  Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
  And a glory that shines upon our tears.

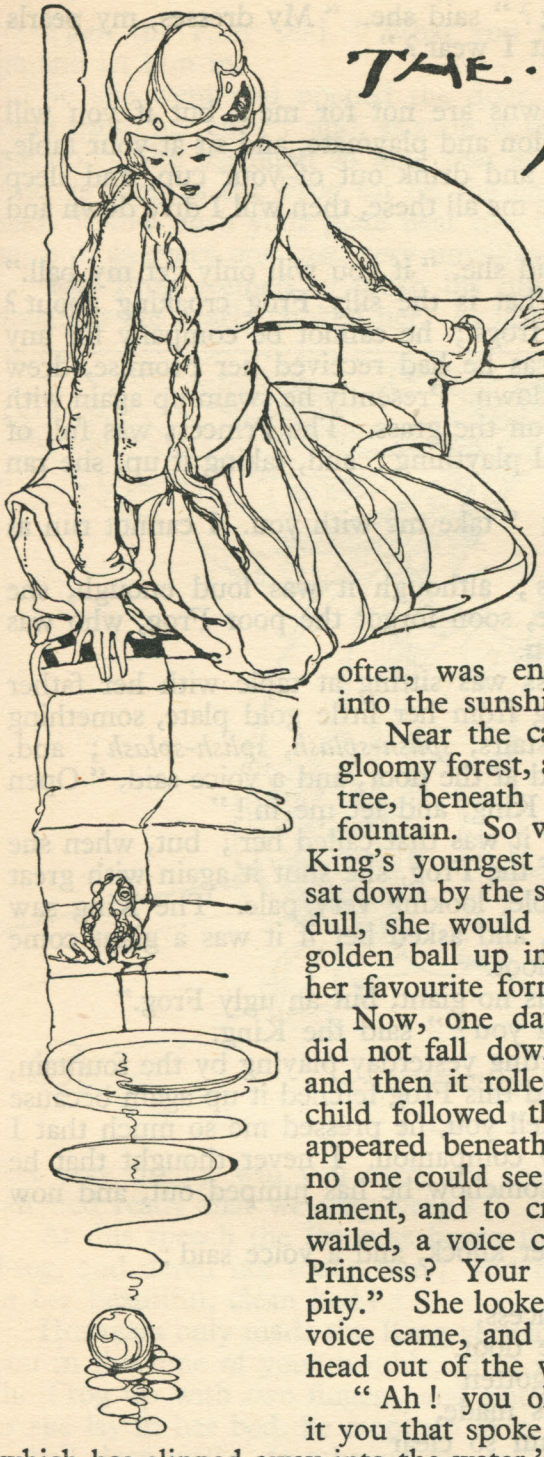
They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
  Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
  They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old; as we that are left grow old:
  Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
  We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
  They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time:
  They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
  Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
  As the stars are known to the Night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
  Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
  To the end, to the end, they remain.



THE FROG PRINCE

from "Grimms' Fairy Tales"

IN olden times, when to wish was to have, there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful. But the youngest was so fair that the Sun himself, although he saw her often, was enchanted every time she came out into the sunshine.

Near the castle of this King was a large and gloomy forest, and in the midst grew an old linden-tree, beneath whose branches splashed a little fountain. So when the days were very warm, the King's youngest daughter ran off to the wood, and sat down by the side of the fountain. When she felt dull, she would often amuse herself by throwing a golden ball up in the air and catching it. This was her favourite form of play.

Now, one day it happened that this golden ball did not fall down into her hand, but on the grass; and then it rolled past her into the fountain. The child followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared beneath the water which was so deep that no one could see to the bottom. Then she began to lament, and to cry louder and louder; and as she wailed, a voice called out, "Why do you weep, O Princess? Your tears would move even a stone to pity." She looked around to the spot from which the voice came, and saw a Frog stretching his fat ugly head out of the water.

"Ah! you old water-paddler," said she, "was it you that spoke? I am crying for my golden ball, which has slipped away into the water."

"Well, now, do not cry," answered the Frog; "I can tell you what to do. But what will you give me if I fetch your plaything up again?"

" What will you have, dear Frog ? " said she. " My dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown that I wear ? "

The Frog answered :

" Dresses, jewels, or golden crowns are not for me ; but if you will love me, and let me be your companion and playmate, and sit at your table, and eat from your little gold plate, and drink out of your cup, and sleep in your little bed—if you will promise me all these, then will I dive down and fetch up your golden ball."

" Oh, I will promise you all," said she, " if you will only get my ball."

But she thought to herself, " What is the silly Frog croaking about ? Let him stay in the water with his frogs ; he cannot be company for any human being." The Frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head under the water, and dived down. Presently he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The Princess was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything ; and, taking it up, she ran off immediately.

" Stop ! stop ! " cried the Frog ; " take me with you. I cannot run as you can."

But all his croaking was useless ; although it was loud enough, she did not hear it, but, hastening home, soon forgot the poor Frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.

The next day, when the Princess was sitting at table with her father and all his courtiers, and was eating from her little gold plate, something was heard coming up the marble stairs, *splish-splash, splish-splash* ; and, when it arrived at the top, it knocked at the door, and a voice said, " Open the door, youngest daughter of the King, and let me in ! "

So she rose and went to see who it was that called her ; but, when she opened the door and caught sight of the Frog, she shut it again with great vehemence, and sat down at the table, looking very pale. The King saw that her heart was beating violently, and asked her if it was a giant come to fetch her away who stood at the door.

" Oh, no ! " answered she ; " it is no giant, but an ugly Frog."

" What does the Frog want with you ? " said the King.

" Oh, dear father, when I was sitting yesterday playing by the fountain, my golden ball fell into the water, and this Frog fetched it up again because I cried so much ; but first, I must tell you, he pressed me so much that I promised him that he should be my companion. I never thought that he could come out of the water ; but somehow he has jumped out, and now he wants to come in here."

At that moment there was another knock, and a voice said :

" Youngest Princess,
Open the door.
Have you forgotten
Your promises made,
At the fountain so clear
'Neath the lime-tree's shade ?
Youngest Princess,
Open the door."

Then the King said, " What you have promised, that you must do ; go and let him in."

So she went and opened the door, and the Frog hopped in after her right up to her chair : and, as soon as she was seated, the Frog said, " Take me up." She hesitated so long that at last the King ordered her to obey. And as soon as the Frog sat on the chair, he jumped on to the table and said, " Now push your plate near me, that we may eat together." She did so, but, as every one saw, very unwillingly.

The Frog seemed to relish his dinner, but every bit that the King's daughter ate nearly choked her. At last the Frog said, " I am satisfied, but



" Do take me up, or I will tell your father," said the Frog.

feel very tired ; will you carry me upstairs now to our room, and make our bed ready that we may sleep ? "

At this speech the Princess began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold Frog, and dared not touch him ; and besides, he actually wanted to sleep in her beautiful, clean bed !

Her tears only made the King very angry, and he said, " He who helped you in the time of your trouble, must not now be despised." So she took the Frog up with two fingers, and put him in a corner of her room. But, as she lay in her bed, he crept up to it, and said, " I am so very tired that I shall sleep well ; do take me up, or I will tell your father." This speech put her in a passion, and catching up the Frog, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, " Now, will you be quiet, you ugly Frog ? "

But, as he fell, he was changed from a frog into a handsome Prince with beautiful eyes, and after a little while he became, with her father's consent, her dear companion and playmate. Then he told her how he had been changed by a wicked witch, and that no one but herself could have had the power to take him out of the fountain; and that on the morrow they would go together to his own kingdom.

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, a carriage, drawn by eight white horses, with white ostrich feathers on their heads, and golden bridles, drove up to the door of the palace, and behind the carriage stood the trusty Henry, the servant of the young Prince. When his master was changed into a frog, trusty Henry had grieved so much that he had bound three iron bands round his heart, for fear it should break with sorrow.

Now that the carriage was ready to carry the young Prince to his own country, the faithful Henry helped in the bride and bridegroom, and placed himself in the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not gone far when the Prince heard a crack, as if something had broken behind the carriage; so he put his head out of the window and asked Henry what was broken, and Henry answered, "It was not the carriage, my master, but a band which I bound round my heart when it was in grief because you were changed into a frog."

Twice afterwards on the journey there was the same noise, and each time the Prince thought that it was some part of the carriage that had given way. But it was only the breaking of the bands which bound the heart of the trusty Henry, who was thenceforward free and happy.

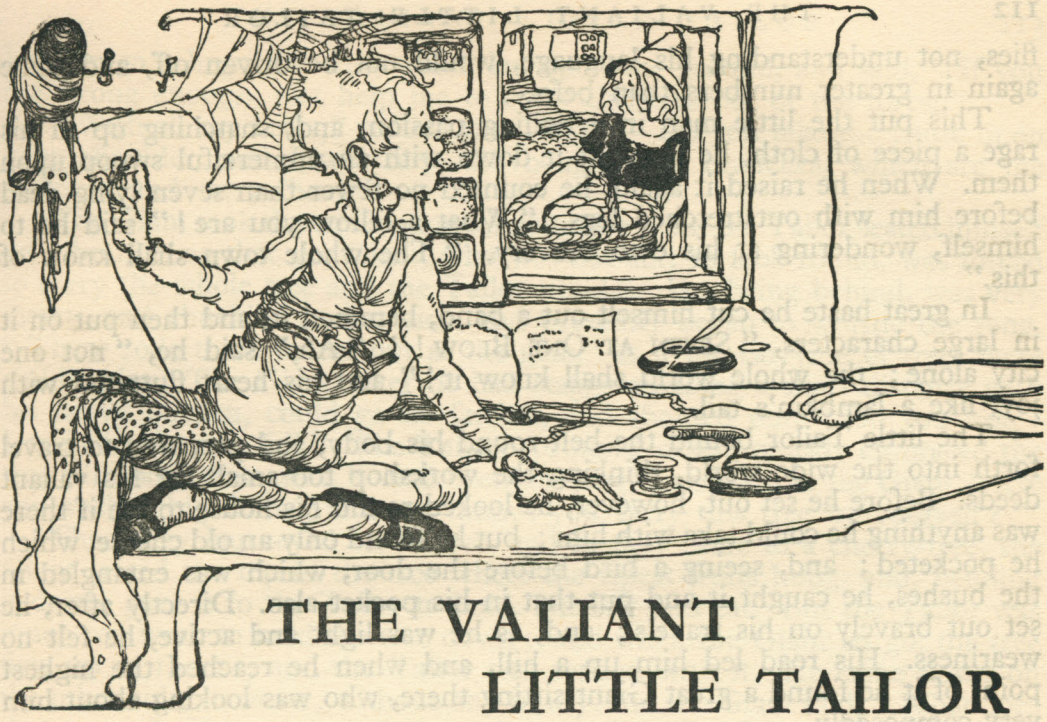
The Shepherd Boy's Song

by JOHN BUNYAN

He that is down need fear no fall,
  He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
  That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
  Is best from age to age.



THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

from "Grimms' Fairy Tales"

ONE summer's morning a Tailor was sitting on his bench by the window in very good spirits, sewing away with all his might, and presently up the street came a peasant woman, crying, "Good preserves for sale! Good preserves for sale!"

This cry sounded nice in the Tailor's ears, and, sticking his diminutive head out of the window, he called out, "Here, my good woman, just bring your wares here!" The woman mounted the three steps up to the Tailor's house with her heavy basket, and began to unpack all the pots together before him. He looked at them all, held them up to the light, put his nose to them, and at last said, "These preserves appear to me to be very nice, so you may weigh me out four half-ounces, my good woman; I don't mind even if you make it a quarter of a pound." The woman, who expected to have met with a good customer, gave him what he wished, and went away grumbling, very much dissatisfied.

"Now!" exclaimed the Tailor, "Heaven will send me a blessing on this preserve, and give me fresh strength and vigour;" and, taking the bread out of the cupboard, he cut himself a slice the size of the whole loaf, and spread the preserve upon it. "That will taste by no means badly," said he; "but, before I have a bite, I will just get this waistcoat finished." So he laid the bread down near him and stitched away, making larger and larger stitches every time for joy.

Meanwhile, the smell of the preserve mounted to the ceiling, where flies were sitting in great numbers, and enticed them down, so that soon a regular swarm of them had settled on the bread. "Hallo! Who invited you?" exclaimed the Tailor, hunting away the unbidden guests; but the

flies, not understanding his language, would not be driven off, and came again in greater numbers than before.

This put the little man in a boiling passion, and, snatching up in his rage a piece of cloth, he brought it down with an unmerciful swoop upon them. When he raised it again, he counted no fewer than seven lying dead before him with outstretched legs. "What a fellow you are!" said he to himself, wondering at his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this."

In great haste he cut himself out a band, hemmed it, and then put on it in large characters, "SEVEN AT ONE BLOW!" "Ah," said he, "not one city alone; the whole world shall know it!" and his heart fluttered with joy, like a lambkin's tail.

The little Tailor bound the belt round his body, and prepared to travel forth into the wide world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out, however, he looked round his house to see if there was anything he could take with him; but he found only an old cheese, which he pocketed; and, seeing a bird before the door, which was entangled in the bushes, he caught it and put that in his pocket also. Directly after, he set out bravely on his travels; and, as he was light and active, he felt no weariness. His road led him up a hill, and when he reached the highest point of it he found a great Giant sitting there, who was looking about him very composedly.

The little Tailor, however, went boldly up, and said, "Good-day, comrade; in faith, you sit there and see the whole world stretched below you. I am also on my road thither to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?"

The Giant looked contemptuously at the little Tailor, and said, "You vagabond! you miserable fellow!"

"That may be," replied the Tailor; "but here you may read what sort of a man I am;" and, unbuttoning his coat, he showed the Giant his belt. The Giant read, "Seven at one blow!" and, thinking they were men whom the Tailor had slain, he had a little respect for him. Still, he wished to prove him first; so, taking up a stone, he squeezed it in his hand, so that water dropped out of it.

"Do that after me," said he to the other, "if you have any strength."

"If it be nothing worse than that," said the Tailor, "that's play to me." And, diving into his pocket, he brought out the cheese and squeezed it till the whey ran out of it, and said, "Now, I think that's a little better."

The Giant did not know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man; so, taking up another stone, he threw it so high that one could scarcely see it with the eye, saying, "There, you mannikin, do that after me."

"Well done!" said the Tailor; "but your stone must fall down again to the ground. I will throw one up which shall not come back," and, dipping into his pocket, he took out the bird and threw it into the air. The bird, rejoicing in its freedom, flew straight up, and then far away, and did not return. "How does that little affair please you, comrade?" asked the Tailor.

"You can throw well, certainly," replied the Giant; "now let us see if you are in trim to carry something out of the common." So saying, he

led him to a huge oak-tree, which lay upon the ground, and said, " If you are strong enough, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

" With all my heart," replied the Tailor. " Do you take the trunk upon your shoulder, and I will raise the boughs and branches, which are the heaviest, and carry them."

The Giant took the trunk upon his shoulder ; but the Tailor seated himself on a branch, so that the Giant, who was not able to look round, was forced to carry the whole tree and the Tailor besides. He, being behind, was very merry, and chuckled at the trick, and presently began to whistle the song, " There rode three tailors out at the gate," as if the carrying of trees were child's play. The Giant, after he had staggered along a short distance with his heavy burden, could go no farther, and shouted out, " Do you hear ? I must let the tree fall." The Tailor, springing down, quickly embraced the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it, and said to the Giant, " Are you such a big fellow, and yet cannot you carry this tree by yourself ? "

Then they journeyed on farther, and as they came to a cherry-tree, the Giant seized the top of the tree where the ripest fruits hung, and, bending it down, gave it to the Tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But the Tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down ; and when the Giant let go, the tree flew up in the air, and the Tailor was carried with it. He came down on the other side, however, without any injury, and the Giant said, " What does that mean ? Have you not strength enough to hold that twig ? " " My strength did not fail me," replied the Tailor. " Do you suppose that that was any hard thing for one who has killed seven at one blow ? I have sprung over the tree because the hunters were shooting below there in the thicket. Spring after me if you can." The Giant made the attempt, but could not clear the tree, and stuck fast in the branches ; so that in this affair, too, the Tailor was the better man.

After this the Giant said, " Since you are such a valiant fellow, come with me to our house and stop a night with us." The Tailor consented, and followed him ; and when they entered the cave, there sat by the fire two other Giants, each having a roast sheep in his hand, of which he was eating. The Tailor sat down, thinking, " Ah, this is much more like the world than is my workshop." And soon the Giant showed him a bed where he might lie down and go to sleep. The bed, however, was too big for him, so he slipped out of it and crept into a corner.

When midnight came, and the Giant thought the Tailor would be in a deep sleep, he got up, and, taking a great iron bar, beat the bed right through at one stroke, and supposed he had given the Tailor his death-blow. At the earliest dawn of morning the Giants went forth into the forest, quite forgetting the Tailor, when presently up he came, quite merry, and showed himself before them. The Giants were terrified, and, fearing he would kill them all, they ran away in great haste.

The Tailor journeyed on, always following his nose, and after he had wandered some long distance, he came into the courtyard of a royal palace ; and as he felt rather tired he laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. Whilst he lay there the people came and viewed him, and read upon his belt, " Seven at one blow." " Ah ! " said they, " what does this great warrior here in time of peace ? This must be some mighty hero."

So they went and told the King, thinking that, should war break out, here was an important and useful man, whom one ought not to part with at any price. The King took counsel, and sent one of his courtiers to the Tailor to ask for his fighting services, if he should be awake. The messenger stopped at the sleeper's side, and waited till he stretched out his limbs and opened his eyes, and then he laid before him his message. " Solely on that account did I come here," was the reply; " I am quite ready to enter into the King's service." Then he was conducted away with great honour, and a fine house was appointed him to dwell in.

The courtiers, however, became jealous of the Tailor, and wished he were a thousand miles away. " What will happen? " said they to one another. " If we go to battle with him, when he strikes out seven will fall at every blow, and nothing will be left for us to do."

In their rage they came to a resolution to resign, and they all went together to the King, and asked his permission, saying, " We are not prepared to keep company with a man who kills seven at one blow." The King was grieved to lose all his faithful servants for the sake of one, and wished that he had never seen the Tailor, and would willingly have now been rid of him. He dared not, however, dismiss him, because he feared that the Tailor would kill him and all his subjects, and place himself upon the throne.

For a long time he deliberated, till at last he came to a decision; and, sent for the Tailor. " In a certain forest in my kingdom," said the King, " there live two Giants, who, by murder, rapine, fire, and robbery, have committed great havoc, and no one dares to approach them without perilling his own life. If you overcome and kill both these Giants, I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom for a dowry: a hundred knights shall accompany you too, to assist you."

" Ah, that is something for such a man as I," thought the Tailor to himself; " a beautiful Princess and half a kingdom are not offered to one every day." So he replied, " Oh, yes, I will soon manage these two Giants, and a hundred horsemen are not necessary for that purpose; he who kills seven at one blow need not fear two."

Thus talking, the little Tailor set out, followed by the hundred knights, to whom he said, as soon as they came to the borders of the forest, " Stay you here; I would rather meet these Giants alone." Then he sprang off into the forest, peering about him right and left; and after a while he saw the two Giants lying asleep under a tree, snoring so loudly that the branches above them shook violently. The Tailor, full of courage, filled both his pockets with stones and clambered up the tree. When he got to the middle of it he crept along a bough, so that he sat just above the sleepers, and then he let fall one stone after another upon the breast of one of them. For some time the Giant did not stir, until, at last awakening, he pushed his companion, and said, " Why are you beating me? "

" You are dreaming," he replied; " I never hit you." They laid themselves down again to sleep, and presently the Tailor threw a stone down upon the other. " What is that? " he exclaimed. " What are you knocking me for? "

" I did not touch you; you must dream," replied the first. So they wrangled for a few minutes; but, being both very tired with their day's



The unicorn fixed its horn fast in the trunk.

work, they soon fell asleep again. Then the Tailor began his sport again, and, picking out the biggest stone, threw it with all his force upon the breast of the first Giant. " That is too bad ! " he exclaimed ; and, springing up like a madman, he fell upon his companion, who felt equally aggrieved. They set to in such good earnest, that they rooted up trees and beat one another about until they both fell dead upon the ground.

Now the Tailor jumped down, drew his sword, and, cutting a deep wound in the breast of each, he went to the horsemen, and said, " The deed is done ? I have given each his death-stroke ; but it was a hard job, for they uprooted trees to defend themselves with ; still, all that is of no use when such a one as I come, who killed seven at one stroke."

" Are you not wounded, then ? " asked they.

" That is not to be expected : they have not touched a hair of my head," replied the little man. The knights could scarcely believe him, till, riding away into the forest, they found the Giants lying in their blood and the uprooted trees around them.

The Tailor now demanded of the King his promised reward ; but the King repented his promise, and began to think of some new scheme to get rid of the hero. " Before you receive my daughter and the half of my kingdom," said he, " you must perform one other heroic deed. In the forest there runs wild a unicorn, which commits great havoc, and which you must first of all catch."

" I fear still less for a unicorn than I do for two Giants ! ' Seven at one blow ! ' that is my motto," said the Tailor. Then he took with him a rope and an axe, and went away to the forest. He had not to search long, for presently the unicorn came near and prepared to rush at him as if it would pierce him on the spot. " Softly, softly ! " he exclaimed ; " that is not

done so easily." And, waiting till the animal was close upon him, he sprang nimbly behind a tree.

The unicorn, rushing with all its force against the tree, fixed its horn so fast in the trunk that it could not draw it out again, and so it was made prisoner. "Now I have got my bird," said the Tailor; and, coming from behind the tree, he first bound the rope around its neck, and then, cutting the horn out of the tree with his axe, he led the animal before the King.

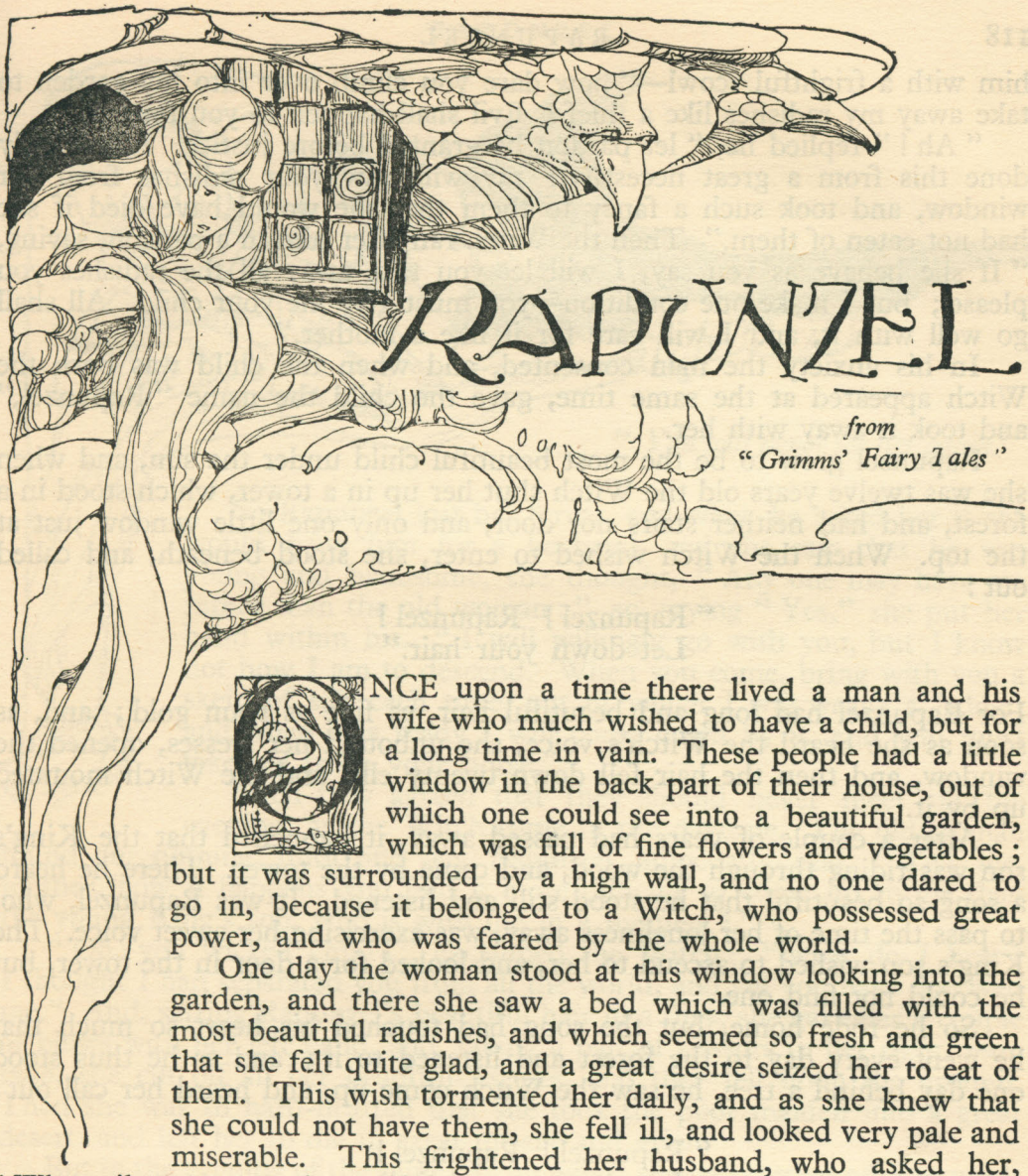
The king, however, would not yet deliver up the promised reward, and made a third request, that, before the wedding, the Tailor should catch a wild boar which did much injury, and he should have the huntsmen to help him. "With pleasure," was the reply; "it is mere child's play." The hunstmen, however, he left behind, to their entire content, for this wild boar had already so often hunted them, that they had no pleasure in hunting it. As soon as the boar perceived the Tailor, it ran at him with gaping mouth and gnashing teeth, and tried to throw him on the ground; but our flying hero sprang into a little chapel which was near, and out again at a window on the other side in a trice. The boar ran after him, but he, skipping round, shut the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too unwieldy and heavy to jump out of the window. The Tailor now called the huntsmen up, that they might see his prisoner with their own eyes; but our hero presented himself before the King, who was compelled now, whether he would or no, to keep his promise, and surrender his daughter and the half of his kingdom.

So the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, though with little rejoicing, and out of a Tailor was made a King.

Some little while afterwards the young Queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Boy, make me a waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will lay the yard-measure over your ears!" Then she found of what condition her lord was, and complained in the morning to her father, and begged he would deliver her from her husband, who was nothing else than a tailor. The King comforted her by saying, "This night leave your chamber door open; my servants shall stand without, and when he is asleep they shall enter, bind him, and bear him away to a ship, which shall carry him forth into the wide world." The wife was contented with his proposal; but the King's armour-bearer, who had overheard all, went to the young King and disclosed the whole plot.

"I will shoot a bolt upon this affair," said the brave Tailor. In the evening, at their usual time, they went to bed, and when his wife believed he slept she got up, opened the door, and laid herself down again. The Tailor, however, only feigned to be asleep, and began to exclaim in a loud voice, "Boy, make me this waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will beat the yard-measure about your ears! Seven have I killed with one blow; two Giants have I slain; a unicorn have I led captive; and a wild boar have I caught; and shall I be afraid of those who stand without my chamber?"

When the servants heard these words spoken by the Tailor, a great fear overcame them, and they ran away as if the wild huntsmen were behind them; neither afterwards durst any man venture to oppose him. Thus became the Tailor a King, and so he remained the rest of his days.



RAPUNZEL

from
"Grimms' Fairy Tales"

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife who much wished to have a child, but for a long time in vain. These people had a little window in the back part of their house, out of which one could see into a beautiful garden, which was full of fine flowers and vegetables; but it was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go in, because it belonged to a Witch, who possessed great power, and who was feared by the whole world.

One day the woman stood at this window looking into the garden, and there she saw a bed which was filled with the most beautiful radishes, and which seemed so fresh and green that she felt quite glad, and a great desire seized her to eat of them. This wish tormented her daily, and as she knew that she could not have them, she fell ill, and looked very pale and miserable. This frightened her husband, who asked her, "What ails you, my dear wife?"

"Ah!" she replied, "if I cannot get any of those radishes to eat out of the garden behind the house, I shall die!"

The husband, loving her very much, thought, "Rather than let my wife die, I must fetch her some radishes, cost what they may."

So, in the gloom of the evening, he climbed the wall of the Witch's garden, and, snatching a handful of radishes in great haste, brought them to his wife, who made herself a salad with them, which she relished extremely. However, they were so nice and so well flavoured, that the next day after she felt the same desire for the third time, and could not get any rest, so that her husband was obliged to promise her some more.

So, in the evening, he made himself ready, and began clambering up the wall; but, oh! how terribly frightened he was, for there he saw the old Witch standing before him. "How dare you," she began, looking at

him with a frightful scowl—" how dare you climb over into my garden to take away my radishes like a thief? Evil shall happen to you for this."

" Ah! " replied he, " let pardon be granted before justice. I have only done this from a great necessity: my wife saw your radishes from her window, and took such a fancy to them that she would have died if she had not eaten of them." Then the Witch ran after him in a passion, saying, " If she behave as you say, I will let you take away all the radishes you please; but I make one condition—you must give me your child. All shall go well with it, and I will care for it like a mother."

In his anxiety the man consented, and when the child was born the Witch appeared at the same time, gave the child the name " Rapunzel," and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child under the sun, and when she was twelve years old the Witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, and only one little window just at the top. When the Witch wished to enter, she stood beneath, and called out:

" Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair."

For Rapunzel had long and beautiful hair, as fine as spun gold; and, as soon as she heard the Witch's voice, she unbound her tresses, opened the window, and then the hair fell down twenty ells, and the Witch mounted up by it.

After a couple of years had passed away, it happened that the King's son was riding through the wood, and came by the tower. There he heard a song so beautiful that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel, who, to pass the time of her loneliness away, was exercising her sweet voice. The King's son wished to ascend to her, and looked for a door in the tower, but he could not find one.

So he rode home, but the song had touched his heart so much that he went every day to the forest and listened to it; and as he thus stood one day behind a tree, he saw the Witch come up, and heard her call out:

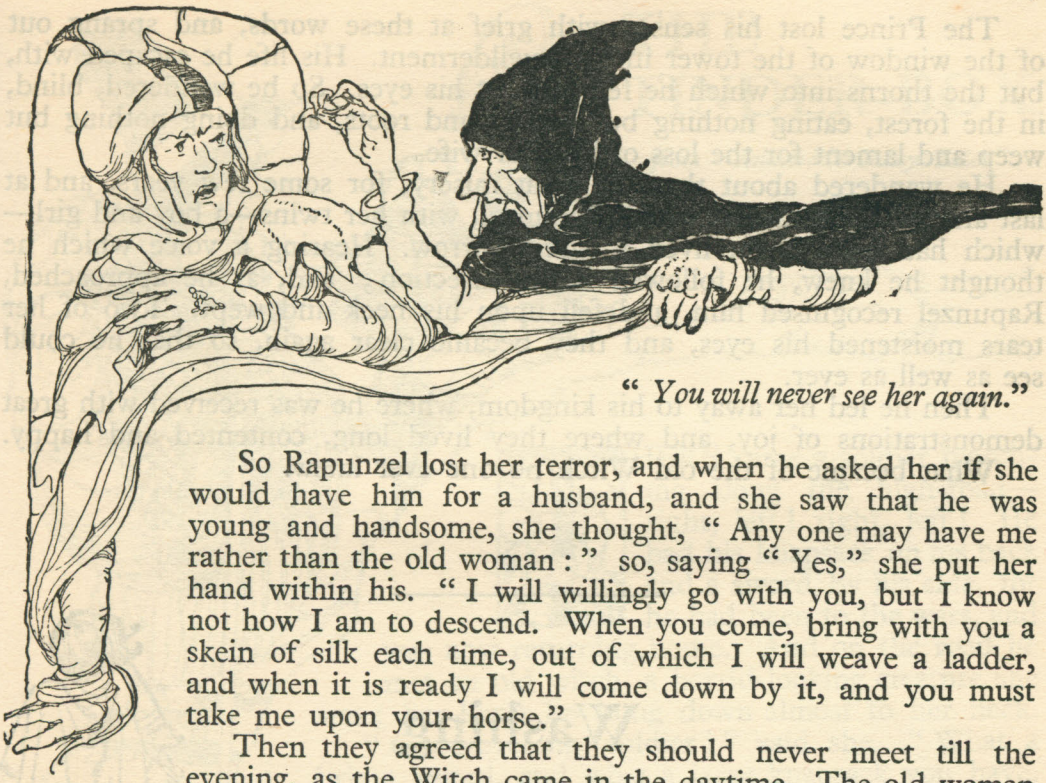
" Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair."

Then Rapunzel let down her tresses, and the Witch mounted up. " Is that the ladder on which one must climb? Then I will try my luck too," said the Prince; and the following day, as he felt quite lonely, he went to the tower, and said:

" Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair."

Then the tresses fell down, and he climbed up.

Rapunzel was much frightened at first when a man came in, for she had never seen one before; but the King's son talked in a loving way to her, and told how his heart had been so moved by her singing that he had no peace until he had seen her himself.



" You will never see her again."

So Rapunzel lost her terror, and when he asked her if she would have him for a husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, " Any one may have me rather than the old woman : " so, saying " Yes," she put her hand within his. " I will willingly go with you, but I know not how I am to descend. When you come, bring with you a skein of silk each time, out of which I will weave a ladder, and when it is ready I will come down by it, and you must take me upon your horse."

Then they agreed that they should never meet till the evening, as the Witch came in the daytime. The old woman found out nothing, until one day Rapunzel innocently said, " Tell me, mother, how it happens you find it more difficult to come up to me than the young King's son, who is with me in a moment ! "

" Oh, you wicked child ! " exclaimed the Witch ; " what do I hear ? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." And, seizing Rapunzel's beautiful hair in a fury, she gave her a couple of blows with her left hand, and, taking a pair of scissors in her right, *snip, snap*, she cut off all her beautiful tresses, and they fell upon the ground. Then she was so hard-hearted that she took the poor maiden into a great desert, and left her to die in great misery and grief.

But in the evening of the same day on which she had carried off Rapunzel, the old Witch bound the shorn tresses fast above to the window-latch, and when the King's son came, and called out :

" Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair."

she let them down. The Prince mounted ; but when he got to the top he found, not his dear Rapunzel, but the Witch, who looked at him with furious and wicked eyes.

" Aha ! " she exclaimed scornfully, " you would fetch your dear wife ; but the beautiful bird sits no longer in her nest, singing ; the cat has taken her away, and will now scratch out your eyes. To you Rapunzel is lost ; you will never see her again."

The Prince lost his senses with grief at these words, and sprang out of the window of the tower in his bewilderment. His life he escaped with, but the thorns into which he fell put out his eyes. So he wandered, blind, in the forest, eating nothing but berries and roots, and doing nothing but weep and lament for the loss of his dear wife.

He wandered about thus, in great misery, for some few years, and at last arrived at the desert where Rapunzel, with her twins—a boy and girl—which had been born, lived in great sorrow. Hearing a voice which he thought he knew, he followed in its direction; and, as he approached, Rapunzel recognised him, and fell upon his neck and wept. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and they became clear again, so that he could see as well as ever.

Then he led her away to his kingdom, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy, and where they lived long, contented and happy.

What became of the old Witch no one ever knew.



Washing

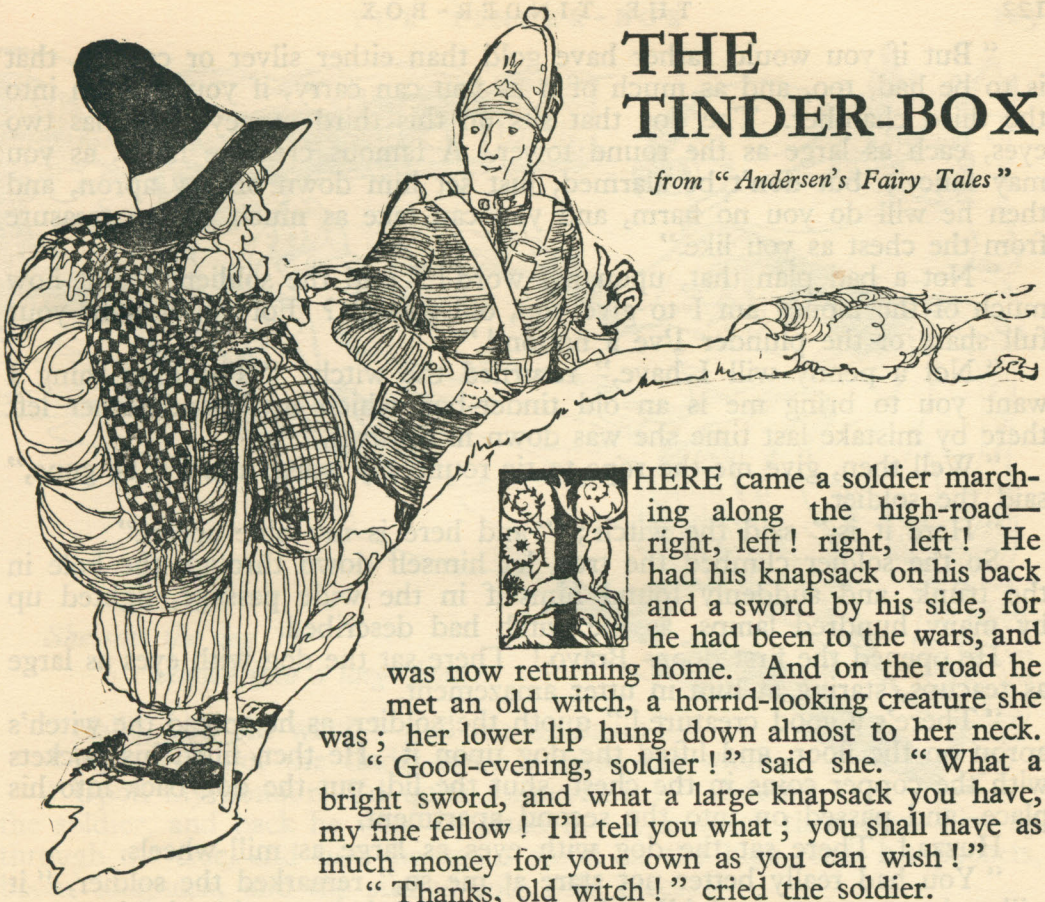
by JOHN DRINKWATER

What is all this washing about,
Every day, week in, week out?
From getting up till going to bed,
I'm tired of hearing the same thing said.
Whether I'm dirty or whether I'm not,
Whether the water is cold or hot,
Whether I like or whether I don't,
Whether I will or whether I won't.—
"Have you washed your hands, and washed your face?"
I seem to *live* in the washing-place.



Whenever I go for a walk or ride,
As soon as I put my nose inside
The door again, there's some one there
With a sponge and soap, and a lot they care
If I have something better to do,
"Now wash your face and your fingers too."

Before a meal is ever begun,
And after ever a meal is done,
It's time to turn on the waterspout.
Please, what *is* all this washing about?



THE TINDER-BOX

from "Andersen's Fairy Tales"

THERE came a soldier marching along the high-road—right, left! right, left! He had his knapsack on his back and a sword by his side, for he had been to the wars, and was now returning home. And on the road he met an old witch, a horrid-looking creature she was; her lower lip hung down almost to her neck.

"Good-evening, soldier!" said she. "What a bright sword, and what a large knapsack you have, my fine fellow! I'll tell you what; you shall have as much money for your own as you can wish!"

"Thanks, old witch!" cried the soldier.

"Do you see yonder large tree?" said the witch, pointing to a tree that stood close by the wayside. "It is quite hollow within. Climb up to the top, and you will find a hole large enough for you to creep through, and thus you will get down into the tree. I will tie a rope round your waist, so that I can pull you up again when you call me."

"But what am I to do down in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"What are you to do?" repeated the witch. "Why, fetch money, to be sure! As soon as you get to the bottom, you will find yourself in a wide passage; it is quite light, more than a hundred lamps are burning there. Then you will see three doors; you can open them, the keys are in the locks.

"On opening the first door you will enter a room. In the midst of it, on the floor, lies a large chest; a dog is seated on it, his eyes are as large as teacups; but never you mind, don't trouble yourself about him! I will lend you my blue apron; you must spread it out on the floor, then go briskly up to the dog, seize him, and set him down on it; and after that is done, you can open the chest, and take as much money out of it as you please.

"That chest contains none but copper coins; but if you like silver better, you have only to go into the next room; there you will find a dog with eyes as large as mill-wheels, but don't be afraid of him; you have only to set him down on my apron, and then rifle the chest at your leisure.

"But if you would rather have gold than either silver or copper, that is to be had, too, and as much of it as you can carry, if you pass on into the third chamber. The dog that sits on this third money-chest has two eyes, each as large as the round tower. A famous creature he is, as you may fancy; but don't be alarmed, just set him down on my apron, and then he will do you no harm, and you can take as much golden treasure from the chest as you like."

"Not a bad plan that, upon my word!" said the soldier. "But how much of the money am I to give you, old woman? For you'll want your full share of the plunder I've a notion!"

"Not a penny will I have," returned the witch. "The only thing I want you to bring me is an old tinder-box which my grandmother left there by mistake last time she was down in the tree."

"Well then, give me the rope to tie round my waist, and I'll be gone," said the soldier.

"Here it is," said the witch; "and here is my blue apron."

So the soldier climbed the tree, let himself down through the hole in the trunk, and suddenly found himself in the wide passage, lighted up by many hundred lamps, as the witch had described.

He opened the first door. Bravo! There sat the dog with eyes as large as teacups, staring at him in utter amazement.

"There's a good creature!" quoth the soldier, as he spread the witch's apron on the floor, and lifted the dog upon it. He then filled his pockets with the copper coins in the chest, shut the lid, put the dog back into his place, and passed on into the second apartment.

Huzza! There sat the dog with eyes as large as mill-wheels.

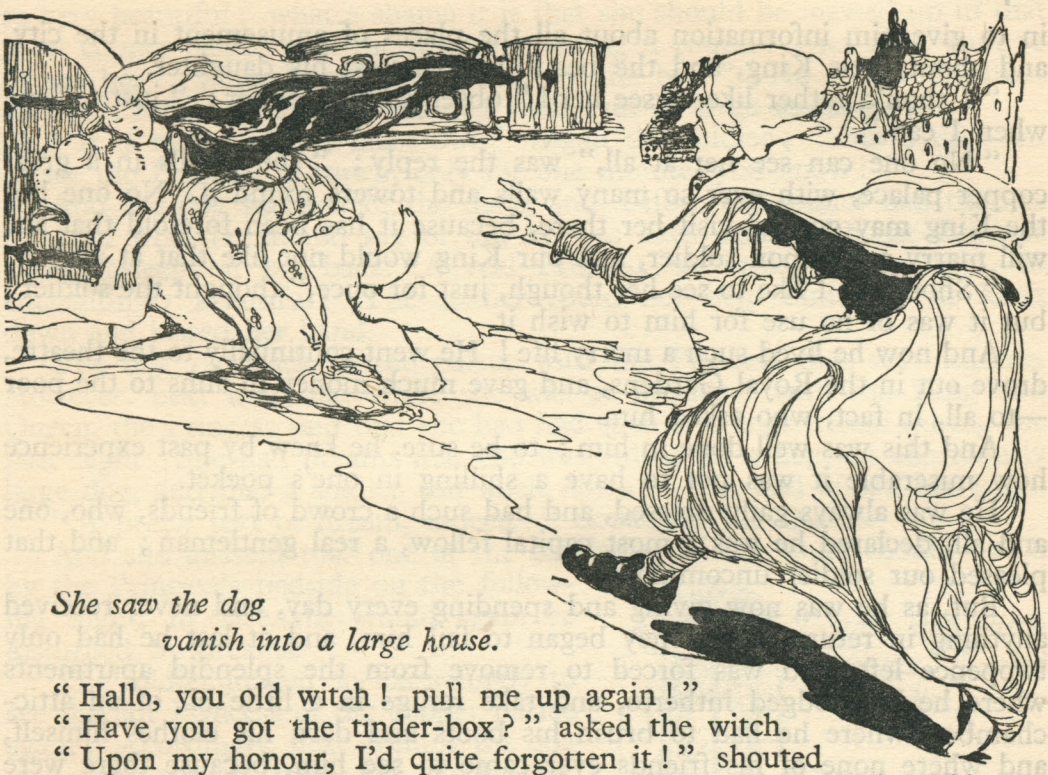
"You had really better not stare at me so," remarked the soldier, "it will make your eyes weak!" and he set the dog down on the witch's apron. But when, on raising the lid of the chest, he beheld the vast quantity of silver money it contained, he threw all his pence away in disgust, and hastened to fill his pockets and his knapsack with the pure silver.

And he passed on into the third chamber. Now, indeed, that was terrifying! The dog in this chamber actually had a pair of eyes each as large as the round tower, and they kept rolling round and round in his head like wheels.

"Good-evening!" said the soldier, and he lifted his cap respectfully, for such a monster of a dog as this he had never in his life before seen or heard of. He stood still for a minute or two, looking at him; then thinking, the sooner it was done the better, he took hold of the immense creature, removed him from the chest to the floor, and raised the lid of the chest.

Oh, what a sight of gold was there! Enough to buy not only all Copenhagen, but all the cakes and sugar-plums, all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the world! Yes, he must be satisfied now.

Hastily the soldier threw out all the silver money he had stuffed into his pockets and knapsack, and took gold instead; not only his pockets and knapsack, but his soldier's cap and boots he crammed full of gold—bright gold! heavy gold! He could hardly walk for the weight he carried. He lifted the dog on the chest again, banged the door of the room behind him, and called out through the tree:



She saw the dog
vanish into a large house.

"Hallo, you old witch! pull me up again!"

"Have you got the tinder-box?" asked the witch.

"Upon my honour, I'd quite forgotten it!" shouted the soldier, and back he went to fetch it. The witch then drew him up through the tree, and now he again stood in the high-road, his pockets, boots, knapsack, and cap stuffed with gold pieces.

"Just tell me now, what are you going to do with the tinder-box?" inquired the soldier.

"That's no concern of yours," returned the witch. "You've got your money; give me my tinder-box this instant!"

"Well, take your choice," said the soldier. "Either tell me at once what you want with the tinder-box, or I draw my sword, and cut off your head."

"I won't tell you!" screamed the witch.

So the soldier drew his sword and cut off her head. There she lay, but he did not waste time in looking at what he had done. He made haste to knot all his money securely in the witch's blue apron, made a bundle of it, and slung it across his back, put the tinder-box into his pocket, and went straight to the nearest town.

It was a large, handsome town—a city, in fact. He walked into the first hotel in the place, called for the best rooms, and ordered the choicest and most expensive dishes for his supper, for he was now a rich man, with plenty of gold to spend.

The servant who cleaned his boots could not help thinking they were disgracefully shabby and worn to belong to such a grand gentleman; however, next day he provided himself with new boots and very gay clothes besides.

Our soldier was now a great man, and the people of the hotel were called

in to give him information about all the places of amusement in the city, and about their King, and the beautiful Princess, his daughter.

"I should rather like to see her!" observed the soldier; "just tell me when I can."

"No one can see her at all," was the reply; "she dwells in a great copper palace, with ever so many walls and towers round it. No one but the King may go and visit her there, because it has been foretold that she will marry a common soldier, and our King would not like that at all."

"Shouldn't I like to see her though, just for once," thought the soldier; but it was of no use for him to wish it.

And now he lived such a merry life! He went continually to the theatre, drove out in the Royal Gardens, and gave much money in alms to the poor —to all, in fact, who asked him.

And this was well done in him; to be sure, he knew by past experience how miserable it was not to have a shilling in one's pocket.

He was always gaily dressed, and had such a crowd of friends, who, one and all, declared he was a most capital fellow, a real gentleman; and that pleased our soldier uncommonly.

But, as he was now giving and spending every day, and never received anything in return, his money began to fail him, and at last he had only twopence left, and was forced to remove from the splendid apartments where he had lodged hitherto, and take refuge in a little bit of an attic-chamber, where he had to brush his boots and darn his clothes himself, and where none of his friends ever came to see him, because there were so many stairs to go up, it was quite fatiguing.

It was a very dark evening and he could not afford to buy himself so much as a rushlight. However, he remembered, all at once, that there were a few matches lying in the tinder-box that the old witch had made him fetch out of the hollow tree.

So he brought out this tinder-box and began to strike a light; but no sooner had he rubbed the flint-stone and made the sparks fly out than the door burst suddenly open, and the dog with eyes as large as teacups, and which he had seen in the cavern beneath the tree, stood before him, and said, "What commands has my master for his slave?"

"Upon my honour, this is a pretty joke!" cried the soldier. "A fine sort of tinder-box this is, if it will really provide me with whatever I want. Fetch me some money this instant!" said he to the dog; upon which the creature vanished, and lo! in half a minute he was back again, holding in his mouth a large bag full of pence.

So now the soldier understood the rare virtue of this charming tinder-box. If he struck the flint only once, the dog that sat on the chest full of copper came to him; if he struck it twice, the dog that watched over the silver answered his summons; and if he struck it three times, he was forthwith attended by the monstrous guardian of the golden treasure.

The soldier could now remove back to his princely apartments; he bought himself an entirely new suit of clothes, and all his friends remembered him again, and loved him as much as ever.

But one evening the thought occurred to him, "How truly ridiculous it is that no one should be allowed to see this Princess! They all say she is

so very beautiful; what a shame it is that she should be mewed up in that great copper palace with the towers guarding it round! And I do want so to see her! Where's my tinder-box, by the by?" He struck the flint, and lo! before him stood the dog with eyes as large as teacups.

"It is rather late, I must own," began the soldier; "but I do want to see the Princess so much, only for one minute, you know!"

And the dog was out of the door, and, before the soldier had time to think of what he should say or do, he was back again with the Princess sitting asleep on his back. A real Princess was this, so beautiful, so enchantingly beautiful! The soldier could not help himself; he knelt down and kissed her hand.

The dog ran back to the palace with the Princess that very minute. However, next morning, while she was at breakfast with the King and Queen, the Princess said that she had had such a strange dream during the past night. She had dreamt that she was riding on a dog, an enormously large dog, and that a soldier had knelt down to her, and kissed her hand.

"A pretty sort of dream, indeed!" exclaimed the Queen.

And she insisted that one of the old ladies of the court should watch by the Princess's bedside on the following night, in case she would again be disturbed by dreams.



"Stop, stop, little 'prentice!" cried the soldier.

The soldier longed so exceedingly to see the fair Princess of the copper palace again; accordingly, next evening the dog was summoned to fetch her. So he did, and ran as fast as he could; however, not so fast but that the ancient dame watching at the Princess's couch found time to put on a pair of waterproof boots before running after them.

She saw the dog vanish into a large house; then, thinking to herself, "Now I know what to do," she took out a piece of chalk and made a great white cross on the door. She then went home and betook herself to rest, and the Princess was home almost as soon.

But on his way the dog chanced to observe the white cross on the door of the hotel where the soldier lived; so he immediately took another piece of chalk and set crosses on every door throughout the town. And this was wisely done on his part.

Early in the morning came out the King, the Queen, the old court dame, and all the officers of the royal household, every one of them curious to see where the Princess had been.

"Here it is!" exclaimed the King, as soon as he saw the first street-door with a cross chalked on it.

"My dear, where are your eyes? This is the house," cried the Queen, seeing the second door bear the cross.

"No, this is it surely—why, here's a cross, too!" cried all of them together, on discovering that there were crosses on all the doors. It was evident that their search would be in vain, and they were obliged to give it up.

But the Queen was an exceedingly wise and prudent woman; she was good for something besides sitting in a state carriage, and looking very grand and condescending. She now took her gold scissors, cut a large piece of silk stuff into strips, and sewed these strips together, to make a pretty, neat little bag. This bag she filled with the finest, whitest flour, and with her own hands tied it to the Princess's waist; and when this was done, again took up her golden scissors and cut a little hole in the bag, just large enough to let the flour drop out gradually all the time the Princess was moving.

That evening the dog came again, took the Princess on his back, and ran away with her to the soldier. Oh, how the soldier loved her, and how he wished he were a prince, that he might have this beautiful Princess for his wife!

The dog never perceived how the flour went drip, drip, dripping all the way from the palace to the soldier's room, and from the soldier's room back to the palace. So next morning the King and Queen could easily discover where their daughter had been carried; and they took the soldier and cast him into prison.

And now he sat in the prison. Oh! how dark it was, and how wearisome, and the turnkey kept coming in to remind him that to-morrow he was to be hanged.

This piece of news was by no means agreeable; and the tinder-box had been left in his lodgings at the hotel. When morning came, he could, through his narrow iron grating, watch the people all hurrying out of the town to see him hanged; he could hear the drums beating, and presently, too, he saw the soldiers marching to the place of execution. What a crowd there was rushing by! Among the rest was a shoemaker's apprentice in his leathern apron and slippers; he bustled on with such speed that one of his slippers flew off and bounded against the iron staves of the soldier's prison window.

"Stop, stop, little 'prentice!" cried the soldier; "it's of no use for you to be in such a hurry, for none of the fun will begin till I come, but if you'll oblige me by running to my lodgings and fetching me my tinder-box, I'll give you twopence. But you must run for your life!"

The shoemaker's boy liked the idea of earning twopence; so away he raced after the tinder-box, returned, and gave it to the soldier, and then —ah, yes, now we shall hear what happened then.

Outside the city a gibbet had been erected; round it were marshalled the soldiers with many hundred thousand people—men, women, and children; the King and Queen were seated on magnificent thrones, exactly opposite the judges and the whole assembled council.

Already had the soldier mounted the topmost step of the ladder, already was the executioner on the point of fitting the rope round his neck when, turning to their Majesties, he began to entreat most earnestly that they would suffer a poor criminal's innocent fancy to be gratified before he underwent his punishment. He wished so much, he said, to smoke a pipe of tobacco, and as it was the last pleasure he could enjoy in this world, he hoped it would not be denied him.

The King could not refuse this harmless request, accordingly the soldier took out his tinder-box and struck the flint. Once he struck it, twice he struck it, three times he struck it, and lo! all the three wizard dogs stood before him—the dog with eyes as large as teacups, the dog with eyes as large as mill-wheels, and the dog with eyes each as large as the round tower!

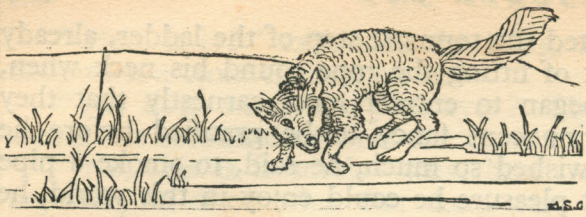
"Now help me, don't let me be hanged!" cried the soldier. And forthwith the three terrible dogs fell upon the judges and councillors, tossing them high into the air, so high that on falling down to the ground again they were broken in pieces.

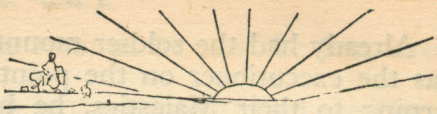
"We will not——" began the King, but the monster dog with eyes as large as the round tower did not wait to hear what his Majesty would not; he seized both him and the Queen, and flung them up into the air after the councillors. And the soldiers were all desperately frightened, and the people shouted out with one voice, "Good soldier, you shall be our King, and the beautiful Princess shall be your wife, and our Queen!"

So the soldier was conducted into the royal carriage, and all the three dogs bounded to and fro in front, little boys whistled upon their fingers, and the guards presented arms.

The Princess was forthwith sent for and made Queen, which she liked much better than living a prisoner in the copper palace. The bridal festivities lasted for eight whole days, and the three wizard dogs sat at the banquet-table, staring about them with their great eyes.







EE-OH

ANON

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole life;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And lov'd to be picking a bone, *ee-oh!*

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright;
"Oho!" said the fox, "it's a very fine night,
For me to go through the town, *ee-oh!*"

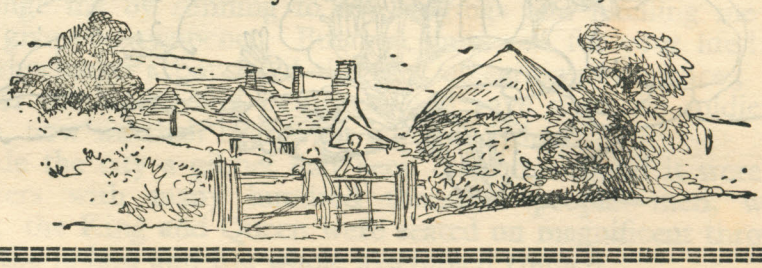
The fox, when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while!
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "it's a very short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, *ee-oh!*"

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
"I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, *ee-oh!*"

The grey goose she ran round the farmer's stack,
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "you are plump and fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back,
From this unto yonder wee town, *ee-oh!*"

The farmer's wife she jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head!
"Oh, husband! oh, husband! The geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, *ee-oh!*"

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;
"Ah, ha!" said the farmer, "I think you're quite dead;
And no more you'll trouble the town, *ee-oh!*"

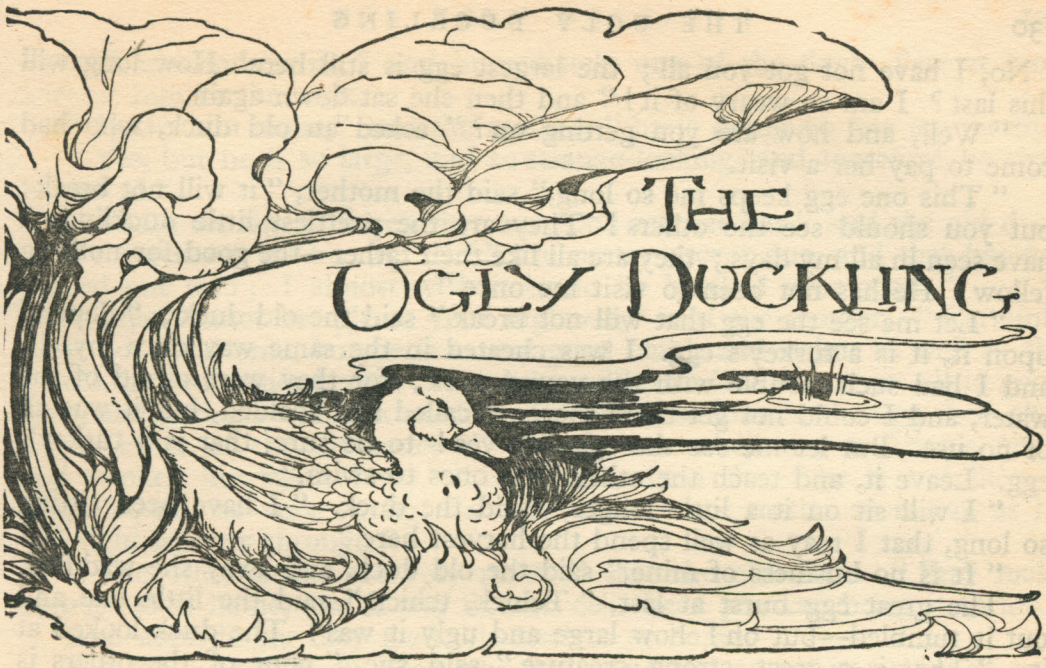




C.W.B.

RAPUNZEL.

Then Rapunzel let down her tresses and the witch climbed up. (Page 118.)



from "Andersen's Fairy Stories"

IT was beautiful in the country—it was summer-time—the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the green meadows, and the stork paraded about on his long red legs discoursing in Egyptian, which language he had learned from his mother. The fields and meadows were skirted by thick woods, and a deep lake lay in the midst of the woods.

Yes, it was indeed beautiful in the country! The sunshine fell warm on an old mansion, surrounded by deep canals, and from the walls down to the water's edge there grew large burdock-leaves, so high that children could stand upright among them without being perceived.

This place was as wild and unfrequented as the thickest part of the wood, and a duck had chosen to make her nest there. She was sitting on her eggs; but the pleasure she had felt at first was now almost gone, because she had been there so long, and had so few visitors, for the other ducks preferred swimming on the canals to sitting among the burdock-leaves gossiping with her.

At last the eggs cracked one after another, "Tchick, tchick!" All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another appeared. "Quack, quack," said the duck, and all got up as well as they could; they peeped about from under the green leaves, and as green is good for the eyes, their mother let them look as long as they pleased.

"How large the world is!" said the little ones, for they found their present situation very different from their former one, while they were in the egg-shells.

"Do you imagine this to be the whole of the world?" said the mother. "It extends far beyond the other side of the garden, to the pastor's field; but I have never been there. Are you all here?" And then she got up.

" No, I have not got you all; the largest egg is still here. How long will this last? I am so weary of it!" and then she sat down again.

" Well, and how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who had come to pay her a visit.

" This one egg keeps me so long," said the mother, " it will not break; but you should see the others! They are the prettiest little ducklings I have seen in all my days; they are all like their father—the good-for-nothing fellow! He has not been to visit me once."

" Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck; " depend upon it, it is a turkey's egg. I was cheated in the same way once myself, and I had such trouble with the young ones; for they were afraid of the water, and I could not get them there. I called and scolded, but it was all of no use. But let me see the egg—ah yes! to be sure, that is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim."

" I will sit on it a little longer," said the duck. " I have been sitting so long, that I may as well spend the harvest here."

" It is no business of mine," said the old duck, and away she waddled.

The great egg burst at last, " Tchick, tchick," said the little one and out it tumbled—but oh! how large and ugly it was! The duck looked at it. " That is a great, strong creature," said she, " none of the others is at all like it; can it be a young turkey-cock? Well, we shall soon find out; it must go into the water, though I push it in myself."

The next day there was delightful weather, and the sun shone warmly upon all the green leaves when mother-duck with her family went down to the canal; plump she went into the water. " Quack, quack," cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but all came up again, and swam together in the pleasantest manner; their legs moved without effort. All were there, even the ugly grey one.

" No! it is not a turkey," said the old duck; " only see how prettily it moves its legs, how upright it holds itself; it is my own child! It is also really very pretty when one looks more closely at it; quack, quack, now come with me; I will take you into the world, introduce you in the duck-yard; but keep close to me, or some one may tread on you, and beware of the cat."

So they came into the duck-yard. There was a horrid noise; two families were quarrelling about the remains of an eel, which in the end was secured by the cat.

" See, my children, such is the way of the world," said the mother-duck, wiping her beak, for she too was fond of roasted eels. " Now use your legs," said she, " keep together, and bow to the old duck you see yonder. She is the most distinguished of all the fowls present, and is of Spanish blood, which accounts for her dignified appearance and manners. And look, she has a red rag on her leg; that is considered extremely handsome, and is the greatest distinction a duck can have. Don't turn your feet inwards; a well-educated duckling always keeps his legs far apart, like his father and mother, just so—look! Now bow your necks, and say 'Quack!'"

And they did as they were told. But the other ducks who were in the yard looked at them and said aloud, " Only see, now we have another brood, as if there were not enough of us already; and fie! how ugly that one is,

we will not endure it;" and immediately one of the ducks flew at him. and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother, "he is doing no one any harm."

"Yes, but he is so large, and so strange-looking, and therefore he shall be teased."

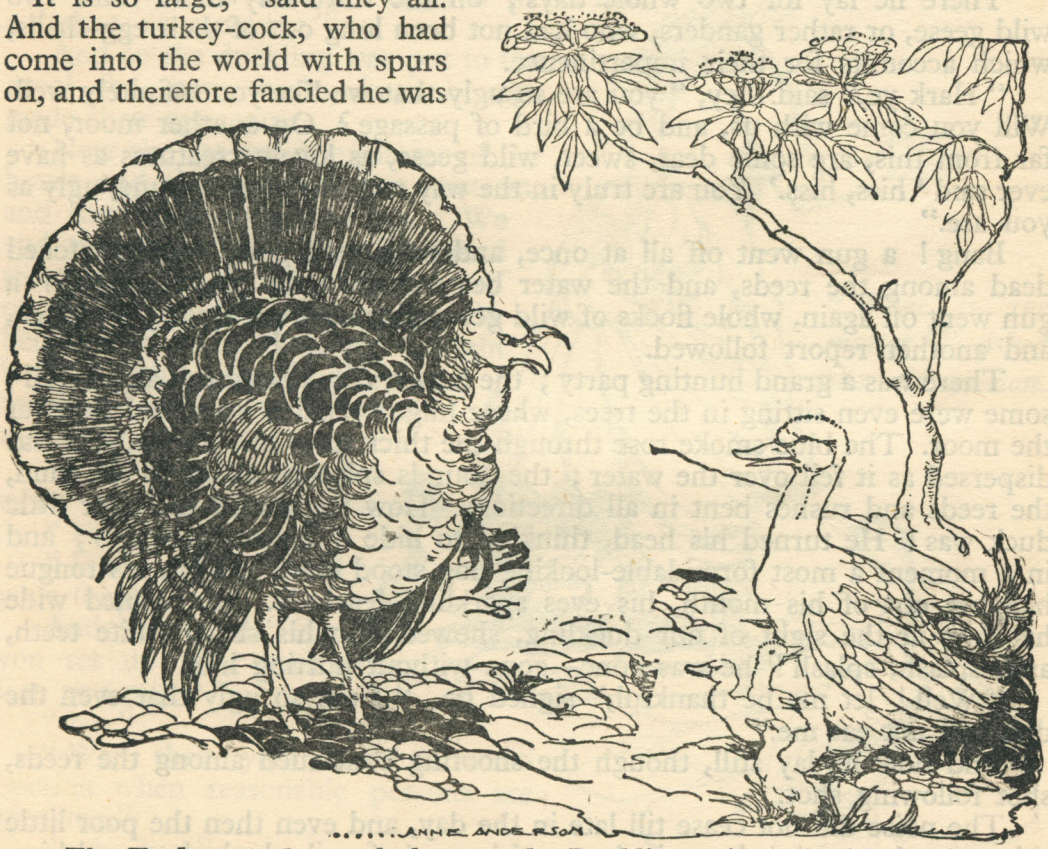
"Those are fine children that our good mother has," said the old duck with the red rag on her leg. "All are pretty except one, and that has not turned out well; I almost wish it could be hatched over again."

"That cannot be, please your highness," said the mother. "Certainly he is not handsome, but he is a very good child, and swims as well as the others, indeed rather better. I think he will grow like the others all in good time, and perhaps will look smaller. He stayed so long in the egg-shell, that is the cause of the difference;" and she scratched the duckling's neck, and stroked his whole body. "Besides," added she, "he is a drake; I think he will be very strong, therefore it does not matter so much, as he will fight his way through."

"The other ducks are very pretty," said the old duck. "Pray make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you can bring it to me."

And accordingly they made themselves at home.

But the poor little duckling who had come last out of its egg-shell, and who was so ugly, was bitten, pecked, and teased by both ducks and hens. "It is so large," said they all. And the turkey-cock, who had come into the world with spurs on, and therefore fancied he was



The Turkey Cock marched up to the Duckling quite red with passion.

an emperor, puffed himself up like a ship in full sail, and marched up to the duckling quite red with passion. The poor little thing scarcely knew what to do; he was quite distressed, because he was so ugly, and because he was the jest of the poultry-yard.

So passed the first day, and afterwards matters grew worse and worse; the poor duckling was scorned by all. Even his brothers and sisters behaved unkindly, and were constantly saying, "I wish the cat would catch thee, thou nasty creature!" The mother said, "Ah, if thou wert only far away!" The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him.

He ran over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes were terrified. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the duckling, shutting his eyes, while he ran on. At last he came to a wide moor, where lived some wild ducks; here he lay the whole night, so tired and so comfortless.

In the morning the wild ducks flew up and perceived their new companion. "Pray who are you?" asked they; and our little duckling turned himself in all directions, and greeted them as politely as possible.

"You are really very ugly," said the wild ducks; "however, that does not matter to us, provided you do not marry into our families." Poor thing! he had never thought of marrying; he only begged leave to lie among the reeds, and drink the water of the moor.

There he lay for two whole days; on the third day there came two wild geese, or rather ganders, who had not been long out of their egg-shells, which accounts for their impertinence.

"Hark ye," said they, "you are so ugly that we like you infinitely well. Will you come with us, and be a bird of passage? On another moor, not far from this, are some dear, sweet, wild geese, as lovely creatures as have ever said 'hiss, hiss.' You are truly in the way to make your fortune, ugly as you are."

Bang! a gun went off all at once, and both wild geese were stretched dead among the reeds, and the water became red with blood;—bang! a gun went off again, whole flocks of wild geese flew up from among the reeds, and another report followed.

There was a grand hunting party; the hunters lay in ambush all around; some were even sitting in the trees, whose huge branches stretched far over the moor. The blue smoke rose through the thick trees like a mist, and was dispersed as it fell over the water; the hounds splashed about in the mud, the reeds and rushes bent in all directions. How frightened the poor little duck was! He turned his head, thinking to hide it under his wings; and in a moment a most formidable-looking dog stood close to him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes sparkling fearfully. He opened wide his jaws at the sight of our duckling, showed him his sharp white teeth, and, splash, splash! he was gone—gone without hurting him.

"Well! let me be thankful," sighed he. "I am so ugly that even the dog will not eat me."

And now he lay still, though the shooting continued among the reeds, shot following shot.

The noise did not cease till late in the day, and even then the poor little thing dared not stir; he waited several hours before he looked around him,

and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over fields and meadows, though the wind was so high that he had some difficulty in proceeding.

Towards evening he reached a wretched little hut—so wretched that it knew not on which side to fall, and therefore remained standing. The wind blew violently, so that our poor little duckling was obliged to support himself on his tail in order to stand against it; but it became worse and worse. He then remarked that the door had lost one of its hinges, and hung so much awry that he could creep through the crevice into the room—which he did.

In this room lived an old woman, with her tom-cat and her hen; and the cat, whom she called her little son, knew how to set up his back and purr; indeed he could even emit sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, and was therefore called "Cuckoo Shortlegs"; she laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child.

The next morning the new guest was perceived; the cat began to mew, and the hen to cackle.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman, looking round; however, her eyes were not good, and so she took the young duckling to be a fat duck who had lost her way. "This is a capital catch," said she; "I shall now have ducks' eggs, if it be not a drake; we must try."

And so the duckling was put to the proof for three weeks, but no eggs made their appearance.

Now the cat was the master of the house and the hen was the mistress, and they used always to say, "We and the world," for they imagined themselves to be not only the half of the world, but also by far the better half. The duckling thought it was possible to be of a different opinion, but that the hen would not allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked she.

"No."

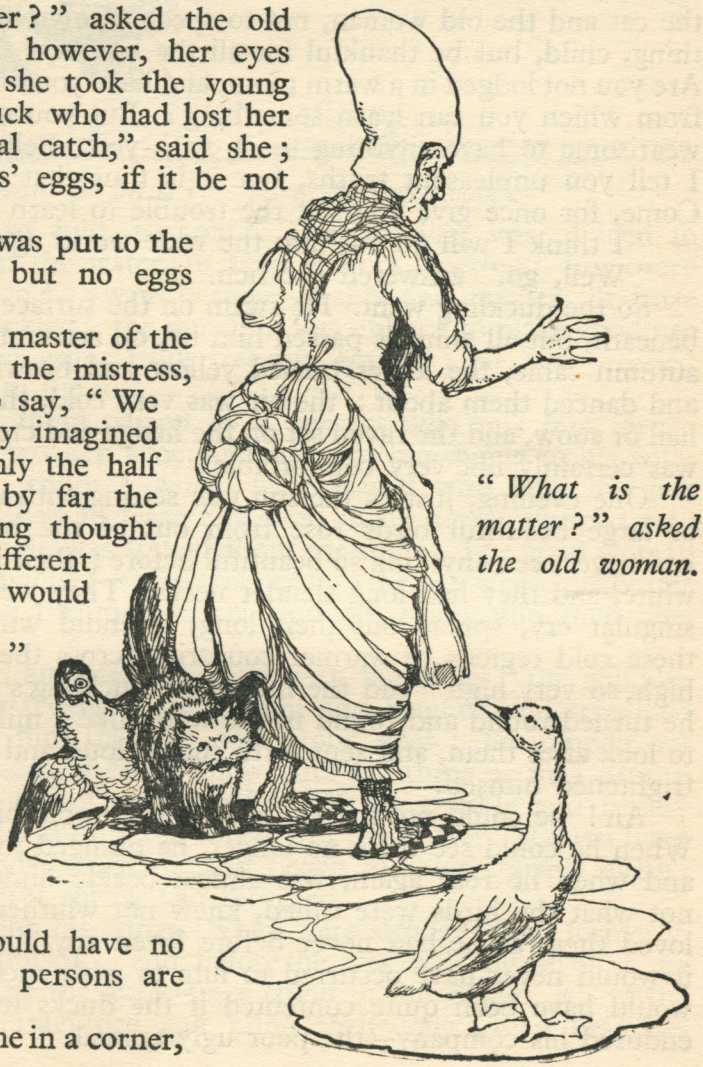
"Well, then, hold your tongue."

And the cat said, "Can you set up your back? Can you purr?"

"No."

"Well, then, you should have no opinion when reasonable persons are speaking."

So the duckling sat alone in a corner,



"What is the matter?" asked the old woman.

and was in a very bad humour; however, he happened to think of the fresh air and bright sunshine, and these thoughts gave him such a strong desire to swim again that he could not help telling it to the hen.

"What ails you?" said the hen. "You have nothing to do, and, therefore, brood over these fancies; either lay eggs, or purr, then you will forget them."

"But it is so delicious to swim," said the duckling; "so delicious when the waters close over your head, and you plunge to the bottom."

"Well, that is a queer sort of a pleasure," said the hen; "I think you must be crazy. Not to speak of myself, ask the cat—he is the most sensible animal I know—whether he would like to swim or to plunge to the bottom of the water. Ask our mistress, the old woman—there is no one in the world wiser than she—do you think she would take pleasure in swimming and in the waters closing over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

"What! we do not understand you! So you think yourself wiser than the cat and the old woman, not to speak of myself. Do not fancy any such thing, child, but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. Are you not lodged in a warm room, and have you not the advantage of society from which you can learn something? But you are a simpleton, and it is wearisome to have anything to do with you. Believe me, I wish you well. I tell you unpleasant truths, but it is thus that real friendship is shown. Come, for once give yourself the trouble to learn to purr, or to lay eggs."

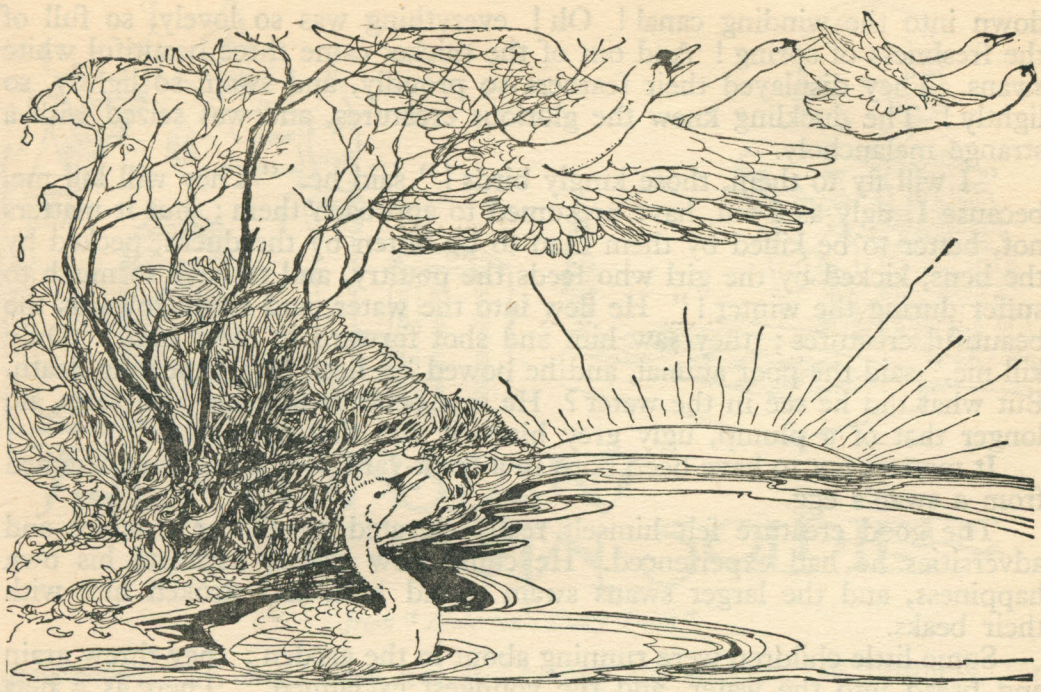
"I think I will go out into the wide world again," said the duckling.

"Well, go," answered the hen.

So the duckling went. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath, but all animals passed him by, on account of his ugliness. And the autumn came, the leaves turned yellow and brown, the wind caught them and danced them about; the air was very cold, the clouds were heavy with hail or snow, and the raven sat on the hedge and croaked. The poor duckling was certainly not very comfortable!

One evening, just as the sun was setting with unusual brilliancy, a flock of large beautiful birds rose from out of the brushwood; the duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before; their plumage was of a dazzling white, and they had long slender necks. They were swans; they uttered a singular cry, spread out their long, splendid wings, and flew away from these cold regions to warmer countries across the open sea. They flew so high, so very high! and the little ugly duckling's feelings were so strange; he turned round and round in the water like a mill-wheel, strained his neck to look after them, and sent forth such a loud and strange cry that it almost frightened himself.

Ah! he could not forget them, those noble birds! those happy birds! When he could see them no longer, he plunged to the bottom of the water, and when he rose again, was almost beside himself. The duckling knew not what the birds were called, knew not whither they were flying, yet he loved them as he had never before loved anything. He envied them not; it would never have occurred to him to wish such beauty for himself; he would have been quite contented if the ducks in the duck-yard had only endured his company—the poor ugly animal.



A flock of beautiful birds rose from the brushwood.

And the winter was so cold, so cold! The duckling was obliged to swim round and round in the water, to keep it from freezing; but every night the opening in which he swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so that the crust of ice crackled; the duckling was obliged to make good use of his legs to prevent the water from freezing entirely; at last, wearied out, he lay stiff and cold in the ice.

Early in the morning there passed by a peasant who saw him, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and brought him home to his wife.

He now revived; the children would have played with him, but our duckling thought they wished to tease him, and in his terror jumped into the milk-pail, so that the milk was spilled about the room. The good woman screamed and clapped her hands; he flew thence into the pan where the butter was kept, and thence into the meal-barrel, and out again, and then how strange he looked!

The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs; the children ran races with each other trying to catch him, and laughed and screamed likewise. It was well for him that the door stood open; he jumped out among the bushes into the new fallen snow, and lay there as in a dream.

But it would be too melancholy to relate all the trouble and misery that he was obliged to suffer during the severity of the winter. He was lying on a moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine warmly again; the larks sang, and beautiful spring had returned.

And once more he shook his wings. They were stronger than formerly, and bore him forwards quickly; and before he was well aware of it, he was in a large garden where the apple-trees stood in full bloom, where the syringas sent forth their fragrance and hung their long green branches

down into the winding canal! Oh! everything was so lovely, so full of the freshness of spring! And out of the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They displayed their feathers so proudly, and swam so lightly, so lightly! The duckling knew the glorious creatures, and was seized with a strange melancholy.

"I will fly to them, those kingly birds!" said he. "They will kill me, because I, ugly as I am, have presumed to approach them; but it matters not, better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girl who feeds the poultry, and to have so much to suffer during the winter!" He flew into the water, and swam towards the beautiful creatures; they saw him and shot forward to meet him. "Only kill me," said the poor animal, and he bowed his head low, expecting death. But what did he see in the water? He saw beneath him his own form, no longer that of a plump, ugly grey bird—it was that of a swan.

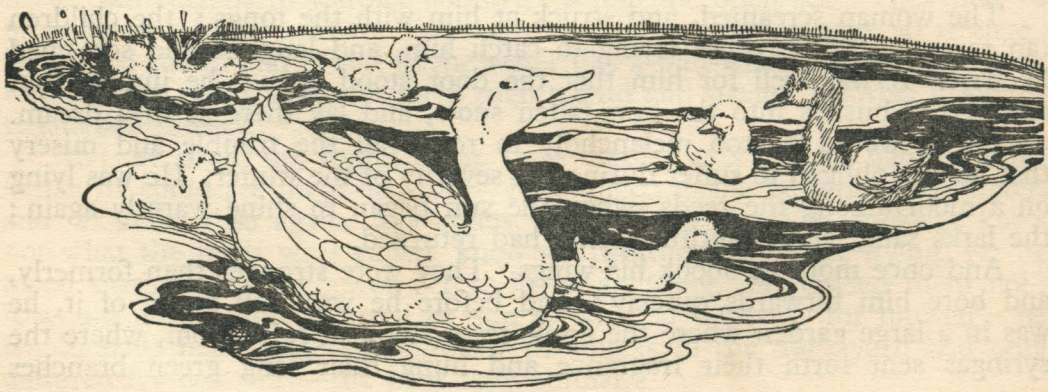
It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

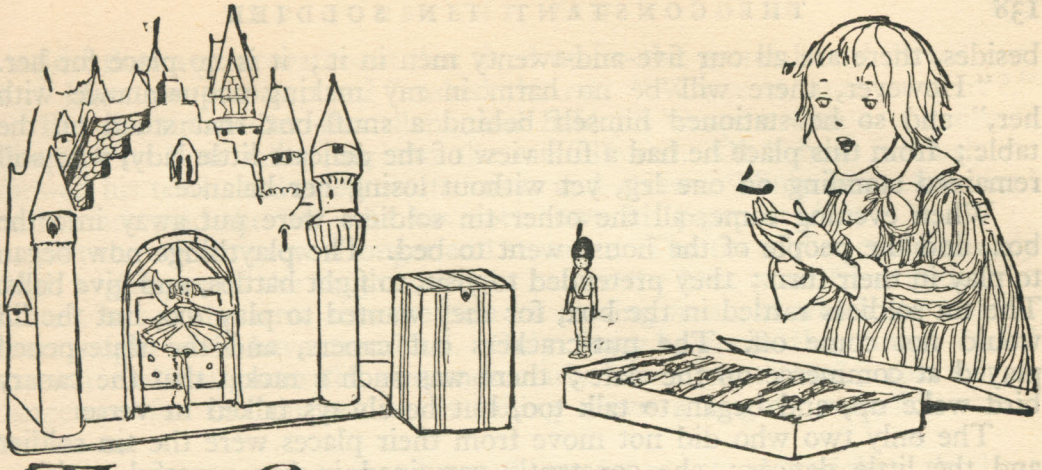
The good creature felt himself really elevated by all the troubles and adversities he had experienced. He could now rightly estimate his own happiness, and the larger swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children were running about in the garden; they threw grain and bread into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a new one!" The others also cried out, "Yes, a new swan has come!" and they clapped their hands and danced around. They ran to their father and mother, bread and cake were thrown into the water, and every one said, "The new one is the best, so young, and so beautiful!" and the old swans bowed before him.

The young swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings; he scarcely knew what to do, he was all too happy, but still not proud—for a good heart is never proud.

He remembered how he had been persecuted and scorned, and he now heard every one say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The syringas bent down their branches towards him low into the water, and the sun shone warmly and brightly. He shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and in the joy of his heart said, "How little did I dream of so much happiness when I was the ugly despised duckling!"





THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER

from "Andersen's Fairy Tales"

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers, all brothers, for they had all been made out of one old tin spoon. They carried muskets in their arms, and held themselves very upright, and their uniforms were red and blue—very gay indeed.

The first word they heard in this world, when the lid was taken off the box in which they lay, was "Tin soldiers!" It was a little boy who made this exclamation, clapping his hands at the same time. They had been given to him because it was his birthday, and he now set them out on the table.

The soldiers resembled each other to a hair—one only was rather different from the rest; he had but one leg, for he had been made last, when there was not quite tin enough left. However, he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others did upon their two; and this identical tin soldier it is whose fortunes seem to us worthy of record.

On the table where the tin soldiers were set out were several other playthings, but the most charming of them all was a pretty pasteboard castle. Through its little windows one could look into the rooms. In front of the castle stood some tiny trees, clustering round a little mirror intended to represent a lake, and waxen swans swam in the lake and were reflected on its surface.

All this was very pretty, but prettiest of all was a little damsel standing in the open doorway of the castle; she, too, was cut out of pasteboard, but she had on a frock of the clearest muslin, a little sky-blue ribbon was flung across her shoulders like a scarf, and in the midst of this scarf was set a bright gold wing. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and raised one of her legs so high in the air that the tin soldier could not find it, and fancied that she had, like him, only one leg.

"That would be just the wife for me," thought he, "but then, she is of rather too high rank; she lives in a castle. I have only a box; and

besides, there are all our five-and-twenty men in it; it is no place for her.

"However, there will be no harm in my making acquaintance with her," and so he stationed himself behind a snuff-box that stood on the table; from this place he had a full view of the delicate little lady, who still remained standing on one leg, yet without losing her balance.

When evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put away into the box, and the people of the house went to bed. The playthings now began to play in their turn; they pretended to visit, to fight battles, and give balls. The tin soldiers rattled in the box, for they wanted to play too, but the lid would not come off. The nut-crackers cut capers, and the slate-pencil played at commerce on the slate; there was such a racket that the canary bird woke up, and began to talk too, but he always talked in verse.

The only two who did not move from their places were the tin soldier and the little dancer; she constantly remained in her graceful position, standing on the point of her foot, with outstretched arms; and, as for him, he stood just as firmly on his one leg, never for one moment turning his eyes away from her.

Twelve o'clock struck. Crash! Open sprang the lid of the snuff-box, but there was no snuff inside it; no, out jumped a little black conjurer, in fact it was a Jack-in-the-box. "Tin soldier!" said the conjurer, "wilt thou keep thine eyes to thyself?"

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear.

"Well, only wait till to-morrow!" quoth the conjurer.

When the morrow had come, and the children were out of bed, the tin soldier was placed on the window-ledge, and, whether the conjurer or the wind occasioned it, all at once the window flew open, and out fell the tin soldier, head foremost from the third story to the ground.

A dreadful fall was that! His one leg turned over and over in the air, and at last he rested, poised on his soldier's cap, with his bayonet between the paving stones.

The maid-servant and the little boy immediately came down to look for him; but, although they very nearly trod on him, they could not see him. If the tin soldier had but called out, "Here I am!" they might easily have found him; but he thought it would not be becoming for him to cry out, as he was in uniform.

It now began to rain; every drop fell heavier than the last; there was a regular shower. When it was over two boys came by. "Look!" said one, "here is a tin soldier; he shall have a sail for once in his life."

So they made a boat out of an old newspaper, put the tin soldier into it, and away he sailed down the gutter, both the boys running along by the side and clapping their hands. The paper boat rocked to and fro, and every now and then veered round so quickly that the tin soldier became quite giddy; still he moved not a muscle, looked straight before him, and held his bayonet tightly clasped.

All at once the boat sailed under a long gutter-board; he found it as dark here as at home in his own box.

"Where shall I get to next?" thought he. "Yes, to be sure, it is all that conjurer's doing! Ah, if the little maiden were but sailing with me in the boat I would not care for its being twice as dark!"

Just then a great water-rat that lived under the gutter board darted out. "Have you a passport?" asked the rat. "Where is your passport?"

But the tin soldier was silent, and held his weapon with a still firmer grasp. The boat sailed on, and the rat followed. Oh! how furiously he showed his teeth, and cried out to sticks and straws, "Stop him, stop him! he has not paid the toll; he has not shown his passport!"

But the stream grew stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already catch a glimpse of the bright daylight before the boat came from under the tunnel, but at the same time he heard a roaring noise, at which the boldest heart might well have trembled. Only fancy! where the tunnel ended the water of the gutter fell perpendicularly into a great canal; this was as dangerous for the tin soldier as sailing down a mighty waterfall would be for us.

He was now so close that he could no longer stand upright; the boat darted forwards; the poor tin soldier held himself as stiff and immovable as possible; no one could accuse him of having even blinked. The boat spun round and round three, nay, four times, and was filled with water to the brim; it must sink. The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water; deeper and deeper sank the boat, softer and softer grew the paper. The water went over the soldier's head, and he thought of the pretty little dancer whom he should never see again, and these words rang in his ears:

"Wild adventure, mortal danger
Be thy portion, valiant stranger!"

The paper now tore asunder, the tin soldier fell through the rent; but, in the same moment, he was swallowed up by a large fish. Oh, how dark it was, worse even than under the gutter-board, and so narrow too! But the tin soldier's resolution was as constant as ever; there he lay, at full length, shouldering his arms.

The fish turned and twisted about, and made the strangest movements. At last he became quite still; a flash of lightning, as it were, darted through him. The daylight shone brightly and some one exclaimed, "Tin soldier!"

The fish had been caught, taken to the market, sold, and brought home into the kitchen, where the servant girl was cutting him up with a large knife.

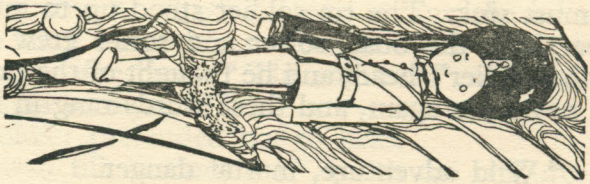
She seized the tin soldier by the middle with two of her fingers, and took him into the parlour, where every one was eager to see the wonderful man who had travelled in the maw of a fish; however, our little warrior was by no means proud. They set him on the table, and there—no, how could anything so extraordinary happen in this world?—the tin soldier was in the very same room in which he had been before.

He saw the same children, the same playthings stood on the table, among them the beautiful castle with the pretty little dancing maiden, who was still standing upon one leg, while she held the other high in the air; she, too, was constant. It quite affected the tin soldier; he could have found it in his heart to weep tin tears, but such weakness would have been unbecoming in a soldier. He looked at her and she looked at him, but neither spoke a word.

And now one of the little boys took the soldier and threw him without ceremony into the stove. He did not give any reason for so doing, but no doubt the conjurer in the snuff-box must have had a hand in it.

The tin soldier now stood in a blaze of red light; he felt extremely hot. Whether this heat was the result of the actual fire or of the flames of love within him, he knew not. He had entirely lost his colour. Whether this change had happened during his travels, or were the effect of strong emotion, I know not. He looked upon the little damsel, she looked upon him, and he felt that he was melting; but, constant as ever, he still stood shouldering his arms.

A door opened, the wind seized the dancer, and, like a sylph, she flew straightway into the stove to the tin soldier; they both flamed up into a blaze, and were gone. The soldier was melted to a hard lump, and when the maid took out the ashes the next day she found his remains in the shape of a little tin heart; of the dancer there remained only the gold wing, and that was burned black as coal.



The Littlest One

by MARION ST. JOHN WEBB

I'm sittin' on the doorstep,
  And I'm eating bread an' jam,
And I aren't a-cryin' really,
  Though I speks you think I am.

I'm feelin' rather lonely,
  And I don't know what to do,
'Cos there's no one here to play with,
  And I've broke my hoop in two.

I can hear the children playing,
  But they sez they don't want me
'Cos my legs are rather little,
  An' I run so slow, you see.

So I'm sittin' on the doorstep,
  And I'm eating bread an' jam,
And I aren't a-cryin' really,
  Though it feels as if I am.



THE WILD SWANS

from "Andersen's Fairy Tales"

FAR hence, in a country whither the swallows fly in our winter-time, there dwelt a King who had eleven sons, and one daughter, the beautiful Elise. The eleven brothers went to school with stars on their breasts, and swords by their sides; they wrote on golden tablets with diamond pens, and could read either with a book, or without one; in short, it was easy to perceive that they were princes. Their sister Elise used to sit upon a little glass stool, and had a picture-book which had cost the half of a kingdom. Oh, the children were so happy! But happy they were not to remain always.

Their father, the King, married a very wicked Queen, who was not at all kind to the poor children; they found this out on the first day after the marriage, when there was a grand gala at the palace; for when the children played at receiving company, instead of giving them as many cakes and sweetmeats as they liked, the Queen gave them only some sand in a little dish, and told them to imagine that was something nice.

The week after, she sent the little Elise to be brought up by some peasants in the country, and it was not long before she told the King so many falsehoods about the poor Princes, that he would have nothing more to do with them.

"Away out into the world, and take care of yourselves," said the wicked Queen; "fly away in the form of great speechless birds." But she could not make their transformation so disagreeable as she wished—the Princes were changed into eleven white swans. Sending forth a strange cry, they flew out of the palace windows, over the park and over the wood.

It was still early in the morning when they passed by the place where Elise lay sleeping in the peasant's cottage; they flew several times round the roof, stretched their long necks, and flapped their wings, but no one either heard or saw them; they were forced to fly away, up to the clouds, and into the wide world; so on they went to the forest, which extended as far as the seashore.

The poor little Elise stood in the peasant's cottage amusing herself with a green leaf, for she had no other plaything. She pricked a hole in the leaf and peeped through it at the sun, and then she fancied she saw her brothers'

bright eyes, and whenever the warm sunbeams shone full upon her cheeks, she thought of her brothers' kisses.

One day passed exactly like the other. When the wind blew through the thick hedge of rose-trees, in front of the house, she would whisper to the roses, " Who is more beautiful than you ? " but the roses would shake their heads and say, " Elise." And when the peasant's wife sat on Sundays at the door of her cottage reading her hymn-book, the wind would rustle in the leaves and say to the book, " Who is more pious than thou ? "—" Elise," replied the hymn-book. And what the roses and the hymn-book said, was no more than the truth.

Elise, who was now fifteen years old, was sent for to return home ; but when the Queen saw how beautiful she was, she hated her the more, and would willingly have transformed her like her brothers into a wild swan ; but she dared not do so, because the King wished to see his daughter.

So the next morning the Queen went into a bath which was made of marble, and fitted up with soft pillows and the gayest carpets ; she took three toads, kissed them, and said to one, " Settle thou upon Elise's head, that she may become dull and sleepy like thee." " Settle thou upon her forehead," said she to another, " and let her become ugly like thee, so that her father may not know her again."—And " Do thou place thyself upon her bosom," whispered she to the third, " that her heart may become corrupt and evil, a torment to herself."

She then put the toads into the clear water, which was immediately tinted with a green colour, and having called Elise, took off her clothes and made her get into the bath—one toad settled among her hair, another on her forehead, and the third upon her bosom ; but Elise seemed not at all aware of it. She rose up, and three poppies were seen swimming on the water.

Had not the animals been poisonous and kissed by a witch, they would have been changed into roses whilst they remained on Elise's head and heart —she was too good for magic to have any power over her. When the Queen perceived this, she rubbed walnut juice all over the maiden's skin, so that it became quite swarthy, smeared a nasty salve over her lovely face, and entangled her long thick hair. It was impossible to recognise the beautiful Elise after this.

When her father saw her, he was shocked, and said she could not be his daughter ; no one would have anything to do with her but the mastiff and the swallows ; but they, poor things, could not say anything in her favour.

Poor Elise wept, and thought of her eleven brothers, not one of whom she saw at the palace. In great distress she stole away and wandered the whole day over fields and moors, till she reached the forest. She knew not where to go, but she was so sad, and longed so much to see her brothers, who had been driven out into the world, that she determined to seek and find them.

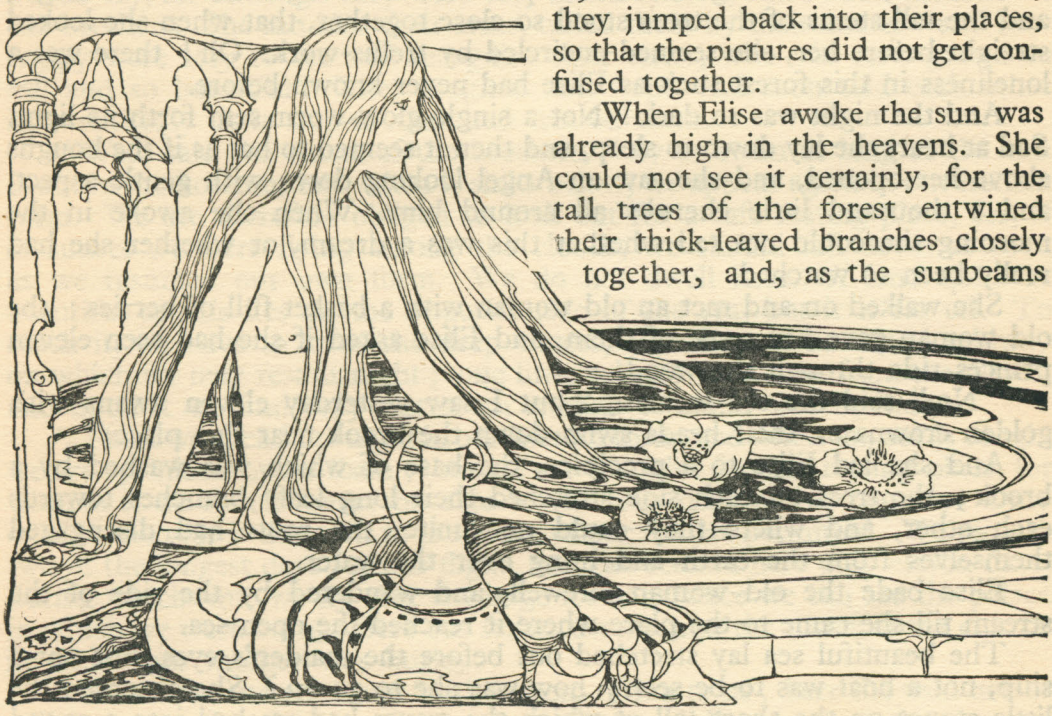
She had not been long in the forest when night came on, and she lost her way amid the darkness. So she lay down on the soft moss, said her evening prayer, and leaned her head against the trunk of a tree. It was still in the forest, the air was mild, and from the grass and mould around gleamed

the green light of many hundred glowworms; and when Elise lightly touched one of the branches hanging over her, bright insects fell down upon her like falling stars.

All the night long she dreamed of her brothers. They were all children again, played together, wrote with diamond pens upon golden tablets, and looked at the pictures in the beautiful book which had cost half of a kingdom.

But they did not, as formerly, make straight strokes and pot-hooks upon the tablets; no, they wrote of the bold actions they had performed, and the strange adventures they had encountered, and in the picture-book everything seemed alive. The birds sang, men and women stepped from the book and talked to Elise and her brothers. However, when she turned over the leaves, they jumped back into their places, so that the pictures did not get confused together.

When Elise awoke the sun was already high in the heavens. She could not see it certainly, for the tall trees of the forest entwined their thick-leaved branches closely together, and, as the sunbeams



Three poppies were seen swimming on the water.

played upon them, they looked like a golden veil waving to and fro. The air was fragrant, and the birds perched upon Elise's shoulders. She heard the noise of water; there were several springs forming a pool, with the prettiest pebbles at the bottom; bushes were growing thickly round. But the deer had trodden a broad path through them, and by this path Elise went down to the water's edge. The water was so clear that, had not the boughs and bushes around been moved by the wind, you might have fancied they were painted upon the smooth surface, so distinctly was each little leaf mirrored upon it.

As soon as Elise saw her face reflected in the water, she was quite startled, so brown and ugly did it look; however, when she wetted her little hand, and rubbed her brow and eyes, the white skin again appeared. So Elise took off her clothes, stepped into the fresh water, and in the whole world there was not a king's daughter more beautiful than she then appeared.

After she dressed herself, and braided her long hair, she went to the bubbling spring, drank out of the hollow of her hand, and then wandered farther into the forest. She did not know where she was going, but she thought of her brothers, and of the good God who, she felt, would never forsake her. He it was who made the wild crab-trees grow in order to feed the hungry, and who showed her a tree whose boughs bent under the weight of their fruit. She made her noonday meal under its shade, propped up the boughs, and then walked on amid the dark twilight of the forest.

It was so still that she could hear her own footsteps, and the rustling of each little withered leaf that was crushed beneath her feet. Not a bird was to be seen; not a single sunbeam penetrated through the thick foliage; and the tall stems of the trees stood so close together, that when she looked straight before her, she seemed encircled by trellis-work. Oh! there was a loneliness in this forest such as Elise had never known before.

And the night was so dark! Not a single glow-worm sent forth its light. Sad at heart she lay down to sleep, and then it seemed to her as if the boughs above her opened, and she saw an Angel looking down with gentle aspect, and a thousand little cherubs all around him. When she awoke in the morning she could not tell whether this was a dream, or whether she had really been so watched.

She walked on and met an old woman with a basket full of berries; the old woman gave her some of them, and Elise asked if she had seen eleven princes ride through the wood.

"No," said the old woman, "but I saw yesterday eleven swans with golden crowns on their heads swim down the brook near this place."

And she led Elise to a precipice, the base of which was washed by a brook; the trees on each side stretched their long leafy branches towards each other, and where they could not unite, the roots had disengaged themselves from the earth and hung over the water.

Elise bade the old woman farewell, and wandered by the side of the stream till she came to the place where it reached the open sea.

The beautiful sea lay stretched out before the maiden's eyes, but not a ship, not a boat was to be seen; how was she to go on? She observed the little stones on the shore, all of which the waves had washed into a round form; glass, iron, stone, everything that lay scattered there, had been moulded into shape, and yet the water which had done this was much softer than Elise's delicate little hand. "It rolls on unweariedly," said she, "and subdues what is so hard; I will be no less unwearied! Thank you for the lesson you have given me, ye bright rolling waves; some day, my heart tells me, you shall carry me to my dear brothers!"

There lay upon the wet sea-grass eleven white swan-feathers; Elise collected them together; drops of water hung about them, whether dew or tears she could not tell. She was quite alone on the seashore, but she did not care for that; the sea presented an eternal variety to her, more indeed in a few hours than the gentle inland waters would have offered in a whole year.

When a black cloud passed over the sky, it seemed as if the sea were saying, "I too can look dark;" and then the wind would blow and the waves fling out their white foam. But when the clouds shone with a bright

red tint, and the winds were asleep, the sea also became like a rose-leaf in hue. It was now green, now white; but as it reposed peacefully, a slight breeze on the shore caused the water to heave gently like the bosom of a sleeping child.

At sunset Elise saw eleven wild swans with golden crowns on their heads flying towards the land; they flew one behind another, looking like a streaming white ribbon. Elise climbed the precipice, and concealed herself behind a bush; the swans settled close to her, and flapped their long white wings.

As the sun sank beneath the water, the swans also vanished, and in their place stood eleven handsome princes, the brothers of Elise. She uttered a loud cry, for although they were very much altered, Elise knew them to be her brothers. She ran into their arms, called them by their names—and how happy were *they* to see and recognise their sister, who was now grown so tall and so beautiful! They laughed and wept, and soon told each other how wickedly their step-mother had treated them.

"We," said the eldest of the brothers, "fly or swim as long as the sun is above the horizon, but, when it sinks below, we appear again in our human form. We are therefore obliged to look out for a safe resting-place, for, if at sunset we were flying among the clouds, we should fall down as soon as we resumed our own form. We do not dwell here. A land quite as beautiful as this lies on the opposite side of the sea, but it is far off. To reach it, we have to cross the deep waters, and there is no island midway on which we may rest at night; one little solitary rock rises from the waves, and upon it we find only just room enough to stand side by side.

"There we spend the night in our human form, and when the sea is rough, we are sprinkled by its foam; but we are thankful for this resting-place, for without it we should never be able to visit our dear native country. Only once in the year is this visit to the home of our fathers permitted. We require two of the longest days for our flight, and can remain here only eleven days, during which time we fly over the large forest whence we can see the palace in which we were born, where our father dwells, and the tower of the church in which our mother was buried.

"Here even the trees and bushes seem of kin to us; here the wild horses still race over the plains, as in the days of our childhood; here the charcoal burner still sings the same old tunes to which we used to dance in our youth; here we are still drawn, and here we have found thee, thou dear little sister! We have yet two days longer to stay here; then we must fly over the sea to a land beautiful indeed, but not our fatherland. How shall we take thee with us? We have neither ship nor boat!"

"How shall I be able to release you?" said the sister. And so they went on talking almost the whole of the night. They slumbered only a few hours.

Elise was awakened by the rustling of swans' wings which were fluttering above her. Her brothers were again transformed, and for some time flew around in large circles. At last they flew far, far away; one of them remained behind; it was the youngest, and he laid his head in her lap and she stroked his white wings. They remained the whole day together. Towards evening the others came back, and when the sun set, they stood again on the firm ground in their natural form.

"To-morrow we shall fly away, and may not return for a year, but we cannot leave thee; hast thou courage to accompany us? My arm is strong enough to bear thee through the forest; shall we not have strength enough in our wings to carry thee over the sea?"

"Yes, take me with you," said Elise. They spent the whole night in weaving a mat of the pliant willow bark and the tough rushes, and their mat was thick and strong. Elise lay down upon it, and when the sun rose, and the brothers were again transformed into wild swans, they seized the mat with their beaks and flew up high among the clouds with their dear sister, who was still sleeping. The sunbeams shone full upon her face; so one of the swans flew over her head, and shaded her with his broad wings.

They were already far from land when Elise woke; she thought she was still dreaming, so strange did it appear to her to be travelling through the air, and over the sea. By her side lay a cluster of pretty berries, and a handful of delicious roots. Her youngest brother had laid them there; and she thanked him with a smile, for she knew him as the swan who flew over her head and shaded her with his wings.

They flew so high that the first ship they saw beneath them seemed like a white seagull hovering over the water. Elise saw behind her a large cloud, which looked like a mountain, and on it she saw the shadows of herself and the eleven swans. It formed a picture more splendid than any she had ever yet seen. Soon, however, the sun rose higher, the cloud remained far behind, and then the floating shadowy picture disappeared.



She stroked his white wings.

The whole day they continued to fly with a whizzing noise, somewhat like an arrow; but yet they went slower than usual—they had their sister to carry. A heavy tempest gathered as the evening approached; Elise anxiously watched the sun. It was setting; still the solitary rock could not be seen; it appeared to her that the swans plied their wings with increasing vigour.

Alas! it would be her fault if her brothers did not arrive at the place in time! they would become human beings when the sun set, and if this happened before they reached the rocks, they must fall into the sea and be drowned. She prayed to God most fervently; still no rock was to be seen; the black clouds drew nearer, violent gusts of wind

announced the approach of a tempest, the clouds rested upon a huge wave which rolled quickly forwards, and one flash of lightning rapidly succeeded another.

The sun was now on the rim of the sea. Elise's heart beat violently; the swans shot downwards so swiftly that she thought she must fall. But again they began to hover; the sun was half sunk beneath the water, and at that moment she saw the little rock below her; it looked like a seal's head when he raises it just above the water. And the sun was sinking fast—it seemed scarcely larger than a star—her foot touched the hard ground, and the sun vanished like the last spark on a burnt piece of paper.

Arm in arm stood her brothers around her; there was only just room for her and them—the sea beat tempestuously against the rock, flinging over them a shower of foam. The sky seemed in a blaze, with the fast succeeding flashes of fire that lightened it, and peal after peal rolled on the thunder, but sister and brothers kept firm hold of each other's hands. They sang a psalm, and their psalm gave them comfort and courage.

By daybreak the air was pure and still, and, as soon as the sun rose, the swans flew away with Elise from the rock. The waves rose higher and higher, and when they looked from the clouds down upon the blackish-green sea, covered with white foam, they might have fancied that millions of swans were swimming on its surface.

As day advanced, Elise saw floating in the air before her a land of mountains with glaciers, and in the centre, a palace a mile in length, with splendid colonnades, surrounded by palm-trees and gorgeous-looking flowers as large as mill-wheels. She asked if this was the country to which they were flying, but the swans shook their heads, for what she saw was the beautiful airy castle of the fairy Morgana, where no human being was admitted. Whilst Elise still bent her eyes upon it, mountains, trees, and castle all disappeared, and in their place stood twelve churches with high towers and pointed windows —she fancied she heard the organ play, but it was only the murmur of the sea. She was now close to these churches, but behold! they changed into a large fleet sailing under them; she looked down and saw it was only a sea-mist passing rapidly over the water. An endless variety floated before her eyes, till at last the land to which she was going appeared in sight. Beautiful blue mountains, cedar woods, towns, and castles rose to view. Long before sunset Elise sat down among the mountains, in front of a large cavern; delicate young creepers grew thickly around, so that it appeared covered with gay embroidered carpets.

"Now we shall see what thou wilt dream of to-night!" said her youngest brother, as he showed her the sleeping chamber destined for her.

"Oh, that I could dream how you might be freed from the spell!" said she; and this thought filled her mind. She prayed for God's help, nay, even in her dreams she continued praying, and it appeared to her that she was flying up high in the air towards the castle of the fairy Morgana. The fairy came forward to meet her, radiant and beautiful, and yet she fancied she resembled the old woman who had given her berries in the forest, and told her of the swans with golden crowns.

"Thou *canst* free thy brothers," said she; "but hast thou courage and patience enough? The water is indeed softer than thy delicate hands, and

yet can mould the hard stones to its will, but then it cannot feel the pain which thy tender fingers will feel; it has no heart and cannot suffer the anxiety and grief which thou must suffer. Dost thou see these stinging-nettles which I have in my hand? There are many of the same kind growing round the cave where thou art sleeping; only those that grow there or on the graves in the churchyard are of use, remember that!

"Thou must pluck them although they will sting thy hand, thou must trample on the nettles with thy feet, and get yarn from them, and with this yarn thou must weave eleven shirts with long sleeves; throw them over the eleven wild swans and the spell is broken. But mark this: from the moment that thou beginnest thy work till it is completed, even should it take thee years, thou must not speak a word; the first syllable that escapes thy lips will fall like a dagger into the hearts of thy brothers; on thy tongue depends their life. Mark well all this!"

And at the same moment the fairy touched Elise's hands with a nettle, which made them burn like fire, and Elise awoke. It was broad daylight, and close to her lay a nettle like the one she had seen in her dream. She fell upon her knees, thanked God, and then went out of the cave in order to begin her work. She plucked with her own delicate hands the stinging-nettles; they burned large blisters on her hands and arms, but she bore the pain willingly in the hope of releasing her dear brothers. She trampled on the nettles with her naked feet, and spun the green yarn.

At sunset came her brothers. Elise's silence quite frightened them; they thought it must be the effect of some fresh spell of their wicked step-mother. But when they saw her blistered hands, they found out what their sister was doing for their sakes. The youngest brother wept, and, when his tears fell upon her hands, Elise felt no more pain, and the blisters disappeared.

The whole night she spent in her work, for she could not rest till she had released her brothers. All the following day she sat in her solitude, for the swans had flown away; but never had time passed so quickly. One shirt was ready; she now began the second.

Suddenly a hunting horn resounded among the mountains. Elise was frightened. The noise came nearer, she heard the hounds barking; in great terror she fled into the cave, bound up the nettles which she had gathered and combed into a bundle, and sat down upon it.

In the same moment a large dog sprang out from the bushes. Two others immediately followed, they barked loudly, ran away, and then returned. It was not long before the hunters stood in front of the cave; the handsomest among them was the King of that country; he stepped up to Elise. Never had he seen a lovelier maiden.

"How camest thou here, thou beautiful child?" said he.

Elise shook her head; she dared not speak, for a word might have cost her the life of her brothers, and she hid her hands under her apron lest the King should see how she was suffering.

"Come with me," said he, "thou must not stay here! If thou art good as thou art beautiful, I will dress thee in velvet and silk, I will put a gold crown upon thy head, and thou shalt dwell in my palace!" So he lifted her upon his horse, while she wept and wrung her hands; but the King said, "I only desire thy happiness! thou shalt thank me for this some day!" and away he

rode over mountains and valleys, holding her on his horse in front, whilst the other hunters followed.

When the sun set, the King's magnificent capital with its churches and domes lay before them, and the King led Elise into the palace, where, in a marble hall, fountains were playing, and the walls and ceilings displayed the most beautiful paintings. But Elise cared not for all this splendour; she wept and mourned in silence, even whilst some female attendants dressed her in royal robes, wove costly pearls in her hair, and drew soft gloves over her blistered hands.

And now she was full dressed, and, as she stood in her splendid attire, her beauty was so dazzling that the courtiers all bowed low before her; and the King chose her for his bride, although the Archbishop shook his head, and whispered that the "beautiful lady of the wood must certainly be a witch, who had blinded their eyes, and infatuated the King's heart."

But the King did not listen; he ordered that music should be played. A sumptuous banquet was served up, and the loveliest maidens danced round the bride; she was led through fragrant gardens into magnificent halls, but not a smile was seen to play upon her lips, or beam from her eyes. The King then opened a small room next her sleeping apartment; it was adorned with costly green tapestry, and exactly resembled the cave in which she had been found; upon the ground lay the bundle of yarn which she had spun from the nettles, and by the wall hung the shirt she had completed. One of the hunters had brought all this, thinking there must be something wonderful in it.

"Here thou mayst dream of thy former home," said the King; "here is the work which employed thee; amidst all thy present splendour it may sometimes give thee pleasure to fancy thyself there again."

When Elise saw what was so dear to her heart, she smiled, and the blood returned to her cheeks; she thought her brothers might still be freed, and she kissed the King's hand. He pressed her to his heart, and ordered the bells of all the churches in the city to be rung, to announce the celebration of their wedding. The beautiful dumb maiden of the wood was to become Queen of the land.

The Archbishop whispered evil words in the King's ear, but they made no impression upon him; the marriage was solemnised, and the Archbishop himself was obliged to put the crown upon her head. In his rage he pressed the narrow rim so firmly on her forehead that it hurt her; but a heavier weight—sorrow for her brothers—lay upon her heart, and she did not feel bodily pain. She was still silent, a single word would have killed her brothers; her eyes, however, beamed with heartfelt love to the King, so good and handsome, who had done so much to make her happy.

She became more warmly attached to him every day. Oh! how much she wished she might confide to him all her sorrows. But she was forced to remain silent; she could not speak until her work was completed. To this end she stole away every night, and went into the little room that was fitted up in imitation of the cave; there she worked at her shirts, but by the time she had begun the seventh, all her yarn was spent.

She knew that the nettles she needed grew in the churchyard, but she must gather them herself; how was she to get them?

" Oh, what is the pain in my fingers compared to the anguish my heart suffers ! " thought she. " I must venture to the churchyard ; the good God will protect me ! "

Fearful, as though she were about to do something wrong, one moonlight night she crept down to the garden, and through the long avenues into the lonely road leading to the churchyard. She saw sitting on one of the broadest tombstones a number of ugly old witches. They took off their ragged clothes as if they were going to bathe, and digging with their long lean fingers into the fresh grass, drew up the dead bodies and devoured the flesh.

Elise was obliged to pass close by them, and the witches fixed their wicked eyes upon her ; but she repeated her prayer, gathered the stinging-nettles, and took them back with her into the palace. One person only had seen her ; it was the Archbishop, who was awake when others slept. Now he was convinced that all was not right about the Queen : she must be a witch, who had, through her enchantments, infatuated the King and all the people.

In the Confessional he told the King what he had seen, and what he feared ; and, when the words came from his lips, the images of the saints shook their heads as though they would say, " It is untrue ; Elise is innocent ! " But the Archbishop explained the omen otherwise ; he thought it was a testimony against her that the holy images shook their heads at hearing of her sin.

Two large tears rolled down the King's cheeks ; he returned home in doubt ; he pretended to sleep at night, though sleep never visited him ; and he noticed that Elise rose from her bed every night, and every time he followed her secretly and saw her enter her little room.

His countenance became darker every day ; Elise perceived it, though she knew not the cause. She was much pained, and besides, what did she not suffer in her heart for her brothers ! Her bitter tears ran down on the royal velvet and purple ; they looked like bright diamonds, and all who saw the magnificence that surrounded her, wished themselves in her place.

She had now nearly finished her work, only one shirt was wanting ; unfortunately, yarn was wanting also ; she had not a single nettle left. Once more, only this one time, she must go to the churchyard and gather a few handfuls. She shuddered when she thought of the solitary walk and of the horrid witches, but her resolution was as firm as her trust in God.

Elise went, the King and Archbishop followed her ; they saw her disappear at the churchyard door, and, when they came nearer, they saw the witches sitting on the tombstones as Elise had seen them, and the King turned away, for he believed her whose head had rested on his bosom that very evening to be amongst them. " Let the people judge her ! " said he. And the people condemned her to be burned.

She was now dragged from the King's apartments into a dark damp prison, where the wind whistled through the grated window. Instead of velvet and silk, they gave her the bundle of nettles she had gathered ; on that she must lay her head, and the shirts she had woven must serve her as mattress and counterpane. But they could not have given her anything she valued so much ; and she continued her work, at the same time praying



This night she must finish her work.

earnestly to her God. The boys sang scandalous songs about her in front of her prison; not a soul comforted her with one word of love.

Towards evening she heard the rustling of swans' wings at the grating. It was the youngest of her brothers who had at last found his sister, and she sobbed aloud for joy, although she knew that the coming night would probably be the last of her life; but then her work was almost finished, and her brother was near.

The Archbishop came in order to spend the last hour with her; he had promised the King he would; but she shook her head, and entreated him with her eyes and gestures to go. This night she must finish her work, or all she had suffered—her pain, her anxiety, her sleepless nights—would be in vain. The Archbishop went away with many angry words, but the unfortunate Elise knew herself to be innocent, and went on with her work.

Little mice ran busily about and dragged the nettles to her feet wishing to help her; and the thrush perched on the iron bars of the window, and sang all night as merrily as he could, that Elise might not lose courage.

It was still twilight, just one hour before sunrise, when the eleven brothers stood before the palace gates, requesting an audience with the King. But it could not be, they were told; it was still night, the King was asleep, and they dared not wake him. They entreated, they threatened; the guard came up, and the King himself at last stepped out to ask what was the matter. At that moment the sun rose, the brothers could be seen no longer, and eleven white swans flew away over the palace.

The people poured forth from the gates of the city; they wished to see the witch burned. One wretched horse drew the cart in which Elise was placed, a coarse frock of sackcloth had been put on her, her beautiful long hair hung loosely over her shoulders, her cheeks were of a deadly paleness,

her lips moved gently, and her fingers wove the green yarn. Even on her way to her cruel death she did not give up her work; the ten shirts lay at her feet, and she was now labouring to complete the eleventh. The rabble insulted her.

"Look at the witch, how she mutters! She has not a hymn-book in her hand; no, there she sits with her accursed hocus-pocus. Tear it from her; tear it into a thousand pieces!"

And they all crowded about her, and were on the point of snatching away the shirts, when eleven white swans came flying towards the cart; they settled all round her, and flapped their wings. The crowd gave way in terror.

"It is a sign from Heaven! She is certainly innocent!" whispered some; they dared not say so aloud.

The Sheriff now seized her by the hand; in a moment she threw the eleven shirts over the swans, and eleven handsome princes appeared in their place. The youngest had, however, only one arm, and a wing instead of the other, for one sleeve was deficient in his shirt—it had not been quite finished.

"Now I may speak," said she: "I am innocent!"

And the people who had seen what had happened bowed before her as before a saint. She, however, sank lifeless in her brothers' arms; suspense, fear, and grief had quite exhausted her.

"Yes, she is innocent," said her eldest brother, and he now related their wonderful history. Whilst he spoke a fragrance as delicious as though it came from millions of roses diffused itself around, for every piece of wood in the funeral pile had taken root and sent forth branches. A hedge of blooming red roses surrounded Elise, and above all the others blossomed a flower of dazzling white colour, bright as a star. The King plucked it and laid it on Elise's bosom, whereupon she awoke from her trance with peace and joy in her heart.

And all the church-bells began to ring of their own accord; and birds flew to the spot in swarms; and there was a festive procession back to the palace, such as no king has ever seen equalled.





THE BRONZE PIG

from "Andersen's Fairy Tales"

IN the city of Florence is a little by-lane called Porta Rosa. There, in front of a vegetable market, stands a bronze pig, from whose mouth pure fresh water ever flows.

Old age has turned the colour of the pig to a greenish-black, but its snout shines as if it were polished daily—as, indeed, it is by the children and the beggars, who seize it with their hands and hold their mouths close to it, that they may drink its cool waters. It is a pretty picture to see the animal with a handsome, half-naked lad astride on its back, or with his ripe red lips close to the bronze snout.

The place is easily found. The first beggar a visitor meets on the streets of Florence will show him the way to the metal pig.

It was winter, and the mountains around were covered with snow. In the gardens of the Grand Duke's castle, under a roof of arching pines, where thousands of roses blossom all through the year, a little ragged boy had been sitting the whole day long. He was like Italy herself—fair, smiling, and yet suffering.

The boy was hungry and thirsty, but no one offered him either food or drink, and when night came and the gardens were closed, the gate-keeper drove him out. For a long while he stood idly dreaming on the bridge that crosses the Arno, and watching the stars that twinkled in the waters beneath as they flowed on towards the marble bridge.

He wandered on to the bronze pig, knelt down and wound his arms round its rough neck, put his lips to the polished snout, and took a long draught

of the cool water. Beside it lay one or two chestnuts and a few lettuce leaves, and these were the child's supper.

The street for the time was his own—no one else was near—and he climbed up on the back of the pig, leaned his curly head on its neck, and before he felt his utter weariness, he was sound asleep.

At midnight the bronze pig moved, and spoke. "Hold fast, little boy," it said; "I am going to have a run."

Off went the pig at a goodly pace, and carried him first to a street where all seemed astir with life. The bronze horse, which carries the statue of the duke, neighed aloud as they passed; and the painted coat-of-arms on the court-house shone like living pictures; a strange life stirred on every side. The groups of marble figures started to sudden life, and a cry of pain burst from the lips of the women, and was borne far and wide across the square.

In the court before the palace, where the nobles keep high festival, the bronze pig stood still for a moment.

"Hold fast," it said, "hold fast. I am going upstairs now."

The boy, trembling, half in fear and half in joy, was borne through a long gallery. The walls were covered with costly paintings, statues stood all around, and the light was as clear as at noonday. A side-door opened, and there, in the wondrous light, stood a lovely marble woman; her fair limbs moved, dolphins gathered at her feet, and a bright light shone from her clear eyes. It was one of the most famous statues in the world.

Beside her stood groups of marble figures that seemed alive—handsome men, one of them sharpening his sword, and wrestlers in deadly strife. The sword was sharpened, and the battle fought for the goddess of beauty.

But none of the pictures dared to come out of their frames. The goddess of beauty, the swordsman, and the others remained in their places. All were spell-bound by the radiant glory that streamed down from the pictures of the Virgin and the saints.

In every room the child beheld beauty and splendour. The bronze pig carried him slowly through it all, and, in the ever-changing loveliness, one scene made the boy forget what went before.

But at last they came to a picture, which went straight to the boy's heart. It is the descent of Christ into Hades. Round the crucified Saviour throng groups of heathen, and the loveliest thing in all the picture is the happy look on the faces of the children. In full confidence of heaven, two of them clasp each other in love, and one little lad beckons to another, and points to himself as if to say, "We are going to heaven!" The older people stand in doubtful hope, or bow humbly before the Saviour.

The child gazed longest of all on this picture, and the bronze pig stood still before it. A low soft sigh was heard, and the boy, who did not know if it came from the animal or the canvas, stretched out his arms to the smiling children. But the pig ran hastily away with him through the open doorway.

"Thanks to you, dear, kind pig!" said the boy, as they went down the staircase.

"Thanks to you also," answered the bronze pig. "We have been helpful to each other. It is only when I have an innocent child on my back that I have the power of running at all. Now, see! I may pass under the light of the lamp that hangs below the picture of the Virgin, but I may not

enter the church. So long, however, as I carry you, I may look in from without. But do not get off, or at once I shall lie dead as you see me in the Porta Rosa."

"I will stay with you," said the boy, as they hurried on through the streets till they reached the square before a great church.

The doors opened wide, lights shone from the altar and streamed across the lonely square. From a tomb in the left aisle a wondrous light gleamed, and round it thousands of glancing stars glittered. It is the grave of Galileo—a simple monument, with a ladder of stone on a blue ground—a glowing ladder by which prophets are caught up, like Elijah, to the heavens.

In the right aisle, the statues and tombs seem full of life. Here stand the great painter, and the famous poet wearing his laurel crown, and all the great and good men who are the pride and the glory of Italy.

The folds of the marble drapery seemed to move, the figures raised their heads and gazed towards the altar, where, amid outbursts of music, white-robed boys swung their golden censers, from which a heavy fragrance was wafted out into the square.

The boy held out his hand towards the bright scene, and in a moment the pig hurried him away. The wind whistled past him, the church doors creaked as they swung close, and the boy felt chill as ice. For a little he seemed to know nothing, and then he opened his eyes.

It was broad daylight. He was still sitting on the back of the bronze pig, which stood where it always did, in the street of Porta Rosa.

Fear filled the heart of the child when he thought of her whom he called mother. Yesterday, she had sent him out to beg, and he had been given nothing. Again he threw his arms around the neck of the bronze pig, kissed it, and nodded good-bye to it.

Sick at heart, hungry, and thirsty, he wended his way along a lane, hardly broad enough to let a donkey with a pack-saddle pass along. An iron-bound door admitted him to a number of dirty staircases leading to the houses ranged round the courtyard. In the middle of the yard was a well, from which water was carried up to the houses in buckets hung on creaking chains.

As the poor boy went slowly upward, two Russian sailors, coming down in headlong haste, nearly overturned him.

"What have you brought?" demanded a black-haired handsome woman who followed them.

"Don't be angry," pleaded the boy; "they gave me nothing—nothing at all"; and he clutched his mother's dress as if to kiss it.

They entered the wretched room, and the woman took up the chafing-dish at whose charcoal embers Italians are used to warm themselves, and, pushing the boy aside with her elbow, said, "Come, you have brought some money."

The poor lad began to sob and cry, and the woman kicked him roughly.

"Be still!" she cried, swinging the dish, "or I will break your head."

"What are you doing to the boy?" said a neighbour, who had heard his cry of fear, and who came in with chafing-dish also in her hands.

"The child is mine," answered the woman; "I can murder him if I like, and you also."

She raised her chafing-dish, and at the same time her neighbour lifted hers in self-defence. The two clay dishes clashed together so violently that they were shivered to pieces, while the room was filled with a blinding shower of embers and dust.

The child ran out in the bustle that followed. He ran through the courtyard and out into the street until he could breathe freely. Before him stood the church whose doors had opened to him the night before; he entered, and kneeling at the first tomb he came to—it was that of the famous painter—he sobbed aloud.

Mass was being sung, and the people came and went. But no one seemed to notice the child; only one elderly man paused for a moment to look at him, and then passed on.

Sad and weary, and faint from hunger, the boy crept into a corner amongst the marble statues and fell asleep. It was growing dark when some one pulled his coat, and he started up to find the same old man standing before him.

"Are you ill?" asked the man. "Where do you live? Have you been here all day?"

When the boy answered his questions, the old man took him to his house, which was in a side-street nearby. They entered the workshop of a glove-maker, where a woman was busy sewing. A little poodle, whose hair was cut so close that you could see the pink skin beneath, was jumping about on the table, and sat up to greet the child.

"Innocent things soon find each other out," said the woman, fondling both child and dog.

The good people gave the boy food and drink, and told him he might stay overnight with them, and that next day the old glove-maker would see his mother. They gave him a little bed—poor, indeed, but rich and kingly to the child who had so often slept on cold, hard steps. He slept sweetly, and dreamed of the lovely pictures he had seen, and of the bronze pig.

Next morning the glove-maker went out; but the boy was not hopeful, for he feared he would just have to go back to his mother.

When the old man came back, he spoke for a long while with his wife, who nodded and smiled to the child, and stroked his head.

"He is a beautiful boy," she said; "he will make as famous an apprentice as you did. Look how delicate his fingers are! Madonna has surely meant him to be a glove-maker."

The boy stayed in the house, and the woman taught him to sew. He ate well, slept well, learned to play, and began to tease Bellissima, the little dog. Then the woman would scold him, and then he would take it to heart, and sit in sorrow in his lonely chamber.

This room looked out on the street, where skins were hung to dry, and the windows were iron-barred on the outside. The boy could not sleep at such times, and the bronze pig was always in his thoughts. Suddenly he heard the sound of "Pit-pat! pit-pat!" and he sprang to the window. It was certainly the bronze pig, but it had gone past.

"Help the gentleman to carry his colour-box," said Madame to the boy one morning.

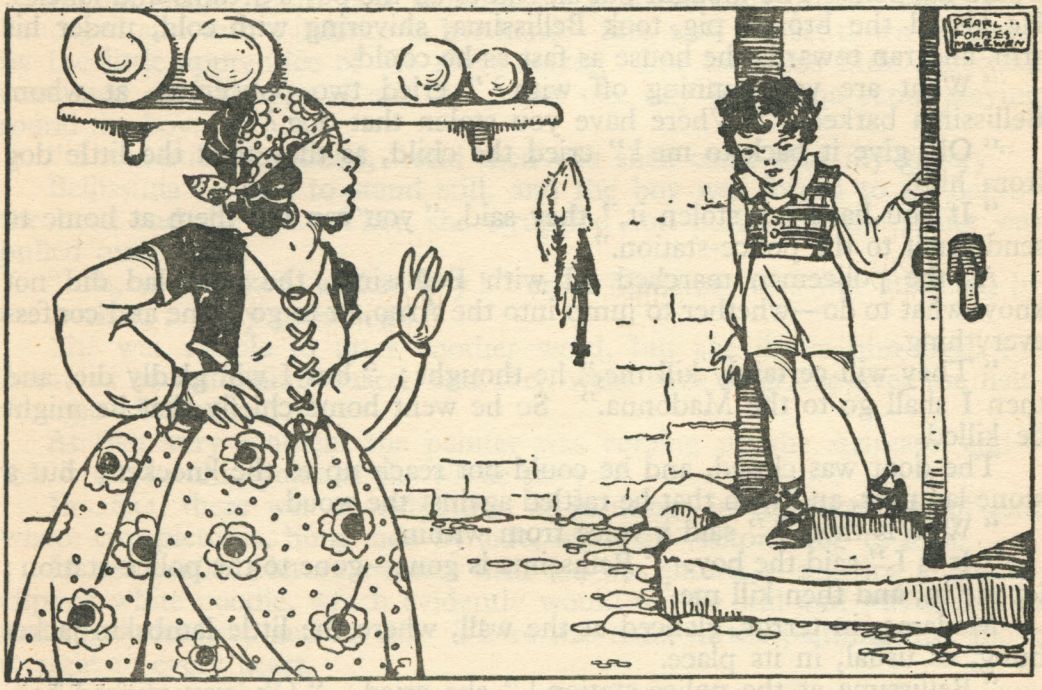
The painter was their neighbour, who just then was passing with a

huge roll of canvas under his arm. The boy took the colour-box and followed the painter. When they reached the gallery, they went up the stairs on which the bronze pig had carried him, and again he saw the groups of statues and the pictures that hung all round the walls.

They paused in front of the picture of Christ. The beautiful children smiled, as they had done before, in confident hope of heaven, and the boy now smiled back to them, for this was *his* heaven.

"You may go home now," said the painter, when the boy stood still, after the easel was set up.

"May I see you paint?" asked the boy. "May I look on while you put the picture on your white canvas?"



"Oh, you wicked boy, why did you take her out?"

"I am not going to paint yet," said the painter, taking up his crayon.

His hand moved quickly, his eye measured the picture before him and with a few bold strokes he made the figure of Christ stand out on the canvas.

"Now, go home with you!" cried the painter, and slowly and silently the boy went home, sat down at the table, and began to sew gloves.

All day long, however, his thoughts were of the picture gallery. He worked badly and pricked his fingers with the needle, but he did not tease Bellissima. As evening fell, he stole out.

The night was cold, but starlit and bright, and he wandered on through the deserted streets till he stood before the bronze pig. He kissed it, and mounted on its back.

"Oh, you dear pig," he said, "how I have longed for you! We must have a run together to-night."

The pig stood motionless, with the clear spring water flowing from its

snout. Something pulled gently at the boy's dress, and, on looking down, he saw the little half-shorn Bellissima, barking as if to say, " Here am I too ! What are you sitting there for ? "

A fiery dragon would not have frightened the boy more than did Bellissima in that place and at that hour of the night.

Bellissima without her wraps ! What would become of him ? Her mistress never allowed her out in winter without being *dressed*, as she called it. She had to wear a little jacket of lambskin, cut out and made specially for her. It was trimmed with bows and hung with little bells, and was tied on with scarlet ribbon.

But here was Bellissima out of doors, at night, and not dressed. What would happen ? The thought put an end to all the boy's dreams and fancies. He kissed the bronze pig, took Bellissima, shivering with cold, under his arm, and ran towards the house as fast as he could.

" What are you running off with ? " cried two policemen, at whom Bellissima barked. " Where have you stolen that dog ? "

" Oh, give it back to me ! " cried the child, as they took the little dog from him.

" If you have not stolen it," they said, " you can tell them at home to send for it to the police-station."

As the policemen marched off with Bellissima, the poor lad did not know what to do—whether to jump into the Arno, or to go home and confess everything.

" They will certainly kill me," he thought ; " but I will gladly die, and then I shall go to the Madonna." So he went home chiefly that he might be killed.

The door was closed, and he could not reach up to the knocker ; but a stone lay near, and with that he rattled against the wood.

" Who is there ? " said a voice from within.

" It is I," said the boy. " Bellissima is gone—gone to the police-station ; let me in, and then kill me."

Madame, in terror, glanced at the wall, where the little lambskin jacket hung, as usual, in its place.

" Bellissima at the police-station ! " she cried. " Oh, you wicked boy, why did you take her out ? She will be frozen ! Think of the poor little thing among all those rough men ! "

The old man went out in search ; the woman mourned her loss ; and the boy sat down and cried. All the neighbours came in, and among them was the painter, who took the boy between his knees and drew from him the whole story of the bronze pig and the picture gallery. It was at the best a puzzling story, but the painter comforted the boy and tried to soothe the woman. But she would not be comforted till her husband came back with Bellissima from the police-station.

Then there was an outburst of joy all round. The painter petted the boy, and gave him a handful of sketches.

Such funny heads were there, and splendid drawings ! And among them was a sketch of the bronze pig. How delightful ! only a few strokes, and there was the pig—and the house behind it was there too !

Next day, at early dawn, the boy took up a lead-pencil and tried to make

a copy of the bronze pig on the back of one of the drawings. When finished, it leaned perhaps too much to one side, looked rather too much up and down, and had one leg thin and one thick; but every one could see it was the bronze pig. The boy himself was overjoyed.

The next day another bronze pig was sketched on the back of another drawing, and it was a hundred times better. The third was so good that every one owned how well it was done.

Meanwhile the making of gloves fared badly, and the lad's messages in the city fared even worse. The bronze pig had taught the lad that all pictures can be set down on paper; and all Florence is a picture-book to any one who can only turn the leaves.

In one street there is a column on which stands Justice, with eyes bandaged and with a balance in her hand. She, too, was set down on paper by the little apprentice of the glove-maker. For long, his little collection contained only studies of still life; but one day Bellissima came playing round the boy.

"Stand still," he cried, "and then you shall come into my gallery."

Bellissima refused to stand still, and the boy was forced to tie her by the head and the tail. Then she struggled and pulled till the string was pulled quite tight.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked boy!" cried Madame, who was attracted by the barking; "my poor dog!"

She was unable to utter another word, but she drove him from the house as an unthankful rascal, and then went back to grieve over the half-strangled Bellissima.

At that very moment the painter was coming up the staircase, and—this is the turning-point of the whole story.

In 1834, there was an exhibition of paintings in the Academy of Art, where two pictures, hung side by side, made all visitors stop to look.

In the smaller picture a merry little lad was shown as drawing a closely-clipped white poodle, which evidently would not be still and was therefore tied up by its head and its tail. There was truth in the painting that spoke straight to every heart.

The painter, the people said, was a poor Florentine, who had been taken out of the streets when quite young by an old glove-maker. A well-known young painter had discovered the boy's talent, and took charge of him when he was driven out of the house because he had tied up his mistress's poodle by the head and the tail to make a drawing of her.

The picture showed—and the larger one beside it showed more clearly—that the apprentice glove-maker had become a great painter.

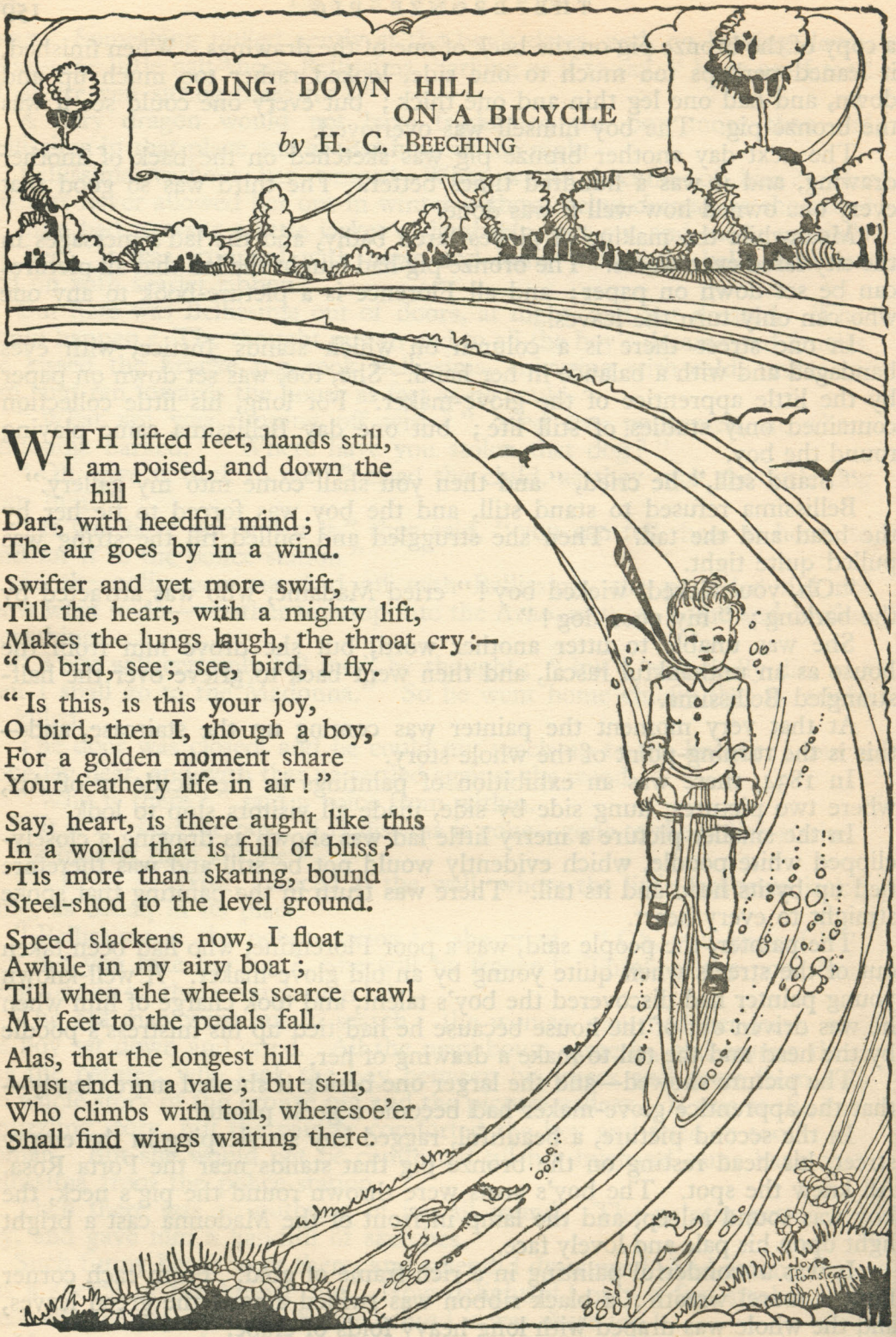
In the second picture, a beautiful, ragged boy sat sleeping in the empty street, his head resting on the bronze pig that stands near the Porta Rosa. All knew the spot. The boy's arms were thrown round the pig's neck, the boy was sound asleep, and the lamp in front of the Madonna cast a bright light upon his pale and lovely face.

It was a wonderful painting in a rich frame of gold. From each corner hung a laurel wreath; a black ribbon was twined among the green leaves, and the whole was draped with long heavy folds of crape.

The young artist was dead.

GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

by H. C. BEECHING



WITH lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart, with a mighty lift,
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:—
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy,
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till when the wheels scarce crawl
My feet to the pedals fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er
Shall find wings waiting there.



Sindbad the Sailor

from "The Arabian Nights"

LONG, long, ago, in the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, there dwelt in the city of Bagdad a poor man named Hindbad, who gained a living by carrying goods from place to place for other people; in fact, he was a porter.

Though, as a rule, he did not grumble with his lot, there were times when he was not content. One of these times happened to be, when, tired out by the weight of his load, he had sat down to rest outside the house of a very rich man whose name was Sindbad.

As the soft strains of music from the house reached his ears, and the scent of rare perfumes fell upon his senses, he was struck by the difference between his lot and that of the man whose name was so like his own.

"Why should I be so poor, and he so rich?" said Hindbad aloud; "am I not as good a man as he?"

Sindbad, hearing the words without seeing the speaker, sent a servant to bring Hindbad before him, and the poor man, fearing he knew not what, went into the splendid hall where Sindbad was feasting with a number of his friends.

Pointing to a seat at his right hand, Sindbad gave his guest a share of the good things on the table, and the meal being at length finished, "Tell me," said he, "why you were grumbling at your lot?"

"Pardon me, my lord," replied Hindbad, "I was weary and sad at heart."

"Have no fear," said Sindbad kindly, "I do not blame you for your words; but, that you may know how hard I had to work to win the riches I now enjoy, let me tell you the story of my life."

With these words he began as follows:

When I was but a young man my father died, leaving me a very large fortune, nearly the whole of which I spent in enjoying myself. At last I began to think, unless I wished to become poor, I had better try to make some more money with the little left to me, so, having bought some goods, I set sail for the Persian Gulf, hoping to sell or exchange them at a profit.

The ship called at several small islands, where we did some good trading. One day, when the vessel could not move for want of wind to fill her sails, we saw what seemed to be a little green field peeping above the water. Thinking it very strange, a party of us rowed out to it, taking some wood for a fire, and food, so that we might hold a feast.

We had all landed, and were in the middle of our meal when we found to our horror that we were on the back of some huge sea-monster. The creature shook its great body, and lashed its tail so angrily that as many as could jumped into the boat, others into the sea, and soon all except myself were safely aboard the ship.

A fresh breeze had begun to blow, and the sails being set at once, away went the ship, leaving me still on the monster's back. Suddenly the huge creature dived under water, and I should have gone too, but that seizing a large piece of wood I kept myself afloat.

All through that day and through the night I was tossed about by the waves, but was at last thrown on to the shore of what was really an island. After a while the sun came out, warming me, and making me feel that if I wished to gain strength I must seek some food.

Dragging myself with great pain toward the middle of the island, I had the good fortune to find a few herbs. These I ate, drinking afterwards from a spring of clear, cool water.

Wishing to see on what sort of place I had been cast, I walked on until a man met me, who, hearing my strange story, took me to a cave in which were several other men. They were the servants of the ruler of the island, and had come to this part of it in order to fetch his horses back to the palace.

It was lucky for me that I met them that day; had it not been for this I should most likely have died, as I could never have found my way to the other side of the island, where the people lived, and to which the king's servants were returning next day.

They were very kind, giving me food to eat, and taking me with them when they set out on their journey. As soon as we reached the palace they took me before the king, who also treated me with great kindness. He listened to my story, pitied my sad state, and bade me stay with him as long as I cared to do so.

Now the chief city of his kingdom, the city in which I made my home, was built on the sea-shore. Every day ships came to it from all parts of the world, and I, hoping to meet some one from my own town, spent a great deal of time watching these ships, and talking to the merchants who came and went in them.

I also grew friendly with some of the natives—Indians they were, and very wise persons; but I never forgot to pay a daily visit to the king, with whose chief men I had many pleasant talks about the way in which their country and my own were governed.

Hearing one day of the island of Cassel, and of the sounds as of drums

being beaten every night on the shore, I had a great wish to visit it, which I did, seeing many large and curious fishes on my voyage.

Shortly after my return from Cassel, the very ship in which I had set out from Bussorah, and which had sailed away leaving me struggling for life in the water, came into the harbour. Among the many bundles of goods brought from this vessel to the shore I saw those which I had bought, and on which my name was clearly written. But, on telling the captain my name, and that I wished to have my goods, he looked at me in surprise.

"How can you be Sindbad?" he asked, "when I myself saw him drowned. I fear you are not an honest man, though you look like one. I believe you are telling a lie in order to get these goods which do not belong to you."

I was at some pains to make him believe I spoke the truth, and, at last, on several of the sailors saying they were sure I was Sindbad, he let me have the goods.

Having looked through my bundle, I carried the very best of the goods to the kindly king, and asked him to take them as a gift. He seemed pleased with the gift, but not quite sure how I, a poor man cast up by the sea, had been able to get them.

I then told him of the coming of the ship, and the finding of my own bales of goods, on which he took my costly present with great pleasure, and gave me one worth far more in return. I next sold or exchanged the rest of my goods, and, having bidden his majesty good-bye, set sail for Bussorah, taking with me many articles made only on the island. These I sold for a large sum of money, for so much, indeed, that I had no further need to work.

When Sindbad had finished the story of his first voyage, he ordered the band to play again, and spent the rest of the day with his guests. The poor porter, who never in all his life had been so well treated before, enjoyed himself greatly, and, when the rich man, on bidding him good-night, bade him come again the next day to hear more of his story, giving him at the same time a purse full of money, Hindbad was delighted at his good fortune.

THE SECOND VOYAGE

ALTHOUGH I had made up my mind to live quietly at home on the money gained by my first voyage, said Sindbad, when he and his poor guest were once more seated together, I soon tired of doing nothing, and having bought a large number of useful articles, once more set out to sell them to the people who lived on the various islands.

The ship carried us safely to several places where I sold my own goods and bought others; but one day we reached what seemed to be a desert island. No living creature was to be seen, yet there were fruit-trees and flowers, and meadows, and running streams, all of which looked so tempting, that we felt obliged to land, if only to walk a little in the pleasant-looking fields.

Having no wish to wander about with the rest, I took some food and wine,

found a nice, shady spot beside a stream, ate a good meal, and then fell fast asleep, wakening only when the others had returned to the vessel, and sailed away without me.

I blamed myself over and over again for my folly, but, as this was not likely to help me much, I climbed a high tree in order to get a good view of the island. Far away in the distance I saw something white, and to this I went with all speed.

It was a curious thing, very large, very smooth, and rounded like a dome. While I stood wondering what it could be, all around grew dark. It was late in the day, and the sun would set in a little while, but the sky seemed to be hidden all at once by a thick cloud.

To my surprise this was not so, but the cloud was really a huge bird, bigger than I had ever dreamed a bird could be. I thought it must be the wonderful roc of which I had heard the sailors talk, and the great white dome must be its egg.

Thinking it likely the bird was coming to sit on her egg, I crept under it, and, as soon as she was settled, tied myself firmly to one of her big, strong legs.

Thus I lay until the morning, when the bird, rising high, carried me so swiftly through the air that I became dizzy, and lost my senses. On coming to myself some time later I was lying on the ground, but still tied to the leg of the huge bird.

Not wishing to go through such a terrible journey again, I made haste to get free from the bird's leg, and it was well I did so, for almost the next moment she seized a huge serpent in her bill and flew away.

I could not tell where she carried me. All around were mountains so high that they seemed to touch the sky, and so steep that no one could climb them. I was no better off here than on the island. Suddenly I forgot my trouble for a time, for, looking at the ground, I found it was covered with diamonds, big shining diamonds.

But, alas, there were other things besides, things that filled my heart with fear, and made me wish more than ever to find some way out of the lonely valley. These were serpents, so large that they could swallow an elephant quite easily.

As the day grew brighter, however, they hid away in their homes, for fear, I supposed, of the roc, but when the night drew near they came out again in large numbers. Feeling it would be dreadful to spend the long dark night in terror lest I should be swallowed by one of the great creatures, I looked about for some place in which it might be possible to take shelter till the day dawned.

At length I found a cave, the entrance to which was so small that I could block it with a large stone. Though now feeling safer I could by no means sleep; the hissing of the serpents outside was too fearful.

As soon as it was light I left the cave, and walked a short distance through the valley, feeling far too miserable to touch the diamonds under my feet. The food I had brought from the ship kept me from starving, but I was so weary that at last I felt obliged to lie down and sleep.

Hardly had I begun to doze, however, when I was startled by something heavy falling near me. Opening my eyes quickly I saw a large piece of raw

meat lying at my feet. Another piece fell, and another, and several more, and as they fell heavily upon the diamonds, the lovely stones stuck firmly into the meat.

This made me think again of the sailors' stories, and I knew that the meat was being thrown into the valley by men on the mountains, in the hope that it would be fetched back by the eagles to feed their young ones, when the diamonds could be taken from their nests.

Now I thought I could see a way of escape by tying a piece of meat firmly to my back, and waiting till an eagle carried me up out of the dreadful valley. This I did, but not until I had first filled my bag with the precious stones.

I had not long to wait. One of a number of eagles picking me up bore me to his nest on the top of the mountains, where I was found by a merchant



I told my strange story again.

who had frightened the eagle away. At first he looked at me in surprise, and then said I had no right to steal his diamonds.

" If you will listen to me," I said gently, " you will find I am no thief, though having enough diamonds to make both myself and you rich for life. I got them from the valley, and chose the very best to be found."

The other merchants now crowded round, and all showed great surprise at my story. They wondered much at the trick I had played, but they wondered still more when I showed them the stones.

Though I begged him to take several, the merchant who had found me would take only the smallest of them, which he said was a good fortune in itself. They agreed to let me spend that night in their camp, which I did, and was then taken to the merchant's house, where I told my strange story again to his wife and children.

In the course of time I once more reached my home, and settled down to a life of ease, and made glad the hearts of my poor neighbours, by sharing my riches with them.

This being the end of Sindbad's second story, he gave Hindbad another purse of money, and asked him to return the next day.

THE THIRD VOYAGE

My third voyage, said Sindbad the next day, was hardly begun when a very great storm arose, and the captain told us the ship was being driven towards an island, which was the home of numbers of little hairy savages not more than two feet high. He said they were very fierce, and we had better not make them angry.

As our vessel neared the land a swarm of them swam out, dragged it ashore, made us all get out, and then took the ship away with them to another island. As it was useless to stand and look after them, we walked on until we reached a beautiful palace, the courtyard of which we entered.

The yard led to a room where we saw a heap of men's bones, and a large number of spits, or long, steel skewers, on which joints of meat are roasted. As we stood looking at these things, a truly terrible ogre came into the room, making a loud noise.

In the very middle of his forehead was a huge eye, the only one he had; his mouth was like that of a horse, and his ears flapped down on his shoulders like an elephant's. He was as tall as a high tree, and one glance at him was enough to make us all nearly die with fright.

Having taken a good look at us, the horrid ogre picked me up by my neck, and turned me round and round, but seemed to think me too thin, for, indeed, I was little more than skin and bone. Then he seized the captain, who was the fattest of us all, stuck a spit through his body, roasted, and ate him.

After this he went to sleep, and troubled us no more till the next day, when he roasted and ate another of our crew. On the third day he ate another, and we then made up our minds to kill him and try to escape. There were ten of us left, and each one taking a spit, and making its point red hot, we stuck them all together into the one eye of our terrible enemy.

Mad with pain he tried to seize us; but we got out of the way of his fearful claw-like hands, and ran off to the shore. Here we made some rafts, but had not got afloat when two giants came in sight leading the terrible ogre who we had fondly hoped was dead.

Jumping on to the rafts we pushed off from the shore, but the giants, wading into the water as far as they dared, threw after us some huge stones which, falling upon the rafts, sank them all but the one on which I stood with two other men. Happily we got out of their reach quickly and, after beating about on the sea for many hours, came to another island, where we found some very good fruit.

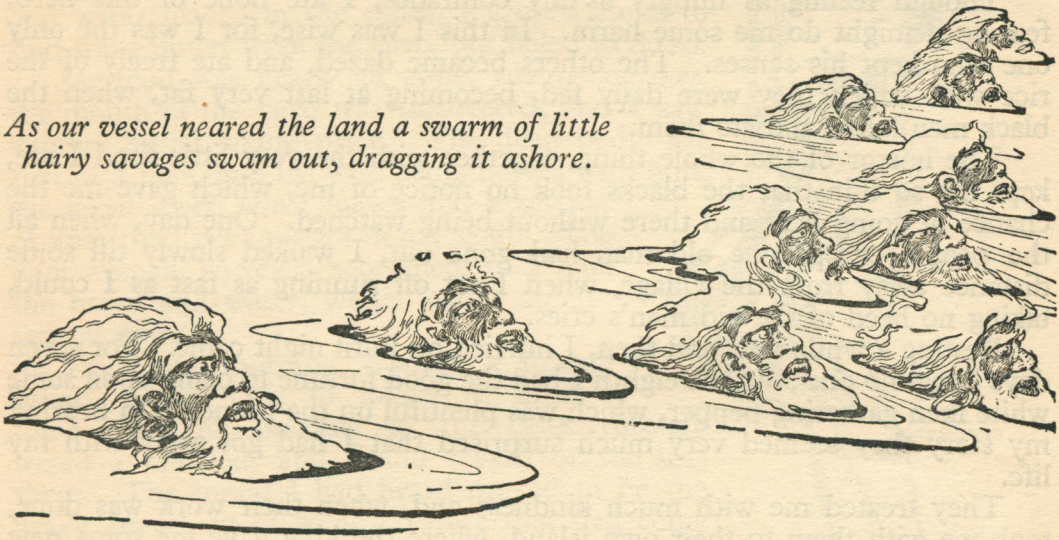
Being now tired out we lay down to sleep, but were soon awakened by a rustling sound which, to our horror, we found was made by a huge serpent.

Before we could get away, the creature swallowed one of my comrades, and then went back to his den. The next night he came again, and caught the second of my comrades, as he was following me up a tree, where he had hoped to be quite safe.

All night I lay along one of the boughs, afraid to sleep lest the cruel monster should come back. As soon as day broke I slid down, gathered all the brushwood near, and making it into bundles placed some of them round the tree; the others I tied to the topmost branches. When the sky began to darken in the evening, I lit them, and kept myself safe all night, for, though the serpent came, he feared to cross my circle of fire.

In the morning, feeling very miserable, I made up my mind to drown myself, but, on reaching the shore, I saw some distance off a ship passing slowly by. Unrolling my turban I waved it aloft, shouting loudly the while, until the captain sent a boat to fetch me to the ship.

Good fortune now met me once again, for this was the very captain who had sailed away without me on my second voyage. As soon as he learned



As our vessel neared the land a swarm of little hairy savages swam out, dragging it ashore.

who I was, he told me how glad he was to have been able to make up for that fault, by saving me now from what might have proved a worse fate.

He had taken care of my goods left on the ship, and now returned them to me with much pleasure. On reaching port I sold them at a fair price, and again returned to Bussorah with a large sum of money.

From Bussorah I went to Bagdad and bought another fine house with splendid grounds all round it. As I had done each time before, so I did now, giving a great deal of money to poor people of the city, and settling down for some time to a quiet life. But this I found very difficult to do, and at last went to sea for the fourth time, when again many wonderful things befell me.

Hindbad went home that night with a glad heart, for he was no longer poor. In his hand he held a purse of money, and it seemed as if his rich friend meant to give him the same, every day he spent with him.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE

As soon as dinner was over, Sindbad began the story of his fourth voyage. Having set all my affairs straight, he said, I travelled through a great part of Persia, buying and selling. At last, reaching the coast, I went aboard a ship, which, after calling at several places on the mainland, stood out to sea.

But soon a great storm arose ; the sails were torn in shreds, the ship was blown upon the land, and many of the passengers and sailors were drowned.

With a few of the others I clung to a plank, which was washed ashore on an island, where we found fruit and water, of which we ate and drank freely. The next morning we set out to explore the island, but before getting far were met by some black men who carried us to their homes.

They seemed very kind and gave us a tasty herb to eat.

Though feeling as hungry as my comrades, I ate none of this herb, fearing it might do me some harm. In this I was wise, for I was the only one who kept his senses. The others became dazed, and ate freely of the rice with which they were daily fed, becoming at last very fat, when the black men killed and ate them.

The horror of the whole thing, together with the very little food I ate, kept me so thin that the blacks took no notice of me, which gave me the chance of going here and there without being watched. One day, when all the people except one old man had gone out, I walked slowly till some distance away from the village, when I set off running as fast as I could, taking no heed of the old man's cries.

Resting a while now and then, I hurried on until night came. For seven days I met no one ; on the eighth I had the good fortune to come upon some white men gathering pepper, which was plentiful on the island. On hearing my story they seemed very much surprised that I had got away with my life.

They treated me with much kindness and, when their work was done, took me with them to their own island, where the king gave me some new clothes and bade his people take great care of me. I became a great favourite with every one, and at last found a way of paying back a little of their kindness.

Seeing that all of them, even the king, rode upon the bare backs of their horses, I thought out a plan for making a saddle and bridle and stirrups. This, with the help of two workmen, I did, and gave the first set, when finished, to the king. So many costly presents were given me by those for whom I made saddles that I was soon a rich man again.

One day the king, as a token of his love, gave me a wife, thinking I should be more likely to settle down in his country, and not wish to return to my own. At first I was pleased enough to stay, but after a time I began to long for my own home in Bagdad. Therefore, keeping my eyes open, I waited for a chance to escape, which came about in a very curious manner.

My wife, who for some time had not been strong, fell sick and died, when, according to the custom of the country, I was buried with her in a deep pit on the side of a mountain near the sea.

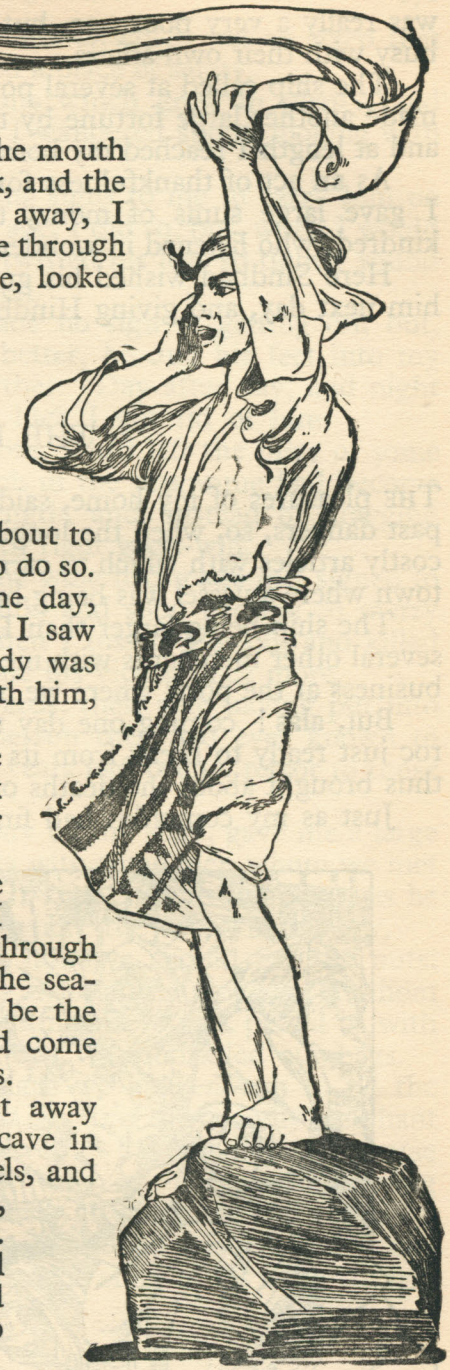
My coffin was an open one, and when the mouth of the pit had been blocked by a huge rock, and the king with the other mourners had gone away, I rose, and by the aid of a little light that came through the corners not quite covered by the stone, looked about me.

The pit or long cave, as it really was, seemed full of dead bodies, which smelt so horribly that I was forced to hold my nose. At first I wished I had died in one of the storms at sea; then I was filled with a keen desire to live. Taking some of the bread and water placed in the coffin, I groped about to find some outlet from the cave, but failed to do so.

My food was nearly all gone, when, one day, the mouth of the cave was uncovered, and I saw another burial taking place. The dead body was that of a man, and his wife being buried with him, the usual seven small loaves and a pitcher of water had been placed in her coffin. The poor woman, however, soon died, so I took the bread and water, which lasted me for several days.

Then, one morning, hearing a strange sound, I was able to follow it, until I came upon an opening in the cave, through which I crawled, and found myself on the sea-shore. The sound I had heard proved to be the heavy breathing of some creature that had come into the cave to feed upon the dead bodies.

Feeling sure now of being able to get away from my living tomb, I went back to the cave in order to get the precious stones, and jewels, and costly stuffs buried with the dead bodies, and also to bring away my bread and water. On again reaching the shore I made several neat bundles of the goods, and then settled down to wait for the passing of some ship in the hope of being picked up.



I shouted loudly.

On the third day, a vessel sailed slowly out from the harbour, and I, waving the linen of my turban, shouted loudly, which at last caused the sailors to look toward me. In a few minutes a boat was lowered and three men rowed ashore to fetch me.

To account for being in so strange a place, I told them I had been ship-wrecked, but had got safely to land with a portion of my goods. The story

was really a very poor one, but they seemed not to notice it, being far too busy with their own affairs.

The ship called at several ports on the islands and the mainland, where I made another large fortune by the sale of the articles brought from the cave, and at length I reached my home in safety.

As an act of thankfulness for having come safely through my troubles, I gave large sums of money to the church, to the poor, and to my own kindred, who listened in wonder to the story of my latest adventures.

Here Sindbad wished his guests good-night, bidding them all dine with him next day, and giving Hindbad the usual purse of one hundred sequins.

THE FIFTH VOYAGE

THE pleasures of my home, said Sindbad the next evening, made me forget past dangers, so, when the longing for travel came upon me, I bought many costly articles with which to carry on my trade, and sent them to the seaport town where a vessel was being built for my use.

The ship being larger than I needed for my own goods, I agreed to take several other merchants with me, and we set out in great hope of doing good business at the ports where we meant to call.

But, alas! coming one day to a desert island, where we found a young roc just ready to break from its shell, the merchants roasted and ate it, and thus brought about the deaths of every one except myself.

Just as my comrades had finished their meal, for I would by no means join in it, we saw the parent birds coming. The captain, fearing the anger of the great creatures, who looked like two large clouds floating in the sky, hurried us aboard and sailed away with all speed.



I ate none of this herb.

As soon as the old birds found what had been done, they swept down with a great noise, took up two huge stones, and flew after us. Stopping just above us they dropped the stones, one of which fell upon the ship, smashing it in pieces, and killing most of the sailors and merchants. Some, myself among them, sank into the water.

On coming to the surface I caught hold of a plank with one hand, and swam with the other, changing them at times,

until the tide carried me to an island, the shore of which was so steep that some further toil was needed before I reached a place of safety.

In the morning, after eating of the fruits which grew in plenty, and drinking of the fresh, cool water of a brook, I wandered about, looking with pleasure at the beauty of the place.

After a time I saw a little old man making signs to me to carry him on my back over the brook. Having pity on his age, I did so, but, when I would have pulled him down on the other side, he twisted his legs so tightly round my neck, that I fell to the ground half choked.

Though he saw how faint I was he made no sign of getting off, but, opening his legs a little to let me breathe better, he dug his feet into my stomach to make me rise and carry him farther. Day after day, and night after night, he clung to me, until by good luck I got rid of him.

Coming to a spot where, a few days before, I had left the juice of some grapes in a calabash, I drank the juice, which in the meantime had become very good wine. This gave me fresh strength, and, instead of dragging myself wearily along, I danced and sang with right good-will.

The old man, seeing how light-hearted the wine had made me, signed to me to give him some. He took a deep drink, and soon became so merry that he loosed his hold on my shoulders, when I tossed him off, and killed him with a big stone, lest he should make me his victim once more.

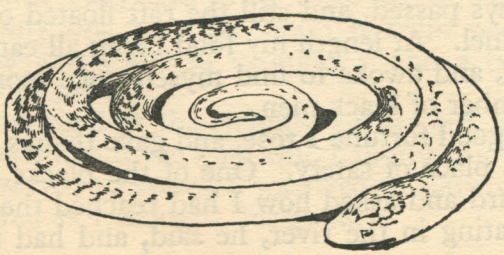
Some sailors whom I met shortly afterwards, their ship having put into the island for water, said I was the first person they had ever known to escape from the old man of the sea, who for years had been a terror to those obliged to visit the island.

One of the merchants on board, taking pity on my state, gave me a large bag, and advised me to go picking cocoa-nuts with some men whom we met in a place much visited by foreign traders. I kept close to the party, as he had bidden me, until we reached the place where the cocoa-nuts grew.

The trees were so tall that I wondered how we should get the nuts, when the men, picking up some stones, threw them at the monkeys of whom there were many on the branches. These creatures in return, pelted us with cocoa-nuts, throwing them down so quickly that we soon filled our bags.

Day after day this was done until at length we had enough to fill the ship which waited for us in the harbour. Then, bidding the friendly merchant good-bye, I went aboard, and in due time arrived in Bagdad, none the worse for my adventures. I had done well, too, with my cocoa-nuts, having changed them for pearls and spices in the places at which we had called.

Giving Hindbad another hundred sequins, Sindbad wished him good-night, and asked him to return next day to hear the story of his sixth voyage.



THE SIXTH VOYAGE

You will perhaps wonder why, after meeting with so many dangers, I should again venture forth, when I might have stayed quietly at home, said Sindbad, taking up his story where he had left off the day before. I wonder myself, now, yet at the time I was quite willing and eager to set out.

Travelling by way of Persia and the Indies, I at length took passage on a vessel bound on a long voyage. After being many days at sea the captain and pilot lost their way. They had no idea where we were, until the captain found his ship had got into a most dangerous current which, unless God took pity on us, would surely carry us to our death.

Almost mad with grief he left his place on deck, and went to see that his orders were carried out; but, as the men set about changing the sails, the ropes broke, and the vessel, now quite helpless, was carried ashore and wrecked, yet not so badly, but we were able to save our lives, our goods, and our provisions.

But even such comfort as was left us was taken away by the captain. "We may as well set about digging our graves," said he, "for no one ever escapes from this terrible place."

And, indeed, this seemed true, the shore being covered with wrecks, and goods of great value, and, worst of all for men in our position to see, the bones of those who had already died there, as we were only too likely to do.

The coast was very steep, and there seemed no way of climbing up, but under the hills, through a great cave, ran the very current that had brought us ashore. For some days we wandered about, heedless of the precious stones under our feet, thinking only of our sad fate. The most careful ate only a little of their share of food each day, so that some lived longer than others; but at last I was the only one left, and, wild with grief at my folly in leaving home, I began to dig my grave, fully believing that now at least there was no more hope.

Yet it pleased God again to spare me. As I stood, lonely and miserable, looking upon the currents that had wrought our ruin, an idea came into my head. With all speed I made a raft with the pieces of timber on the shore, loaded it with the precious stones and costly stuffs lying here and there, and stepped aboard, trusting that the stream would carry me to some place where men lived, and so give me a chance of escape. If I lost my life, I should be no worse off than in staying on the coast to die.

With two small oars I guided the raft, leaving it to be carried by the current. Several days passed, and still the raft floated on in total darkness through the long tunnel. At length my food being all eaten, I sank down in a state of drowsiness, and awoke to find myself once more in the light, and surrounded by a number of black men.

Full of joy at my good fortune I rose, and gave thanks aloud to God, who had brought me to a place of safety. One of the blacks, understanding my words, stepped forward and asked how I had reached their country. They had seen my raft floating in the river, he said, and had tied it to the bank

till I should awake. After eating a little food I told them of my strange adventures, the man who had first spoken to me telling the others what I said, he being the only one who understood my speech.

They looked at me in wonder, and placing me on a horse took me straight to their king. He thought my story so strange that he had it written down in letters of gold, and put away with the important papers of the kingdom. The sight of my raft and bales of goods, which the natives had taken care to bring with them, was a still further surprise. He thought my treasures very beautiful, but most of all the emeralds, of which he himself had none.

Seeing this, I begged him to accept the whole of my goods, as a token of my thankfulness to him and his people, but this he would by no means do. He said that instead of taking my riches he meant to add to them, and meanwhile, I was placed in the care of one of his chief men, who treated me with great kindness.



He left his place on deck.

Though the time passed pleasantly, I could not but long to return to my home. Going therefore to pay my daily visit to the king, I told him of my wish, and begged that he would let me return to Bagdad. He agreed at once, and, giving me many valuable gifts, asked that I would carry a message of friendship to the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, together with a costly present, and a letter written upon a skin of great value. Then, sending for the captain in whose ship I was to sail, and the merchant who was to travel with me, he charged them to treat me well on the journey.

Reaching Bagdad in the course of time, I set out to fulfil my promise to the king. His gift to the Caliph was made up of four things—a beautiful cup cut out of a large ruby and filled with pearls; the skin of a serpent supposed to keep any one who lay upon it from becoming ill; a large quantity of wood of aloes, and of camphor; and a beautiful slave whose clothing was rich with jewels.

The Caliph, astonished at the richness of the gift, could not keep from asking many questions about the king who had given it into my care. After telling him all he wished to know, I was free to return home, and to settle down again, this time, as I thought, for good.

The story being finished, Hindbad went away, taking with him another purse of gold; but the next day he returned to dine with Sindbad, who, after the meal, told the story of his seventh and last voyage in these words.

THE SEVENTH VOYAGE

I WAS one day enjoying myself with some friends, when a slave from the palace came with a message that I should go to the Caliph at once. His Highness, having written a reply to the letter from the King of the Indies, wished me to carry it to him, together with a suitable present.

Now, though it would have given me great pleasure to serve my sovereign in any other way, I felt quite unable to face again the dangers of the sea, and, to let him know why, I told him of all the misery through which I had passed. In reply he said that though he felt very sorry for me, yet I must bear this letter and gift to the King of the Indies.

"You have but to sail to Serendib," said he, "and present my gifts to his Majesty: after that you are free to return to Bagdad."

Seeing that he would not change his mind, I at last agreed to go, and, after a fair and pleasant voyage, arrived at the king's court. The gift was a very costly one, and his Majesty showed great pleasure when it was handed to him.

After a short stay in the island I begged leave to depart, but the king gave his consent only after much pressing on my part. I went on board the vessel, taking with me a splendid gift, and hoping to have a speedy and pleasant voyage.

We had been at sea, however, only about three days, when the ship being seized by pirates, I was taken with several others and sold as a slave. The rich merchant, who bought me, treated me well, and, finding I was able to shoot with a bow, took me out with him to shoot elephants of which there were numbers in the forest.

Having told me to climb a tree and to wait for the animals to pass by, he gave me a supply of food, and went back to the town.

No elephants passed during the night, but in the morning I shot one out of a large herd. As soon as the others had gone, I ran quickly to my master, who, praising me highly, came back to the forest and helped to bury the huge creature. This he did in order to get the tusks, when the flesh had rotted away from them.

Every day for two whole months I shot an elephant; then one morning, as I waited in the tree for them, instead of passing by they came toward it, and looked at me steadily for a few moments. I trembled with fear, for the creatures were many in number, and seemed bent on taking my life in revenge for the death of their friends.

One great animal at last tore up the tree in which I was by the roots, lifted me from the ground where I had fallen, placed me on his back, and, closely followed by the others, carried me to a field, some distance away, which I found afterwards to be covered with the bones and teeth of dead elephants.

Having laid me on the ground they all went away, leaving me lost in wonder at their wisdom. It seemed as if they knew it was only their teeth I wanted, and they had brought me to their burying-place, so that I could get all I wished without killing any more of their number.

Here, indeed, was a great treasure, and I went quickly to tell my master of my good fortune. As I met no elephants on the way, I felt sure they had gone farther into the forest in order to leave the road open. My master, wondering why I was so long away, had meanwhile gone to the tree and found it torn from the ground, so he was overjoyed to see me, having feared the creatures had killed me in their anger.

The next day we rode to the spot on an elephant whom we loaded with as many tusks as it could carry, and on getting back home my master said that as he had become a rich man through me, I should be a slave no longer.

" The merchants of this city," he said, " have had many slaves killed by the elephants, who are indeed very cunning animals. But it has pleased God to spare your life, and to show how every one of us may become rich without the loss of any more lives. I have no doubt that when the people of this city hear about this they will all wish to help in making you a rich man, but I would rather do this by myself. I will not only set you free, I will give you enough money to live on for the rest of your life."

Having thanked the merchant for his kindness, I said, " Sir, I have no wish to take so great a gift from you. Give me leave to return to my own country a free man, and I shall be well content."

This he was quite willing to do, saying that as soon as the wind was fair, he would send me home in one of the ships that would then come to carry away the ivory.

While waiting for the ships I made several journeys to the hill with the friendly merchant, bringing home so many tusks that the storehouses were soon full of ivory. The vessels came at last, and the merchant himself, choosing the one in which I was to sail, filled it with ivory, the half of which he said was mine. Besides this splendid present he gave me a number of things found or made only



A thick vapour passed over the field.

in that island, and enough food to last the whole voyage: he also paid the cost of my journey.

The voyage was a good one, yet, knowing the dangers of the ocean, and how quickly storms arise, I landed at the first port we reached on the mainland, taking with me my share of the ivory which soon sold for a great deal of money.

Having bought some rare gifts for my family, I set out for Bagdad with a party of merchants. The way was long and tiring, but reaching the city at length, I went straight to the Caliph, in order to let him know that his commands had been properly carried out.

I had been so long away that he feared some danger had befallen me, so I made bold to tell him of my adventures. The story of the elephants filled him with wonder; indeed, had he not known me to be a truthful man, he would not have believed it.

As it was he gave orders that this story, as well as all the others I had told, should be written in letters of gold, and kept in a safe place for all time.

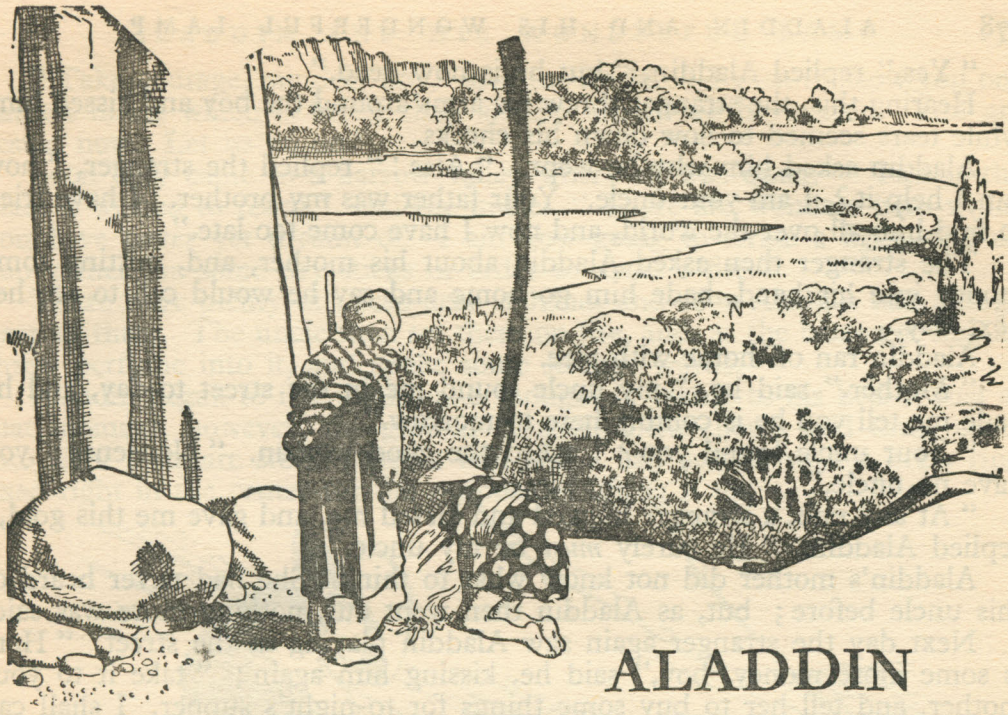
My family, my kindred, and all my friends welcomed my return with great joy. Since that, my last voyage, I have lived a quiet life, doing much good.

"Now, friend," he added, turning to Hindbad, "I think you will agree I have earned the riches I enjoy, and the pleasures that fill my life."

"Sir," replied Hindbad, as he rose and kissed his host's hand, "I must own that your troubles have been greater than mine. You richly deserve all you have, and I hope you will from now live a happy and peaceful life."

Although he had no more stories to tell, Sindbad begged the poor porter to come to dine with him every day. "You need not do any more rough work," said he, wishing him good-night, and putting into his hand another full purse, "for Sindbad the Sailor will be your friend for the rest of your life."





ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP

from "The Arabian Nights"

IN one of the large cities of China there once lived a tailor, whose name was Mustapha. Mustapha was very poor, and he found it hard to provide food for himself, his wife, and his only child, Aladdin.

Aladdin was a very naughty and lazy boy. He would never do what his parents wished him to do, but played in the streets from morning till night with boys who were as naughty as himself.

When Aladdin was old enough to learn a trade his father took him into his own shop and began to show him how he should use the needle. It was of no use. Aladdin had had his own way so long that now he could not settle down to work. His father tried him over and over again, and was at last so vexed at his son's idle habits that he became ill and soon died.

The poor widow thought that surely now her son would earn a little money. But no. Aladdin was as idle as ever. In despair, the good woman sold all the things that were in the shop, and with the money and a little she could earn by spinning cotton she got on fairly well.

One day when Aladdin was playing in the street with some more boys, a stranger saw him and stopped to look at him.

This stranger was a magician, and as he looked at Aladdin he said to himself, "This is just the kind of boy I want. He is daring and bold, and will just suit me." Going up to Aladdin, he drew him aside from his playmates.

"Is your father called Mustapha?" the magician asked quietly. "And is he not a tailor?"

" Yes," replied Aladdin, " but he is now dead."

Hearing this, the stranger threw his arms around the boy and kissed him, while tears seemed to flow down his cheeks.

Aladdin asked him why he wept. " Alas ! " replied the stranger, " how can I help it ? I am your uncle. Your father was my brother. I have tried to find him all over the world, and now I have come too late."

The stranger then asked Aladdin about his mother, and, putting some money into his hand, bade him go home and say he would call to see her next day.

Aladdin ran off home with glee.

" Mother," said he, " my uncle found me in the street to-day, and he bade me tell you he is coming here to-morrow."

" Your uncle found you ? " asked the good woman. " Nonsense ; you have no uncle."

" At any rate, a stranger hugged and kissed me, and gave me this gold," replied Aladdin. " He surely *must* be my uncle."

Aladdin's mother did not know what to think. She had never heard of this uncle before ; but, as Aladdin then went out, nothing more was said.

Next day the stranger again saw Aladdin playing in the street. " Here is some more money, boy," said he, kissing him again ; " take it to your mother, and tell her to buy some things for to-night's supper. I shall call on you then."

Aladdin took the money home, and, though his mother could hardly believe her senses, she spent the money in buying good food for supper. As for Aladdin, so eager was he to see his uncle once more that he went out into the street to show him the way to the house.

The stranger came. He brought some bottles of wine and some nice fruit. When these had been set on the supper table he said to the widow, " Pray, show me the place where my poor brother used to sit."

She showed him the corner of the sofa.

At once the stranger fell down before the place and began to kiss the sofa. " My poor, poor brother," said he. " How I should like to see you ! But I am too late ! Too late ! "

After a while the three sat down to supper and had a good meal. Then they talked, and the stranger said what joy it would give him to set Aladdin up in a shop, so that he might earn a good living by the sale of goods.

In the course of the next few days the stranger brought Aladdin some new clothes and took him into the rich parts of the city. Aladdin was proud to be seen in fine clothes, and thought his uncle a very kind man. " To-morrow," said the uncle to Aladdin, " I will show you some finer sights than these. Be ready for me early."

Morning came, and the two set out through the city gate. Their way led them past some large palaces with beautiful gardens round them, through which they walked. Each one was more handsome than the other, and Aladdin was full of joy on seeing them.

At last both were tired. " Let us sit down here," said the uncle to Aladdin. " I want to offer you some good advice, before I let you have the shop."

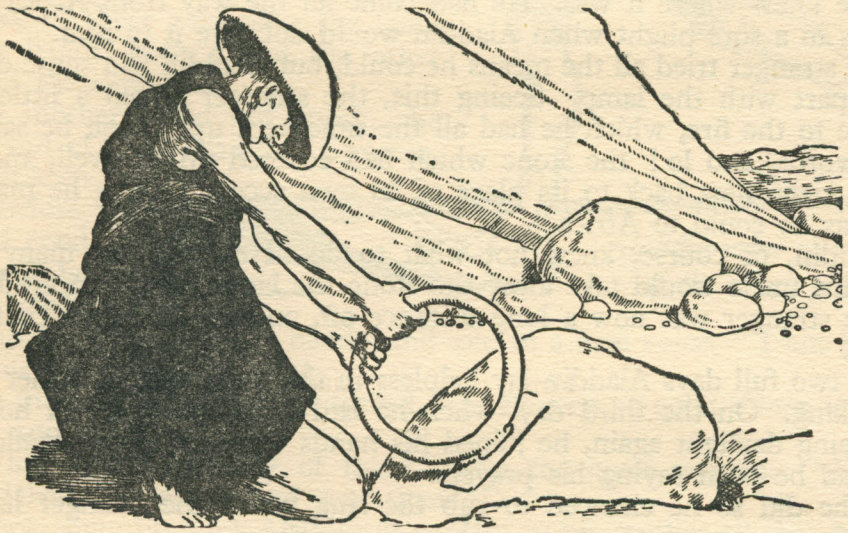
" How much farther are we going ? " asked Aladdin. " I fear I cannot walk back unless we turn soon."

" Take courage, my dear boy," said the uncle. " I wish to show you one garden more, which is better than all the others we have seen. You are rested now. Let us go on."

Soon they came to a narrow valley where all was quiet. " This is the place I wished to reach," said the uncle. " There are wonders here which you have never yet dreamt of. I am now going to strike a light, and do you gather me some dry sticks in order to make a fire."

There were plenty of sticks near at hand, and soon Aladdin had a large heap of them. The uncle then set them on fire, and, as the blaze got big, he threw perfume into it, and spoke some strange words.

Aladdin began to feel afraid, and thought of taking to his heels. Just at that moment, however, the ground beneath them shook, and there came into sight a square stone about a foot and a half across, with a brass ring fixed right in the centre for the purpose of lifting it up.



Aladdin took hold of the ring.

" You have seen my power," said the uncle to Aladdin. " I want you now to do something for me."

Aladdin, though he shook with fear, said he was quite ready to do all that was wanted of him.

" Then pull that stone up by the ring," said the uncle. " It will come up easily enough if you repeat the names of your father and grandfather."

Aladdin took hold of the ring, and, strange to say, was able to lift the stone without the least effort.

" The next thing to do," went on the uncle, " is to go down that well. When you come to the bottom, go through the door into a large hall ; then through many halls one after the other, keeping a straight course, till you come to where you will find a lamp burning in a niche of the wall. Bring the lamp to me."

As he spoke these words he put a ring on Aladdin's finger, saying, as he did so, that it would keep him from all harm.

Then Aladdin went down the well, and found all things as the uncle had said. There were the halls, and there were gardens, too, with trees in them which bore strange-looking fruit of all colours—red, white, blue, and so on. They were, in truth, precious stones of great value.

When Aladdin came to the lamp he took it down from the wall, and, having put out the flame, carried it in his bosom. He took also some fruit from the trees, and at last came to the bottom of the well.

Up the steps he went, and saw the stranger outside waiting for him. "Give me the lamp," said the uncle; "you will be able to get out more easily."

"No, no," said Aladdin. "Help me out first, and then I will give you the lamp."

Now, I must tell you that it was the lamp the stranger wanted. He was not the real uncle of Aladdin, but had taken these means of getting it, for he alone knew where it was. He had come all the way from Africa for it, and was in a sore plight when Aladdin would not give it to him.

The stranger tried all the means he could, but Aladdin had sense enough not to part with the lamp. Seeing this, the stranger added a little more perfume to the fire, which he had all the time kept up. Then he said two magic words, and lo! the stone which had covered up the well, and kept it from view, flew back to its place of its own accord. Then he made off as fast as he could to Africa.

Aladdin, of course, knew not what to do. He cried out many times that if his uncle would take away the stone the lamp should surely be his. But the stranger was now a long distance off, and all Aladdin's cries were in vain.

For two full days Aladdin lay helpless in the well, without either eating or drinking. On the third day, when he had quite given up all hopes of ever seeing daylight again, he joined his hands together as he would have done had he been saying his prayers.

As he did so he chanced to rub the ring which the stranger had put on his finger.

The next instant a genie, tall and strong, stood before him. "What do you wish?" said the genie. "I am ready to obey you as your slave, as the slave of him who has the ring on his finger, both I and the other slaves of the ring."

"Pray, then, take me out of this place," said Aladdin, hardly knowing what was going on.

In a moment Aladdin found himself on the spot where the fire had been made. He felt the fresh breeze blow upon him, and, losing no time, made the best of his way home. How he ran, to be sure!

His mother was glad to see him, and, as she set him someting to eat, he told her all about the strange cave and the lamp. He also showed her the precious stones which he had culled from the trees. Then he went to bed.

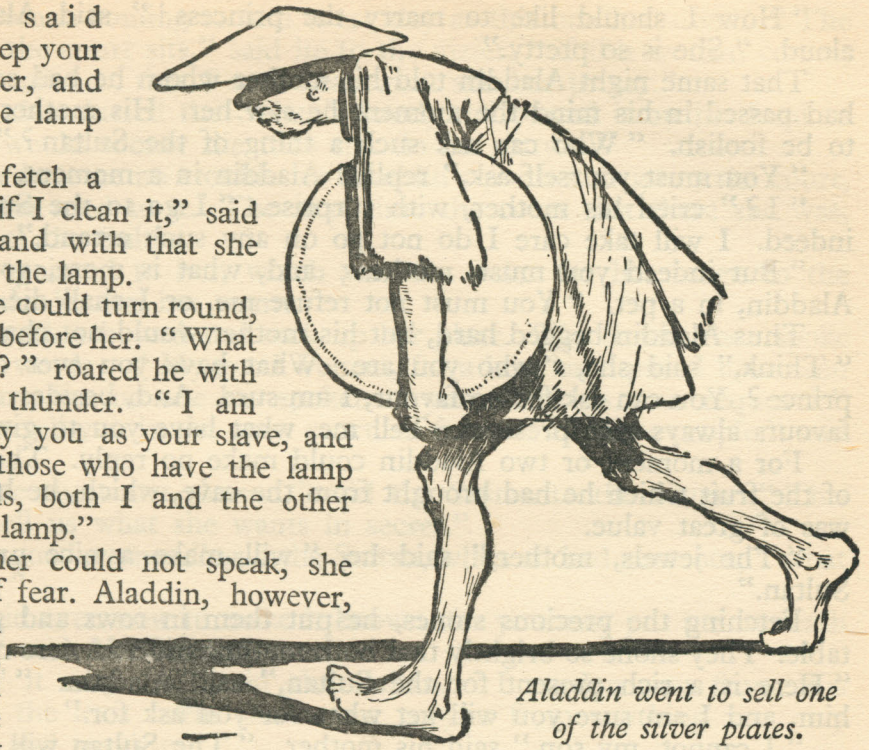
Next day he rose and asked for breakfast. Alas! there was no food in the house, for he had eaten it all the night before at supper. "If you will wait a little, my son," said his mother, "I will sell a little cotton which I have spun, and then I can buy some food."

"Nay," said Aladdin, "keep your cotton, mother, and I will sell the lamp instead."

"It will fetch a better price if I clean it," said his mother, and with that she began to rub the lamp.

Before she could turn round, a genie stood before her. "What do you wish?" roared he with a voice like thunder. "I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

The mother could not speak, she was so full of fear. Aladdin, however, who had seen a genie before, and had good cause to be thankful, took the lamp from his mother's hands, and said in a firm voice, "I am hungry. Bring me something to eat."



Aladdin went to sell one of the silver plates.

In a moment the table was spread with all sorts of good things in dishes of gold and silver.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the good woman. "Has the Sultan taken pity on us and sent them?"

It took some time for Aladdin to explain to his mother all that he knew of the ring and the lamp. Being sore afraid, she would have nothing to do with such evil spirits, as she was sure they must be. "Ah, child," said she, "put the lamp away. I would rather you threw it away or sold it, than I would run the risk of ever touching it again."

"And I," said Aladdin, "will take care what I do with the things which have been so useful to me in times of trouble."

Enough food was left from breakfast to last for two days. When this was gone Aladdin went to sell one of the silver plates. He soon found a Jew who bought it, but gave him little for it. With the money some more food was bought. This went on for some time. As often as food was wanted a plate was sold, until there was only one large dish left.

Aladdin sold this at a better price, and with the money lived for a long time. He also bought fine clothes and rings to wear. In fact, he became quite a gentleman.

It chanced, one day, that Aladdin saw the princess, the daughter of the Sultan. Now, Aladdin had never seen a lady's face before, except his mother's, for in that land all ladies go about with their faces hidden under a veil. This time the princess's face was unveiled.

"How I should like to marry the princess!" said Aladdin, almost aloud. "She is so pretty."

That same night Aladdin told his mother whom he had seen, and what had passed in his mind the moment he saw her. His mother told him not to be foolish. "Who can ask such a thing of the Sultan?" said she.

"You must yourself ask," replied Aladdin in a moment.

"I?" cried his mother, with surprise. "I go to the Sultan? Not I, indeed. I will take care I do not go on any such errand."

"But indeed you must, mother; and, what is more, you shall," said Aladdin, in a pet. "You must not refuse me, or I shall die."

Thus Aladdin begged hard, but his mother would not change her mind. "Think," said she, "who you are. What have you ever done for your prince? You can ask for no favour, I am sure. And, besides, those who ask favours always give presents. Tell me, what have you to give?"

For a moment or two Aladdin could make no reply. Then he thought of the fruit which he had brought from the cave, which, he had found out, was of great value.

"The jewels, mother," said he, "will make a nice present for the Sultan."

Fetching the precious stones, he put them in rows and groups on the table. They shone so brightly that both mother and son were nearly blinded. "Here is a rich present for the Sultan," said Aladdin. "Take them to him, and I am sure you will get whatever you ask for."

"I cannot, my son," said his mother. "The Sultan will order us both to be put to death."

"Nay, do not distress yourself, dear mother," said Aladdin. "Has not the lamp been a friend to us for these years past? and now I do not think it will desert us. At all events, try; do, mother dear."

The good woman had now not a word to say, and in a day or two was ready to try her luck at the palace.

She took a dish with the jewels in, and folded it up in a fine linen cloth. She then took another less fine, and tied the four corners of it, that she might carry it with ease. Then she set off for the palace.

The grand vizier and all the rest of the court had gone in when she came to the gate. There was a large crowd outside, but at last the gate was opened, and she went into the divan with the others. She then placed herself right in front of the Sultan.

When the court was over the Sultan went out, and the vizier and the rest went after. The people then had to go away. For several days this sort of thing took place, and each time Aladdin was sore vexed.

One day, when the court was over and the Sultan had gone to his own room, he said to his vizier, "For some time past I have seen a woman, who has come every day I hold my court, and who carries something in her hand tied up in a linen cloth. She puts herself in front of me. Do you know what she wants?"

The vizier did not wish the Sultan to think he had not seen her. So he said, "Oh, she seems to have come on a small errand. Some one has been selling her some bad meat."

This did not please the Sultan, for he did not think that could be the

reason for a woman coming to him every day as this one had done. " The very next day the court sits," said he to the vizier, " if this woman comes, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say."

The vizier then kissed the Sultan's hand, and placed it on his head to show that he would sooner die than not do his duty.

It had now become no trouble for Aladdin's mother to go to the court, as she was quite used to it. The next time the court met there she was, right in front of the Sultan.

The vizier pointed to her, which was the order for her to go to the throne and make known her wants.

Aladdin's mother bowed and took up her place. The Sultan then spoke to her in these words : " My good woman, for a long time past I have seen you at the court, but no one has spoken to you. What is your request ? "

" I dare not tell you in the open court, in front of all these people," said the woman.

" Then have the court cleared," said the Sultan to the vizier. " This woman shall tell us what she wants in secret."

" Now, my good woman," said the Sultan, when all had gone out, " what do you want ? "

" I am afraid even now to make it known, for you may put me to death for my pains," said Aladdin's mother.

" Whatever it may be," said the Sultan, " I pardon you from this moment ; not the least harm shall come to you from anything you may say. Be bold, and speak out."

Aladdin's mother then told the Sultan how her son had seen the princess, and wished to make her his wife. He was not in the least angry, for he had given the woman full leave to say all she wished. Before he made any reply, he pointed to her bundle and said, " What have you there, tied up so well ? "

At once the woman opened her bundle and gave the jewels to the Sultan. " They are a present for your highness," said she. " They come from my son."

The Sultan could not speak for a moment ; the jewels were so rich and rare he had never before seen any so fine. Then he looked at them one by one. " How grand ! " said he. " What say you, vizier, to such a present ? "

" They are, in truth, of great value," said the vizier.

" Ay, indeed," said the Sultan. " Must not he who sends such a present be worthy of the princess my daughter, and must I not give her to him who comes and asks for her at such a price ? "

Now, some time before this took place, the Sultan had told the vizier that he would bestow the hand of the princess on his son. The vizier was afraid, therefore, that the promise would be overlooked, and that after all his son would never be the Sultan's son-in-law, a thing upon which he had set his mind.

So the vizier stepped up to the Sultan and spoke something softly in his ear.

The Sultan started. Then, turning towards Aladdin's mother, he said to her, " Go, my good woman, return to your home, and tell your son that I cannot give my daughter to him for three months. At the end of that time do you return here."

Aladdin's mother went from the court with all speed and made quick steps for home. There she met her son, who had been awaiting her return. "What news, mother?" asked he.

Now, Aladdin saw quite clearly that his mother's visit to the Sultan had not been in vain this time: for, in the first place, she was back long before he thought she would come; and, in the second, she looked very pleased. He thought it would give his mother joy, however, to ask her.

When she had taken off her veil, and had sat down on the sofa by his side, she said, "My son, I will tell you first that you need not give up all hope of being the Sultan's son-in-law. I gave the Sultan your present, and, though he was quite taken by surprise at the request I made to him, he was not displeased. At the end of three months I am to go to the court again, when the Sultan will tell me what he has made up his mind to do."

Aladdin thought himself the most happy of men. He jumped and danced about for joy, and kissed his mother over and over again. He called her a good woman, and told her what a grand lady he would make her when he should be wedded to the princess.

The three months went by very slowly indeed. To Aladdin they seemed to be an age, but at last they were over. Aladdin did not fail to send his mother to the palace on the very next morning, to put the Sultan in mind of his promise.

She went, therefore, to the palace, as her son wished, and took up her place near the Sultan. The Sultan no sooner cast his eyes that way than he knew her face, and called to mind the strange request she had made and the exact time to which he had put it off.

The Sultan called his vizier. "I see there," said he, "that good woman who brought me the jewels three months ago. Bid her come forward, and we will hear what she has to say."

The vizier, doing as he was told, called the woman, who threw herself on the ground at the foot of the throne.

After she had risen the Sultan asked what she wished. "Sire," said she, "I have come to remind you of your promise to my son. The three months have gone by. What may I tell him when I return home?"

Now, when the Sultan put the woman off for three months, he thought he should never see or hear from her again, since he knew how foolish the request was. Turning to his vizier, he asked him what he should now do.

"Sire," said the vizier, "it seems to be a very strange request, but it can be refused in an easy way without giving offence to any one. Set a very high price upon the princess your daughter, so that all his riches, however great they may be, cannot reach the value. That will be the way to put a stop to his requests."

The Sultan agreed, and in a few moments said to Aladdin's mother: "Sultans, my good woman, ought always to keep their words, and I am ready to hold to mine; but, as I cannot give my daughter to any one unless I know him to be a rich man, tell your son I will keep my word as soon as he shall send me forty large basins of pure gold quite full of the same sort of things which you have already given to me. The basins must be brought each by a black slave, led by a white slave, young, well made, and richly dressed. These are the terms. Go, tell them to your son."

Aladdin's mother once more fell at the Sultan's feet, and then withdrew from the court. On her way home she smiled within herself at the foolish thoughts of her son. "Where, indeed," said he, "is he to find so many gold basins and such a lot of jewels to fill them? Will he go back to the cave, the entrance to which is shut up, in order to gather them from the trees? And where can he get all those handsome slaves whom the Sultan demands?"

As she went into the house her mind was full of these thoughts, and, meeting her son, she said, "All hope is lost, my son; think no more of the princess. The Sultan did, indeed, treat me with kindness, but I do not suppose for a moment that you will be able to meet his demands."

She then told him all that the Sultan had said, adding, "He is even now waiting for your reply; but, between ourselves, he may wait a long time."

"Not so long as you may think, my dear mother," said Aladdin. "I will give the Sultan a great surprise. While I am thinking what to do, do you go and get dinner and leave me to myself."

As soon as his mother had gone out to buy the dinner, Aladdin took the lamp, and, having rubbed it, the genie stood before him.

In a gentle voice—for this time Aladdin had rubbed the lamp more gently than before—the genie asked the same question: "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."



Aladdin danced about for joy.

Aladdin lost no time in telling the genie what he wanted. "The Sultan," said he, "agrees to give me the hand of the princess his daughter in marriage, but he first demands forty large basins of gold filled to the very top with that fruit of the garden from which I took the lamp that you are the slave of. He asks also that these forty basins shall be carried by as many black slaves, each led by a young and handsome white slave in rich attire. Go, get me his present as soon as you can, that I may send it to the Sultan before the court is over."

The genie said that it should be done at once.

In a very short time he

came back, bringing with him the slaves and the basins full of jewels. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver, and the slaves were richly dressed. There were so many of them that they filled the house, as well as the court in front and the garden behind.

The genie asked Aladdin if there were any further orders for him; and on being told no, went quickly out of sight.

Aladdin's mother, now coming back from the market, was in the greatest surprise to see so many persons and so much riches. Having set down the food which she had brought with her, she was about to take off her veil, but Aladdin put his hand on her shoulder and stopped her.

"My dear mother," cried he, "there is no time to lose. Go with these to the court at once, and tell the Sultan they are for him."

Without waiting for her reply, Aladdin opened the door that led into the street, and told all the slaves to go out one after the other. He then put a white slave in front of each of the black ones, who carried the golden basins on their heads.

When his mother, who went with the last black slave, had gone out, he shut the door, and waited quietly in his room, thinking that now the Sultan would be sure to give him his daughter for a wife.

Every one in the street stopped to see the long line of eighty slaves. The dress of each slave was made of a rich stuff, and so covered with precious stones that those who were good judges thought each of them worth more than a kingdom.

The graceful manner of each slave caused those who saw them not to take their eyes from them, so that each person stood in the same place in the street where he was.

As the way was long it took some time to get to the palace gates, but at last they were reached.

When the first of the eighty slaves was about to pass through, the porters took him to be a king, so richly was he dressed. They were about to kiss the hem of his robe when the slave, who had had his orders from the genie, stopped them, saying, "Our master will come when the time shall be proper."

Through the gates the slaves all went one after the other, and soon found their way into the court. Their dresses were far more splendid than those of the Sultan's officers, or even the Sultan's. The slaves made two rows and stood on two sides in front of the throne.

The mother of Aladdin then threw herself at the Sultan's feet, and when she had been told to rise, said, "This, sire, is what my son sends in answer to your demands. He awaits your reply."

The Sultan hardly heard the good woman speak, for he could not take his eyes away from the slaves and the golden basins of jewels which they had brought.

At length he turned to the vizier, and, in a loud voice, so that all might hear, said, "Well, vizier, what think you of the person, whoever he may be, who has now sent me so rich and fine a present, a person whom neither of us knows or has heard of before? Do you not think he is worthy of the princess my daughter?"

It was the duty of the vizier to make a reply that would please the Sultan,

so he answered, " Far be it from me, sire, to say nay to such a person who can send a present like this."

Then all the people in the court clapped their hands in glee, and the Sultan rose from his throne. " Go, my good woman," said he, " and tell your son that I am waiting with open arms to embrace him. The sooner he comes to claim the hand of the princess my daughter, the more pleased I shall be."

Aladdin's mother bowed and retired. The Sultan then sent everybody away but the vizier. He told the slaves to carry the golden basins and the jewels into the palace, that he might show them to the Sultana and his daughter.

In the meantime, Aladdin's mother, reaching home, showed by her manner how she had got on with the Sultan. Nor did she lose a moment in telling her son what had taken place. " The Sultan awaits you," added she, " and I advise you to make yourself fit to appear before him."

Aladdin went to his own room and took down the lamp which had been so true a friend to him. No sooner had he rubbed it than the genie again showed himself ready to do his bidding.

" Genie," said Aladdin, " I want you to take me to the bath, and when I have bathed, to have a rich and handsome dress ready for me."

Aladdin had no sooner given his orders than he was lifted up and carried through the air without being seen. Then he was put into a bath of the finest marble, where he was washed and rubbed with sweet perfumes. His skin became white and fresh, and his body felt lighter and more active.

He then went to the dressing-room, where, in place of his old robe, he found one more rich and handsome than a Sultan's. By the help of the genie, who waited on him, he put on each part until he was quite dressed.

Then the genie took him home in the same way as he had carried him to the bath. " Have you any further demands ? " he asked.

" Yes," said Aladdin. " Bring me a horse as soon as you can, which shall be more beautiful than any horse in the Sultan's stables, and let the saddle and bridle and the wrappings be worth more than a million pounds. Let them flash with jewels of all kinds.

" I order you also at the same time to get me twenty slaves as well and richly dressed as those who carried the basins of gold, to walk on each side and behind me, and twenty more to walk in two ranks before me. You must also get six female slaves to wait on my mother. These must be dressed more richly than the princess. I also want ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses. These are all my commands at present. Go, and make all haste."

All in a moment the genie went and came back. He brought the horse, the slaves, ten of whom had each a purse with ten thousand pieces of gold in every one, and the six female slaves each with a fine dress for Aladdin's mother wrapped in a piece of silver cloth. These he gave to Aladdin.

Aladdin took only four of the ten purses, and gave them to his mother, as he said she might want them. He left the other six in the hands of the slaves, and told them that as they went along the streets they were to throw the coins in heaps to the people.

He then gave the six female slaves to his mother, telling her that they were for her, and that the dresses which they had in the silver cloths were for her use.

And now a start was made for the palace. Aladdin mounted his horse and began the march in the order we have told. Though he had never been on horseback in his life he rode quite well, and everybody praised the grace he showed in the saddle.

The streets were thronged with people, who shouted and cheered as the slaves threw the gold pieces among them. Aladdin was so changed in looks and dress that no one knew him, not even those with whom he had played in the streets. This all came from the power of the wonderful lamp.

At length the palace was reached. The Sultan was overjoyed to see so handsome a man as Aladdin, and so gay and rich a dress as he wore. He himself had not one so thickly covered with jewels. He came down from his throne two or three steps so as to prevent Aladdin from falling down at his feet, and holding out his hand, put Aladdin to sit between himself and the vizier.

Aladdin then rose and spoke to the Sultan in these words : " O sire, I beg you not to think me rash in asking for the hand of the princess your daughter, but I should die if I did not have her for my wife."

The Sultan was charmed with Aladdin, and made a sign. At once the air was filled with the sounds of trumpets and cymbals, and Aladdin was led by the Sultan into a saloon where a great feast was served up. The Sultan and Aladdin sat at a table together, and the vizier and the chief guards waited on them.

The Sultan talked as a friend with Aladdin, and was more and more pleased with him each moment. Then he gave orders for the marriage papers to be made ready.

Aladdin, however, did not wish the wedding to take place at once. He told the Sultan that first of all he wanted to prepare a house, good and large, fit for a princess.

" That is well," said the Sultan. " There is a large open space before my palace. Take that, and build a house upon it fit for my daughter the princess."

Then Aladdin, going home, called the genie, to whom he gave orders to build him a house on the space of ground in front of the palace. It was to be built of precious stones and to contain a room full of gold for his use.

Knowing the house would be built to his orders, Aladdin sent his mother, richly dressed and attended by her slaves, to tell the princess it was ready. She set out at once.

That same night the house was built. It rose in the air with its rooms one above another. Its walls shone and its furniture was of pure gold and pearls.

In the morning the porters opened the gates of the palace, and were not able to believe their eyes, for, till that moment, they had never seen so large and so handsome a building as that which they now saw. The Sultan saw it, and called his vizier, who put it down to magic. " We shall see," he said, " what is to come of all this finery of Aladdin's."

And now the marriage took place. There had been nothing seen like it in all the world before. There were gold and silver dishes and cups, wines of the rarest sorts, and cakes of the best.

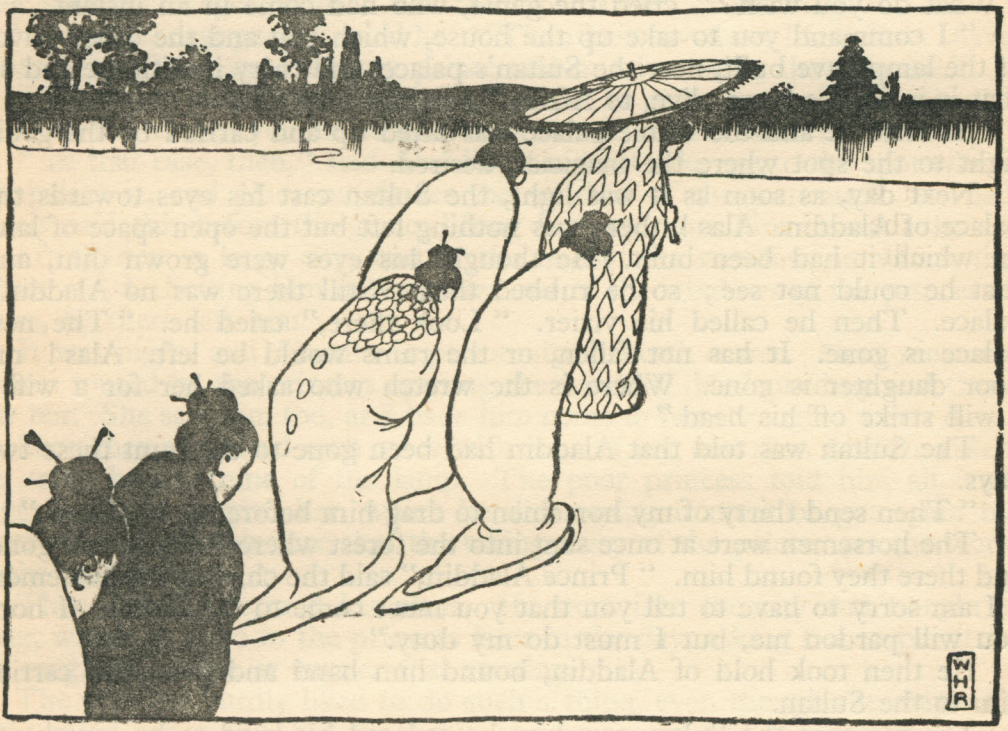
For some time Aladdin and the princess lived in happiness. They loved

each other dearly, and were a joy to the Sultan and the Sultana. Sad to say, an event took place which put an end to it all.

The magician had been away from China, but now he began to think of the lamp and what had become of it. By his magic he found out it was still Aladdin's, and that he had become a rich man and a prince. The magician once more went to the city. There he saw the fine house which Aladdin had built, and felt pretty sure that the lamp was somewhere inside. Oh, if he could only tell where!

He thought of a plan. He went to the shop of a man who made and sold lamps. "I want," said he to the man, "a dozen copper lamps. Can you make them for me?"

"To be sure!" replied the man. "You may have them to-morrow."



Aladdin's mother set out at once to see the princess.

Next day the magician had the lamps sent to his inn, and he thereupon took them round the city in a basket, crying out, "Who will change old lamps for new?"

Everybody thought the magician was mad, and laughed at him. "That man," said they, "has surely lost his senses to offer new lamps for old ones." And the children hooted after him as he went along.

By and by he came to the street which led to Aladdin's house and the Sultan's palace. Aladdin had gone to the hunt, but his princess sat at an open window at her spinning with her maidens. All of them heard the cry, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?"

One of the maidens laughed at the idea of changing old lamps for new, and said that the man must be joking. Then it was agreed to try him with

Aladdin's lamp. "Take it down," said the princess; "we shall then see if he is a madman or not."

The slave went down to the street with the lamp, which the magician saw and knew in a moment. "A new lamp for an old one?" said he. "Ay, truly," said the slave; "the princess desires it." The slave then chose out a pretty new lamp, leaving the old one with the magician, and ran off to her mistress.

No sooner did the magician get the lamp in his hands than he went back towards his inn. On the way he passed along a very quiet street, where he put down his basket of new lamps and left them. Then, instead of going to his inn, he turned through the gate of the city and got out into the country.

When night came on he drew the lamp from his bosom and rubbed it. "What do you wish?" cried the genie, who had come in an instant.

"I command you to take up the house, which you and the other slaves of the lamp have built, near the Sultan's palace, and carry it with me and all that is in it, dead and alive, to Africa," said the magician.

At once he and the whole palace was lifted up and carried by the genie right to the spot where the magician desired.

Next day, as soon as it was light, the Sultan cast his eyes towards the palace of Aladdin. Alas! there was nothing left but the open space of land on which it had been built. He thought his eyes were grown dim, and that he could not see; so he rubbed them. Still there was no Aladdin's palace. Then he called his vizier. "Look there," cried he. "The new palace is gone. It has not fallen, or the ruins would be left. Alas! my poor daughter is gone. Where is the wretch who asked her for a wife? I will strike off his head."

The Sultan was told that Aladdin had been gone to the hunt these two days.

"Then send thirty of my horsemen to drag him before me in chains."

The horsemen were at once sent into the forest where Aladdin had gone, and there they found him. "Prince Aladdin," said the chief of the horsemen, "I am sorry to have to tell you that you must come to the Sultan. I hope you will pardon me, but I must do my duty."

He then took hold of Aladdin, bound him hand and foot, and carried him to the Sultan.

The moment the Sultan saw him he ordered his head to be struck off.

"Not so fast, sire," put in the vizier. "Do you not see the people making their way into the palace? Aladdin has been kind to them, and they are now going to shield him from your wrath and save him."

The Sultan looked, and saw a huge crowd of people, with swords drawn, coming with all speed to the palace. His face showed that he was in great fear. "Put up your sword," said he to the headsman, "and you, vizier, tell the people that Aladdin is safe from harm. I pardon him."

When all was quiet the Sultan called Aladdin to him. "What have I done, sire, to vex you?" asked Aladdin, who had not yet been told what had taken place.

"Don't talk to me," said the Sultan. "Where is my dear daughter? Where is the house you built for her on the open space in front of my palace?"

Aladdin looked through the window of the room he was in, and lo!

he, too, was struck dumb for a moment. " Sire," said he, " the palace is surely gone, but I have had no hand in it. Pray give me forty days in which to search for your daughter, my wife; and if I do not find her, kill me."

This was granted, and Aladdin left the Sultan to mourn alone. Going through the city, he asked all he met if they had seen anything done to his palace, whereupon they thought he had gone mad. Then he made up his mind to leave the city and make his search beyond it.

Towards night he found himself near a river, and the idea came to him that he would drown himself. But, as he stepped down the steep bank he slipped, and in doing so rubbed the ring he was wearing on the rock.

" What do you wish? " cried the genie, who had come in an instant. " I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of him who has the ring upon his finger, both I and the other slaves of the ring."

" Welcome, dear genie," cried he. " Thou hast saved my life before. Save it again by giving me back my palace and my dear wife, the princess."

" What you ask," said the genie, " is not in my power. I am only the slave of the ring; you must address yourself to the slave of the lamp."

" In that case, then," said Aladdin, " at least take me to the spot where my palace is, and place me under the window of the princess." He had barely said this before the genie, lifting him up, bore him through the air to Africa, near a large city, and in the midst of a meadow, in which the palace stood. Setting him down under one of the windows of the princess's room, he there left him.

It was night, and Aladdin slept soundly beneath a tree. Next morning he was roused by the princess opening the window. He looked up and there saw her. She saw him too, and bade him come to her through a secret door.

Soon they embraced each other with tears of joy, and then Aladdin asked her what had become of the lamp. The poor princess told him all, and begged him to forgive her, which he did, saying it must be got again by some means. He felt sure that the taking away of the palace was the work of the magician.

Then Aladdin formed his plans. He went into the city and bought a drug, which he gave to the princess later in the day, asking her to put it in the magician's wine at supper that evening.

The princess hardly liked to do such a thing, even though the magician had treated her so ill; but she did it, and no sooner had he drunk his wine than he sank, a corpse, on the floor.

Aladdin lay in hiding near the palace, and at a signal went to the princess. All the slaves and servants were sent to their own rooms while Aladdin searched for the lamp. He found it in the magician's bosom, and at once rubbed it hard.

In less time than it takes to tell the story the genie came, to whom Aladdin gave orders for the palace to be carried back just as it was to China.

The Sultan, who, in the meantime, had hardly had a wink of sleep, looked once more through his window and beheld the palace in its place. Aladdin, who had risen early, thought the Sultan would lose no time in coming to see his daughter, so he went out to meet him. The Sultan came, and he and Aladdin were friends once more. Great was the joy of every one of them, and all trouble was cast aside.

Now it chanced that the magician had a brother from whom he had been parted many years. This brother found out that the magician had been put to death by poison, and that it had been done by a princess who was wedded to a rich man of low birth. He looked for this princess in all parts of the world, and at last came to the city where Aladdin lived.

In the city there also lived a holy woman whose name was Fatima. The magician's brother made his way to her, and bade her, under pain of death, to change her clothes for his. When this was done the brother, whom we will now call Fatima and speak of as a woman, went to the palace of Aladdin and began to talk with the princess.

So pleased was the princess with the holy woman that she asked her to stay with her in the palace.

That was just what Fatima wanted, so she said she would. "Rise, then," said the princess, "follow me, and we will choose your room."

Fatima did so with feeble steps, and soon the holy woman was lodged in the palace. Every day she saw the princess, and the two became fast friends.

One day, when walking through the rooms, they came to the saloon which was the best room in the palace. Fatima said she liked it very much, but there was one thing wanting—the egg of a roc hung from the centre dome.

When Aladdin came home, having been absent for some days, the princess was sad. "What is the matter, my dear?" he asked. "Have you not all you wish for to make you happy?"

"I thought we had the most beautiful palace in the world," said the princess, "but now I find out that there is one thing wanting to make it complete—the egg of a roc hung from the centre dome of the saloon."

"As for that," said Aladdin, "it shall be done at once." Then going to the saloon he rubbed the lamp, which he now always kept in his bosom. The genie came, and, on hearing what Aladdin wished, he gave such a wild and loud shriek that all the walls of the palace shook.

"Wretch," cried the genie, "you want me to hang my master from the dome; but it is a good thing for you that the request is not your own. It comes from the magician's brother, who is now in this palace, dressed as a holy woman. Find him, and slay him at once."

Then Aladdin went back to the princess, and the holy woman was sent for. She came, and Aladdin asked her to cure a pain which he had in his head.

Now was the holy woman's chance to slay Aladdin and secure the lamp.

He bent his head for Fatima to place her hand upon it, when lo! all at once Aladdin rose, seized a dagger which Fatima had already grasped from under her cloak, and thrust it into her heart.

"What have you done?" cried the princess.

"This is not a holy woman at all," said Aladdin, "but the brother of that cruel magician who has done us both so much hurt. He has come to his fate. Now we shall indeed be happy."

These words were spoken in truth, for Aladdin and his dear princess lived for many years in each other's love; and, when the Sultan died, Aladdin took his place and ruled his land in peace.



He quickly climbed a tree and hid himself.

THE STORY OF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

from "The Arabian Nights"

ALI BABA and Cassim were brothers who lived in a town in Persia. Cassim was rich and famous, while Ali Baba was so poor that he had to earn a living by cutting wood and selling it in the town.

One day when Ali Baba was in the forest he saw a number of horsemen coming towards him, and fearing that they might be robbers he quickly climbed a tree and hid himself.

There were forty in all, and when they came near the tree where Ali Baba was hiding they dismounted. After they had tied up their horses and fed them, they all turned and followed their captain to a rock near by. "Open Sesame," cried the leader, and a door opened in the rock. The men entered one by one, and the captain followed; then the door closed of itself.

Ali Baba waited, and after some time he saw the robbers filing out again. When they were out of sight he went up to the rock and called out, "Open Sesame." The door flew open at the words, and Ali Baba stepping inside was surprised to find himself in a well-lighted cavern, filled with all sorts of valuable goods piled one upon another. There were bales of silk, rolls of rich carpeting, heaps of gold and silver ingots, and bags of money.

Ali Baba loaded his asses with some of the gold, and, having covered the bags with his sticks, hurried home to tell his wife of his good fortune. She was overjoyed at the sight of all the money, and wanted to count it; but Ali Baba advised her not to take the trouble, as there was so much. "Then I will borrow a small measure from your brother Cassim and measure it, and while I am away you can be digging a hole for it," she said.

Now, Cassim's wife, knowing how poor her sister-in-law was, felt greatly surprised that she wanted a measure. So, in order to find out what it was for, she slyly put some suet at the bottom of the measure. Ali Baba's wife going home filled it again and again with the gold, and then, being anxious to return the measure as quickly as possible, hurried off with it without noticing that a piece of gold was sticking to the bottom.

Of course, Ali Baba's secret was out, and early next morning, Cassim, going to his brother, threatened to take him before the sheriff if he did not confess the whole truth about the coin. Ali Baba even had to repeat the very words to be used in order to open the door in the rock.

However, although Cassim managed to enter the cave, he was so busy picking up as much treasure as he could and thinking how wealthy he would now be that he quite forgot the magic words. He tried over and over again to remember them; but it was of no use, he only became more confused.

Now, at noon the robbers came, and when Cassim saw the door open he tried to rush out past them, but they quickly put him to death with their swords.

Next day, when Ali Baba came to the cave to look for his brother, he was horrified to find his body cut in pieces, which were hung up just inside the door. As soon as it was dark, he carried the body to his sister-in-law's house, and unloading his ass in the courtyard, told Morgiana, a very sharp and intelligent slave, what was in the bundles.

Morgiana very cleverly spread abroad the news that her master was ill, and later that he was dead. Then she led Mustapha, an old shoemaker, blindfolded to the house, and bribed him well to sew the parts of Cassim's body together. After that Cassim was buried as if he had died a natural death.

Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed to the widow's house, taking all his own goods during the day; but the money he had removed from the cave he carried at night.

Meanwhile the robbers when they went to the cave were amazed to find Cassim's body taken away. They were not only amazed, they were terrified at the thought of having been discovered and of losing their riches.

"We must find the man who knows our secret, and kill him," said the captain decidedly. "The only way in which we can discover him is by keeping a spy in the town, and, to make certain that he will do his work properly, I promise that he shall be put to death if he fails."

Without the least sign of fear, one of the robbers jumped to his feet and offered himself for the task. Every one praised him for his courage, and when he had been well disguised, he was allowed to set out.

In due course he came to the stall of Mustapha, and by means of a number of clever questions found out from the shoemaker that he had lately sewn together the pieces of a dead body.

The robber opened his eyes when he heard this, and asked to be shown the house where such a strange task had been given a shoemaker. Mustapha,

on the promise of several pieces of gold, allowed himself to be blindfolded, and with some difficulty managed to lead the way to Cassim's house.

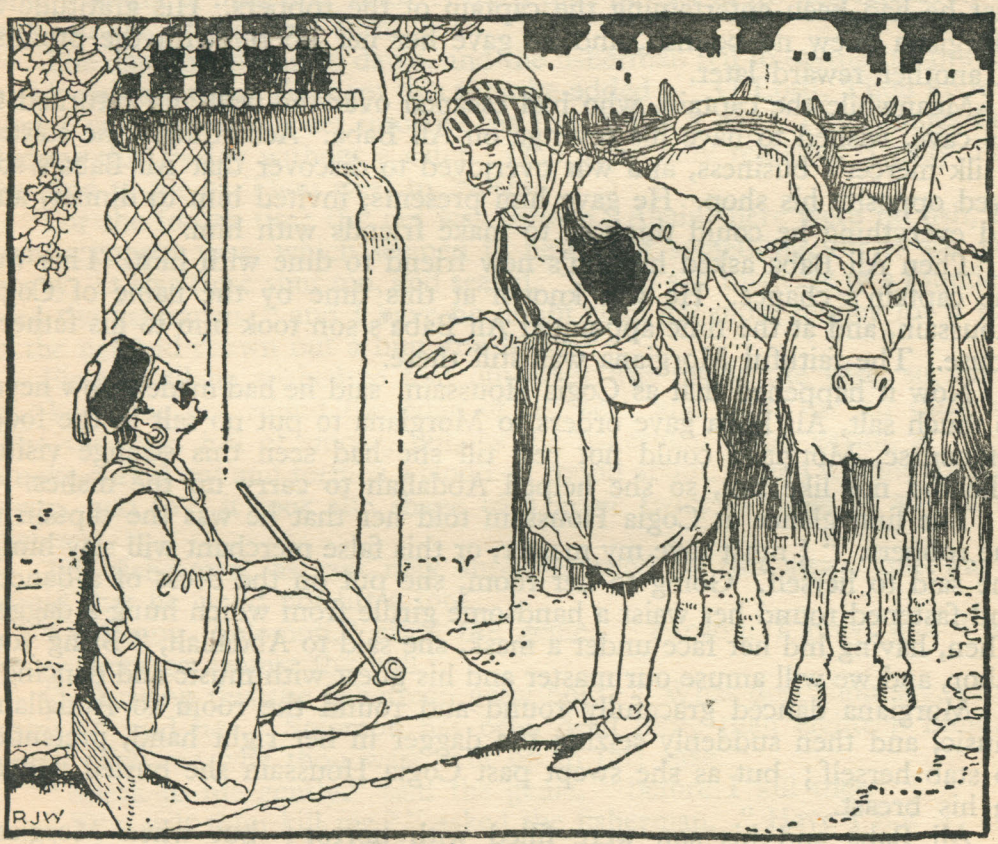
In order that he should not miss the house when he returned with his companions, the robber put a white chalk mark on the door, and having thanked Mustapha, made his way back to the camp. When the captain heard of this success he decided that the robbers should enter the city and slay the man who had learned their secret.

Meanwhile, Morgiana's sharp eyes had seen the mark on her master's door; she could not understand why it was there, but going out, she made chalk marks exactly the same on several of the neighbours' doors.

So, when the robbers came they could not tell which was the house they were seeking. The captain was very angry, and, thinking the spy had played him a trick, exclaimed, "Let the false guide be put to death!" on which the robber was quickly slain.

In spite of this, however, another came forward and offered to play the spy. He thought that if he marked the door with red chalk in a place not easily to be seen, all would be well. But Morgiana's quick eyes again discovered the mark, and when the robbers came they found so many doors with red marks that they were no further on than before.

The captain at once ordered the second offender to be put to death, and he himself set out to discover the house, with the help of Mustapha. When



Ali Baba bade him welcome to his house.

he had walked up and down in front of it long enough to fix the appearance of it firmly in his memory, he went back to the camp. " Go into all the villages about," he said, " and buy nineteen mules, with thirty-eight large leather jars, one full of oil, and the others empty."

Two days later all was ready. The mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars and one jar of oil. The captain led the way to the house. Ali Baba was sitting at the door at the time, and when the captain told him that he was on the way to the market with oil, he bade him welcome to his house. The jars were left in the garden, but the captain managed to whisper to the man in each. " When you hear me throw a few stones from my window, make haste to join me."

Fortunately, Morgiana's lamp went out for lack of oil while she was busy at her work, and there was no oil in the house. There seemed nothing for her to do but to go into the garden and take some oil out of the jars. Thus the robber's plot was found out, for instead of oil Morgiana discovered a man in the first jar she opened. " Is it time ? " he whispered. " Not yet," she replied softly.

She had to open several jars before discovering the oil, but, as soon as she got it, she ran into the house, filled a kettle with oil, boiled it, and poured enough into every jar to stifle the robber within.

Ali Baba was filled with amazement when he learned next morning that he had been entertaining the captain of the robbers. His gratitude to Morgiana knew no bounds, and he gave her her liberty with the promise of another reward later.

Meanwhile the captain, who had escaped over the wall and returned to his cave, wished to have his revenge on Ali Baba. Accordingly, he started a silk mercer's business, and was overjoyed to discover that Ali Baba's son lived opposite his shop. He gave him presents, invited him to dinner, and did everything he could think of to make friends with him.

Then Ali Baba asked his son's new friend to dine with him. This was the captain's chance. He was known at this time by the name of Cogia Houssain, and at the time appointed Ali Baba's son took him to his father's house. The faithful Morgiana was still there.

Now it happened that as Cogia Houssain said he had made a vow never to touch salt, Ali Baba gave orders to Morgiana to put no salt in the food. Of course, Morgiana could not rest till she had seen this strange visitor who did not like salt, so she helped Abdallah to carry up the dishes.

The first glance at Cogia Houssain told her that he was the captain of the robbers. " I must save my master, or this false merchant will slay him," she said to herself. Going to her room, she put on the dress of a dancer, and fastened round her waist a handsome girdle from which hung a dagger. Then, having hid her face under a mask, she said to Abdallah, " Bring your tabor, and we will amuse our master and his guest with music and dancing."

Morgiana danced gracefully round and round the room to Abdallah's music, and then suddenly seizing the dagger in her right hand, pretended to stab herself; but as she swept past Cogia Houssain she buried it deep in his breast.

Ali Baba and his son were filled with horror; but when Morgiana opened the pretended Cogia Houssain's cloak and showed them a dagger,

and told them who he really was, Ali Baba embraced her, and gave her to his son in marriage.

In due course Ali Baba taught his son the secret of the cave, which he in turn handed down to his son, and with the riches they found they were all able to live in comfort and even splendour.

The Story of the Fisherman

from " The Arabian Nights "



HERE once lived a very old fisherman who was very poor. Every morning he went out to his work, but would never cast his net into the sea more than four times. This was one of the rules of his life.

One morning, while yet the moon was up, he cast in his net, and as he drew it out he said, " How heavy it is ! I must surely have a fine catch of fish this time."

Alas ! all that was in the net was the dead body of an ass. The fisherman at once threw it into the sea, and again cast in his net.

He found it hard to draw to land this time also, but there were no fish, only a basket of mud and sand. A third time he cast in his net, and drew out only stones, shells, and filth.

The day now began to dawn, and the fisherman fell to saying his prayers, as his custom was. To them this time he added : " O Lord, Thou knowest that I only throw my net into the sea four times a day. Three times have I done this to-day without a catch. One more only remains. I pray Thee be kind to me as Thou wast to Moses."

For the fourth time the net was thrown. Again there were no fish, but only a copper vase, which seemed to be full of something, for it was very heavy. It was close shut too, and sealed. " I will sell this vase to a founder," said the fisherman, " and I have no doubt shall get more money for it than if the net had drawn out a hundred fishes."

First of all he wished to find out what was inside the vase, so, taking his knife, he cut round the edge of the seal, and soon the lid came off. The vase was full of smoke, but, as the fisherman stood gazing at it, the smoke curled out and formed a cloud all round about. Then it came together again, and lo ! it took the shape of a genie twice as large as any of the giants.

The fisherman, as you may suppose, tried to run away, but was so afraid that he could not lift a foot.

" Solomon, Solomon," cried the genie. " Pardon, I pray, and I will never more go against thy will."

On hearing this the fisherman grew bold. " What dost thou say, proud spirit ? " said he. " Solomon has been dead more than eighteen hundred years. Tell me why thou wast shut up in this vase."

" Speak to me gently," said the genie, " before I kill thee."

" Why wilt thou kill me ? " asked the fisherman. " Have I not set thee free ? Wilt thou return evil for good ? "



The vase was full of smoke.

"Indeed, I *must* kill thee," said the genie, "but since thou art a good fisherman, I will grant thee one boon."

"What is that?" asked the fisherman.

"You may choose the manner of your death," replied the genie. Then he added, "Listen to my story. King Solomon shut me up in this vase to punish me. He gave the vase to an evil genie, who threw it into the sea. I then made a vow, and said that the person who drew me out in the first hundred years should become a very rich man. Alas! the time went by, and no one drew me out.

"Two other ages also passed by, and still I was not set free. Then, at last, I said I would kill the person who should draw me out, but would grant him the favour to choose how he should die."

"Alack, woe is me!" said the fisherman. "Take back thy vow, and God will forgive you."

"No," said the genie. "Thou must surely die."

The fisherman now felt all in a faint, and was about to fall to the ground. Then he took courage and said to the genie, "I submit to the will of God, but first I must ask you something."

"Be quick then," said the genie. "What is it?"

"I wish to know," said the fisherman, "if you were really in that vase. I cannot believe it. Do you swear it by the great name of God?"

"I swear," said the genie.

"Why," replied the fisherman, with a laugh, "that vase is not big enough to hold one of your feet, let alone all your body, and I shall not think you speak the truth unless you show me."

" Then I will," said the genie, who instantly turned into smoke, and bit by bit curled into the vase.

A voice came out of the smoke. " Do I speak the truth ? " asked the genie.

" Wait a bit," said the fisherman, as he quickly put the cover on the vase. " It is now your turn to ask for pardon. But no, I will throw you back into the sea, and on this spot I will build a house and live in it. I will warn all fishermen not to cast their nets hereabouts, and never more shall you be free."

The genie tried hard to move the fisherman to pity, and at last he said, " If you will promise in the great name of God not to harm me I will open the vase."

The genie was ready to promise anything, and did so at once. Then the fisherman took off the cover, and out came the genie.

" Take up your net and follow me," he said, " and I will show you how to get rich."

The two then went away from the city over the top of a high hill to a pond with hills on all its four sides.

" Throw your net into the pond, and catch fish," said the genie.

The fisherman did so, and when he drew out the net, he found he had caught four beautiful fishes, each of a different colour—one red, one white, one blue, and one yellow.

" Take these fishes to the palace," said the genie, " and give them to the Sultan, who will be so pleased with them that he will give you more money than you have ever had in your life. You may come every day and fish in this pond, but if you cast your net more than once a day, some evil will fall upon you."

When the genie had said this he struck the ground with his foot, and lo ! the earth opened and took him from sight.

The fisherman took up his four fishes, and lost no time in going to the palace.

The Sultan was so pleased with the fishes that he said to his porter, " Pray take these four hundred pieces of gold to the fisherman who brought the fishes, and tell him he may bring me four others of the same sort every day of his life at the same price."

This was glad news for the fisherman when he heard it. Never did his family want for food.

The Enchanted Horse

from " The Arabian Nights "



IN the fair land of Persia, long, long ago, the first day of each year was kept as a time of great rejoicing, when people of all countries brought before the sultan any new or wonderful things they had. On one of these feast days a poor Indian came, and he claimed to have the most wonderful horse that had ever been made by man.

" I praise my horse," said he, " not for his looks, but for what he is

able to do. He will carry me to any place I wish to visit, and if your majesty chooses, I will show you his power."

" Go then," replied the sultan, " to yonder mountain and bring back to me a branch of the palm that grows at its foot."

Mounting the horse, the Indian turned a peg in the creature's neck, and the next moment was carried into the air and out of sight. In less than a quarter of an hour he came back, bearing the palm branch in his hand.

Upon this, the sultan offered to buy the horse, but the Indian would not take money for it.

" I will take only your daughter in exchange for the horse," he said, at which the officers standing round laughed aloud; but the prince, the son of the sultan, fearing his father might make the bargain, drew near and said, " Sir, you surely will not insult the princess, my sister, by giving her in marriage to this vain fellow ! "

" Son ! " replied the sultan, " it may be the man will take some other reward for the animal, which is so truly wonderful, that I do not wish any other prince to become the owner of it. But, before I bargain with him, I should like to see you try the animal."

To this the Indian agreed, and the prince mounted; but, before the Indian had told him what to do, he turned the peg, and was carried high into the air.

" Sir," cried the Indian, turning to the sultan in alarm, " I pray you will not blame me should any harm befall the prince, your son. I would have told him all he should know of the working of the horse had he given me the chance. Unless he finds the second peg, he cannot return to the earth again."

On hearing this, the sultan became greatly troubled, and the Indian, in order to calm him, continued, " Have no fear, your majesty. The horse will carry him safely over sea and land, and should he fail to see the second peg, he has but to wish to be in a certain place, and the horse will even carry him there."

" I hope that what you say is true," the sultan answered, " but, in case it is not, I shall keep you in prison until my son returns."

Now, the prince, on finding the horse travel on and on, rising higher and higher all the time, tried his best to stop it. At last, after some searching, he found the second peg, which he turned. No sooner had he done this than the horse began to descend, and the prince at length found himself on the roof of a great palace. It was now quite dark, for the night had come, but after a time he found a small staircase, which led him to a small room, where lay several enormous black servants fast asleep.

Passing these with great care, he entered another room, where, on a raised bed, lay a beautiful princess, and around her several women all sound asleep. Feeling that his only safety lay in begging the princess to protect him, he wakened her.

" Princess," he said when her eyes were open, " you see before you the son of the King of Persia, who finds himself in your palace, and at the mercy of your servants, unless you will have the goodness to help him."

" Prince," replied the lady, who was the daughter of the King of Bengal, " have no fear. In this country you will find nothing but welcome. As you

must be in need of food and rest, I will send some of my women to see to your comfort, and in the morning I will hear your strange story."

Upon this the women led the prince to a large room filled with much beautiful furniture, and, while some got food for him, others made ready a bed, on which, as soon as he had eaten, he lay down.

In the morning the princess dressed herself with more than usual care, for she already loved the handsome prince who had come to her in so strange a manner. As soon as she was ready, " Go," said she to a servant, " to the Prince of Persia, and ask if he is ready to receive a visit from me." The prince, having heard the message, awaited her coming with great joy.

" Prince," she said, as soon as the greetings were over, " I came here because no one will come into this room. I pray you tell me to what I owe the pleasure of seeing you in my palace."

The prince told her of the coming of the poor Indian to the feast of the New Year, of his wonderful horse, and of his wish to exchange it for the hand of the Princess of Persia. He told her, too, of his own fear lest his father should consent, and also of his folly in leaving the ground without first having learned the working of the animal.

" At last," he said, " I found a second peg, and turning it, was soon brought down to the terrace on the roof of your palace. Creeping softly down the stairs and past your servants, I reached your room and wakened you. The rest of the story is known to you, and all that is now left for me to do is to thank you for your goodness, and to declare that you have already won my heart by your beauty and your kindness."

On this, the princess, blushing with pleasure, answered, " Prince, I have listened to your story with great interest, but I can hardly help shaking with fear when I think of your danger. It is well that the enchanted horse brought you to my palace. I do not, however, find myself able to believe that I have won your heart, for it is far more likely that you have given it to some fair lady of Persia."

It was now time for dinner, and the princess, leading the way to a beautiful hall, sat down with the prince to a most dainty repast.

" Prince," said the princess, when dinner was over, " you may now be thinking of returning to your own country ; but you should not leave the kingdom of Bengal without first seeing the palace of the king my father."

Now, though the Prince of Persia would gladly have done this, he felt he could not visit the father of the princess in the clothing he then wore. When he told the princess this, she replied that she would supply him with all he needed, feeling sure that if her father saw the Prince of Persia, he would allow her to marry him.

The prince, however, would not agree. " If you will permit me," he said, " I will first return to Persia and let my father know of my safety ; then I will come back, not as a stranger, but as a prince, and ask your hand in marriage."

Yet, as the princess seemed so little pleased to let him go, he stayed on and on until he had been two whole months in the kingdom of Bengal. Banquets and balls were given in his honour ; but at last he resolved to set out for Persia and to take the princess with him.

Placing her on the enchanted horse, therefore, he mounted behind,

turned the peg, and was quickly carried to the chief city of his father's kingdom. Here he left the princess in the care of the housekeeper, at one of his father's smaller residences on the outskirts of the town, and hurried off to the sultan, who had long thought him dead.

When the sultan had heard the prince's story, he ordered that all signs of mourning in the court should be put away, and declared that he would not only consent to the marriage, but that he would himself go and meet the princess whom his son so dearly loved.

Before setting out, however, he sent for the Indian, to whom he said, " I kept you in prison in order to put you to death unless my son returned in safety. I thank God he has so returned. Go, therefore, take your horse, and never enter my kingdom again."

Now the Indian, having learned on his way from the prison about the princess whom the king's son had brought home, resolved, on leaving the palace, to carry her off. And this he did with little trouble, for the princess, thinking he had been sent to fetch her, mounted the horse with him, and was carried away over the heads of the sultan and the prince, who, though they saw her, could not help her.

Ths king returned in sorrow to the palace, but the prince, dressing himself as a dervish, set out to find where she had been carried, and to save her from the wicked Indian, who meant to make her his wife.

But the princess, on learning what the Indian wished, would not listen to him ; so he treated her with great violence, and one day, when he was more cruel than usual, she screamed so loudly that some horsemen passing by came to her aid.

One of these horsemen proved to be the Sultan of Cashmere, and he, hearing the princess's story, slew the Indian, and took her to his own palace, meaning to marry her himself, for he was much struck by her wonderful beauty.

Though he had not yet asked her consent, he ordered the rejoicings to begin at once ; but the princess, having given her word to the Prince of Persia, would not marry the Sultan of Cashmere, and, in order to stop him from forcing her to do so, she pretended to go mad.

So wildly did she behave that the sultan sent for many doctors, none of whom, however, could cure her.

At last the sultan offered a reward to any doctor of any country who should restore the Princess of Bengal to health again.

Now it chanced that the Prince of Persia heard of this, and feeling sure the sick person must be his own lost princess, went to Cashmere. By the sultan's leave he entered the room in which she was sitting, and singing softly to herself of the prince to whom she had given her heart.

On seeing him she took him for another doctor, for his beard had grown very long, so she flew into a great rage. But the prince, speaking so that none but she could hear, told her who he was, and that he had come to save her. On this she grew quiet, and the prince, returning to the sultan, said he thought he could cure her if he were allowed to do it in his own way. " But, sir," he said, " it would be of great help to me if I knew how the princess came to be in Cashmere, which is very far from her own country."

To this the sultan replied that she had been carried there by an Indian

on an enchanted horse, which he had put in his treasury because it was such a wonderful animal.

"That horse," said the prince, "is the cause of all the trouble. The princess has been enchanted by riding on it, and I am now sure I can cure her by the aid of the animal, if your majesty will order it to be brought out into the great square before the palace."

Ths very next day the enchanted horse was placed in the square, and all the people and the nobles of the court stood around, to watch the new doctor cure the Princess of Bengal of her madness.

Dressed in rich garments, with jewels sparkling on her neck and wrists, the princess came from the castle, with a great many ladies, who helped her to mount the enchanted horse. In full view of the sultan and all his people she sat, while the pretended doctor walked three times round the horse, his hands crossed on his breast, and strange words coming from his lips.

Then, placing round the horse a great many vessels of fire he had ordered to be brought, he mounted behind the princess, who was quite hidden by the thick smoke, turned the peg, and, before any one knew what was happening, both of them were carried high into the air.

"Sultan of Cashmere," cried the Prince of Persia, as they passed over his head, "the next time you wish to marry a lady, you had better first ask her consent."

The enchanted horse soon carried them back to Persia, where, as soon as possible, the prince and princess were married. The Sultan of Persia was quite willing, and the King of Bengal thought his daughter greatly honoured in being chosen by so brave a man as the prince had proved himself to be.



OUT IN THE RAIN

by MARION ST. JOHN WEBB

Two steps down,
  An' into the garden.
Through the gate,
An' into the lane.
  Nobody's seen me!
  Nobody's seen me!
All by myself I am out in the rain.

Brown little puddles—
  The mud makes me slip—
Rain from the willow trees,
  Drip,
    drip,
      drip,
A little worm wiggles across over there;
And I laugh, an' I'm runnin', with rain in my hair.

I stop at the corner an' pick up a stick,
But all in a sudden I hear the gate click.
  And oh! it is Jane!
  She's out in the lane!
An' runnin' towards me as quickly as quick!

I wish I could be jus' a brown little worm
  That wiggles an' wiggles along in the lane,
And hasn't got no one to fetch him his hat,
  And scold him for being outside in the rain.

Through the gate,
An' back in the garden.
Two steps up,
  An' into the hall.
  Nothin' an' nobody's nice at all.



THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

by
JOHN RUSKIN

CHAPTER I

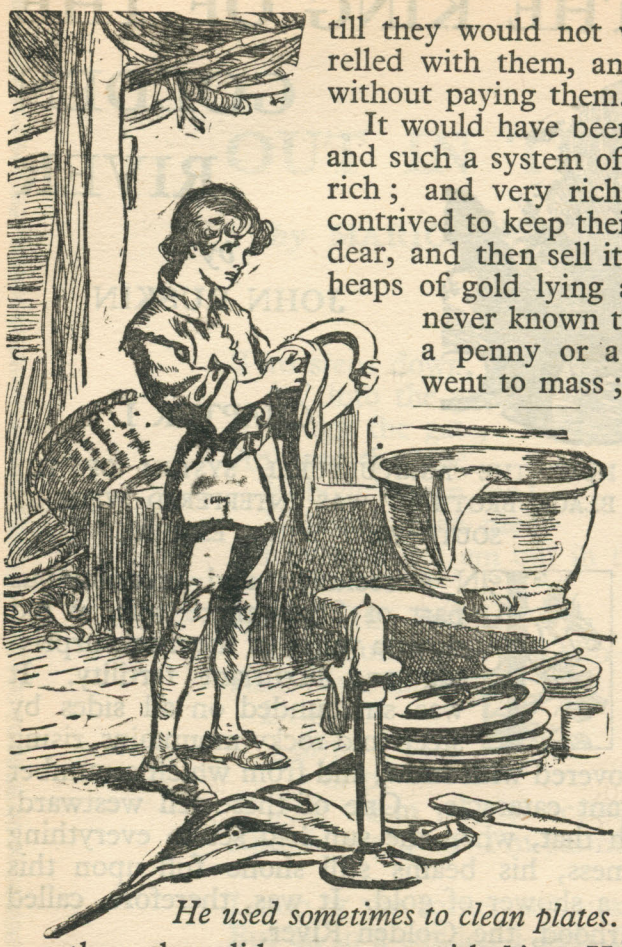
HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood, the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eye-brows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*.

They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows. They poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages,



He used sometimes to clean plates.

till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They never went to mass; they grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nick-name of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honourable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight.

Only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, was all safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck,

who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very long nose, slightly brass-coloured, and expanding towards its termination into a development not unlike the lower extremity of a key-bugle; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes; his moustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth; and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times



"Hollo!" said the little gentleman.

his own length. Gluck was so perfectly paralysed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

" Hollo ! " said the little gentleman, " that's not the way to answer the door : I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella ; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

" I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, " I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

" Can't what ! " said the old gentleman.

" I can't let you in, sir—I can't, indeed ; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir ? "

" Want ? " said the old gentleman petulantly. " I want fire and shelter ; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say ; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing.

" He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck ; " I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

Round he went to the door, and opened it ; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

" That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. " Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

" Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. " I can't let you stay till they come ; they'd be the death of me."

" Dear me," said the old gentleman, " I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay ? "

" Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, " and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

" You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping, among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable : never was such a cloak ; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

" I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour ; " mayn't I take your cloak ? "

" No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

" Your cap, sir ? "

" I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

" But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly ; " but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

" It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor drily.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behaviour of his guest ; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

" That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. " Can't you give me a little bit ? "

" Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

" I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman : " I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle ! "

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart.

" They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he ; " I can give you that, but not a bit more."

" That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife.

" I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he.

Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

" What did you keep us waiting in the rain for ? " said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

" Ay ! what for, indeed, you little vagabond ? " said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

" Bless my soul ! " said Schwartz when he opened the door.

" Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

" Who's that ! " said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

" I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

" How did he get in ? " roared Schwartz.

" My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, " he was so *very* wet ! "

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head ; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

" Who are you, sir ? " demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

" What's your business ? " snarled Hans.

" I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, " and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs."

They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it.



Away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin.

Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness.

"Gentlemen, I wish

you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"



"What's that?" cried Schwartz.

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room.

As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on there."

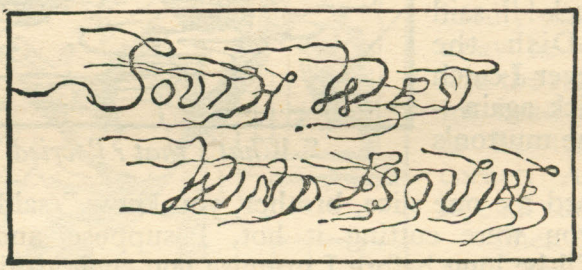
They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud.

The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away; and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:



CHAPTER II

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct.

So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door.

So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal; and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink!

When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house: leaving him as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever.

"And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way."

He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River.

It was just at the close of the day; and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple

with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there; and he sat down again at the window.

This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?"

He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la."

All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, he was right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronunciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a

liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.



Gluck sloped it, so as to pour out the gold."

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement.

He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colours gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor.

When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might, indeed, be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively, "No, it wouldn't." And with

that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard.

This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself to his full height.

"I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River."

Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events.

"I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in, was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

CHAPTER III

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

THE King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house very savagely drunk.

The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they

dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself.

Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed.

In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbours, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water, was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison; and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good-morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him; and, advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines



Hans shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face.

of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapour, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran, in sharp touches of ruddy colour, along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills.

He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous encumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade

of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt.

"Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.



He hurled it into the centre of the torrent.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment.

Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides.

Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to

bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair.

"Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life."

He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade.

The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood on the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder.

Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over



The Black Stone.

CHAPTER IV

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night.

When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine; and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right.

So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him.

The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on.

And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and, when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. There he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and behold, a mist, of the colour of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing



He gave all his money to Schwartz.

and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

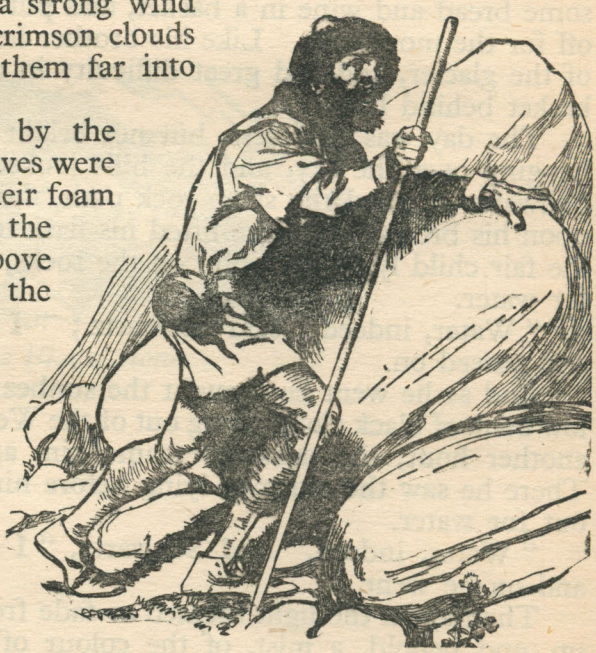
Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water.

"Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?"

And he strode over the figure. Yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness.

And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the



A sudden horror came over Schwartz.

CHAPTER V

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

WHEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money.

So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River.

"The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone."

So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice.

He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water."

Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck.

But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty.

Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water.

Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies



" Don't be frightened, it's all right."

darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again ; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him ; and he thought of the dwarf's words, " that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt ; " and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. " Poor beastie," said Gluck, " it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it."

Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it.

" Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck ; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden ; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling ; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

" Thank you," said the monarch ; " but don't be frightened, it's all right ; " for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation.

" Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, " instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones ? Very hard stones they make too."

" Oh, dear me ! " said Gluck, " have you really been so cruel ? "

" Cruel ! " said the dwarf, " they poured unholy water into my stream : do you suppose I'm going to allow that ? "

" Why," said Gluck, " I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand.

"Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became very indistinct. The playing colours of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light: he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. Then the colours grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened, where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity.

Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.



The Black Brothers

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the

Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And for him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS



The Banks o' Doon

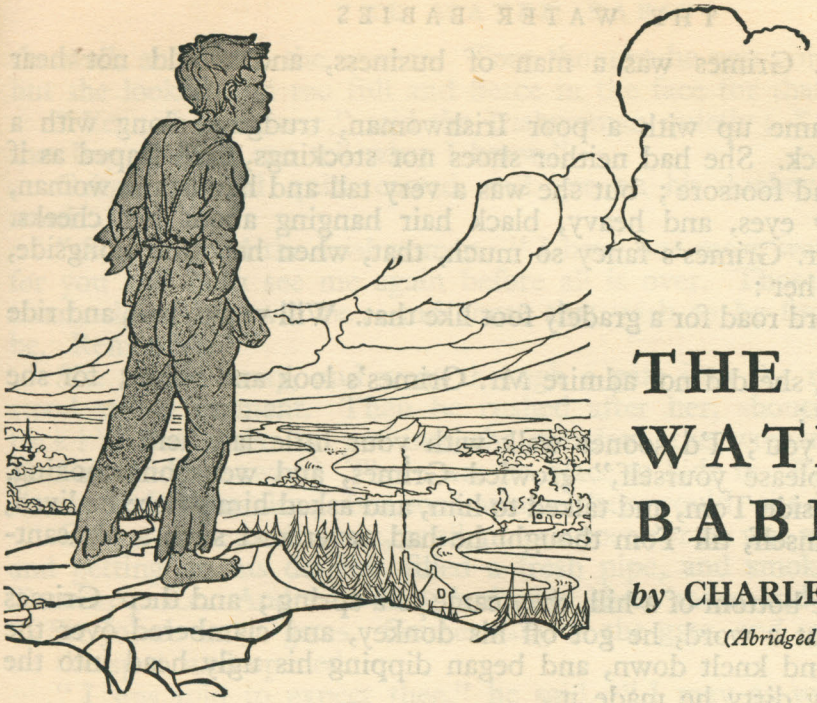
by ROBERT BURNS



Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.



Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



THE WATER BABIES

by CHARLES KINGSLEY

(Abridged and Adapted)

CHAPTER I

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall, to heave half a brick at his horse's legs; but the groom halloed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. Then the groom rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand. When he got up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again, in order to teach him that he must be an extra good boy that day. So he and his master set out; Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom, with the brushes, walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window-shutters, and the winking, weary policemen, and the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

Soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass, and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and they heard the skylark saying his matins high up in the air, and the pit bird warbling in the sedges, as he warbled all night long. On they went; and Tom looked, and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before; and longed to get over a gate, and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the

hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not hear of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall and handsome woman, with bright gray eyes, and heavy, black hair hanging about her cheeks. And she took Mr. Grimes's fancy so much, that, when he came alongside, he called out to her:

"This is a hard road for a gradely foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me?"

But, perhaps, she did not admire Mr. Grimes's look and voice; for she answered quietly:

"No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

"You may please yourself," growled Grimes, and went on smoking. So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring; and there Grimes stopped. Without a word, he got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down, and began dipping his ugly head into the spring—and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irishwoman helped him, and showed him how to tie them up; and a very pretty nosegay they made between them. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said:

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'Twasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town pump; and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes; "what dost want with washing thyself?"

"I don't care for you," said naughty Tom, and ran down to the stream, and began washing his face. Grimes dashed at him and tore him up from his knees, and began beating him.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman, over the wall.

Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name; but all he answered was, "No, nor never was yet;" and went on beating Tom.

"True for you. If you ever had been ashamed of yourself, you would have gone over into Vendale long ago."

"What do you know about Vendale?" shouted Grimes; but he left off beating Tom.

"I know about Vendale, and about you, too. I know, for instance, what happened in Aldermire Copse, by night, two years ago come Martinmas."

"You do?" shouted Grimes; and leaving Tom, he climbed up over

the wall, and faced the woman. Tom thought he was going to strike her; but she looked him too full and fierce in the face for that.

"Yes; I was there," said the Irishwoman quietly; "and if you strike that boy again, I can tell what I know."

Grimes seemed quite cowed, and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman. "I have one more word for you both; for you will both see me again before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember!"

She turned away, and went through a gate into the meadow. Grimes stood still a moment. Then he rushed after her, shouting, "You come back!" But when he got into the meadow, the woman was not there. Had she hidden away? There was no place to hide in. But Grimes looked about, and Tom also; but look where they would, she was not there.

Grimes came back again, as silent as a post, for he was a little frightened; and getting on his donkey, filled a fresh pipe, and smoked away, leaving Tom in peace. And now they had gone three miles and more, and come to Sir John's lodge gates. Grimes rang at the gate, and out came a keeper on the spot, and opened.

"I was told to expect thee," he said. "I may as well walk up with thee to the hall."

They walked up a great lime avenue, a full mile long. Tom had never seen such enormous trees, and, as he looked up, he fancied that the blue sky rested on their heads. Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gate, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back door, where the ash-boy let them in, yawning horribly; and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys, and not Tom.

Grimes listened, and said, every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar?" and Tom did mind, all at least that he could. Then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up with sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin; and so after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney.

How many chimneys Tom swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, and at last he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

The room was all dressed in white—white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was gay all over with little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were, one a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The next thing he saw, and that too puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water—what a heap of things all for washing! "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want as much scrubbing as all that. But I don't see a speck about the room, nor even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw the dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she was a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

No. She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty, thought Tom to himself. Then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?"

Turning round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold! it was himself, reflected in a great mirror the like of which Tom had never seen before.

Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears with shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again to hide; and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom doubled under the good lady's arm across the room, and out of the window in a moment. Down he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park toward the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

The under-gardener saw Tom, and, with all the other servants and Sir John himself, gave chase. Up the park and over the wall Tom went, until he got on to a wide moor, and no one saw him except the Irishwoman who had been kind to him on the road. At last he began to get a little hungry, and very thirsty; for he had run a long way, and the sun had risen high in the heavens, and the rock was as hot as an oven. But he could see nothing to eat anywhere, and still less to drink.

So he went on and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church-bells ringing, a long way off. And in a minute

more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is!"

Down below he saw a deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow, and filled with woods; but through the woods, hundreds of feet below him, he could see a clear stream! Then, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden set out in squares and beds. And there was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden, no bigger than a fly. As Tom looked down he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat. Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. And there were the church bells ringing again. Surely there must be a village down there, and he could get down in five minutes.



There lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen.

Tom was wrong about getting there in five minutes, for the cottage was more than a mile off, and a good thousand feet below. However, down he went, like a brave little man as he was, though he was very footsore, and tired, and hungry, and thirsty; while the church-bells rang so loud, he began to think that they must be inside his own head, and the river chimed and tinkled far below; and this was the song which it sang:

"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool:
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

So Tom went down; and all the while he never saw the Irishwoman going down behind him.

CHAPTER II

A MILE off, and a thousand feet down.

At last Tom got to the bottom. He lay down on the grass and fell asleep till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose. Then he woke up, and stumbled away, down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door.

He peeped in, half-afraid. And there sat by the empty fireplace, which was filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat and clean white cap. At her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats; and opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve or fourteen neat, rosy, chubby children learning their Chris-cross-row; and gabble enough they made about it.

Such a pleasant cottage it was, with a shiny, clean stone floor, and a cuckoo clock in the corner, which began shouting as soon as Tom appeared; not that it was frightened at Tom, but that it was just eleven o'clock.

"What art thou, and what dost thou want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint; and sank down upon the doorstep, and laid his head against the post.

The old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three; and then she said, "He's sick; and a bairn's a bairn, sweep or none."

"Water," said Tom.

"Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room, and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread. Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up, revived.

"Where didst come from?" said the dame.

"I came from the Place;" and Tom told all the truth in a few words.

"Bless thy little heart! Why, God's guided the bairn, because he was innocent. Why dost not eat thy bread? It's good enough, for I made it myself."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees, and then asked, "Is it Sunday?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Because I hear the church-bells ringing so."

"Bless thy pretty heart! The bairn's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll hap thee up somewhere. If thou wert a bit cleaner, I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come along here."

But when Tom tried to get up, he was so tired and giddy, that she had to help him. She put him in an outhouse upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time.

But Tom did not fall asleep. Instead of it he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the river and cool himself. Then he heard the church-bells ring

so loud, close to him too, that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old dame had said.

All of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, over the road, with the stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." He had got there on his own legs, between asleep and awake. But he was not a bit surprised, and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear limestone water, with every pebble at the bottom bright and clean, while the little silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean, I must be clean."

He pulled of all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. He put his poor hot sore feet into the water, and then his legs; and the farther he went in, the more the church-bells rang in his head. And all the while he saw the Irishwoman, not behind him this time, but in front.

Just before he came to the riverside, she had stepped down into the cool, clear water, and her shawl and her petticoat floated off her, and green water-weeds floated round her sides, and the white water-lilies floated round her head, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and bore her away; for she was the queen of them all.

"I have brought you a new little brother," she said, "and watched him safe all the way here. But mind, maidens, he must not see you, or know that you are here. You must not play with him, or speak to him, or let him see you; but only keep him from being harmed."

Then the fairies were sad, because they could not play with their new brother, but they always did what they were told. All this Tom, of course, never saw or heard: for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear cool stream.

He had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamed about the green meadows and the tall elm trees, and the sleeping cows, and after that he dreamed of nothing at all. The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple; and yet hardly any one has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

The kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom; but there was no Tom there. So she went in again quite sulky, thinking that little Tom had tricked her. But she altered her mind the next day.

When Sir John and the rest of them had run themselves out of breath, and lost Tom, they went back again, looking very foolish. They looked more foolish still when they heard the whole story from Miss Ellie, the little lady in white. All she had seen was a poor little black chimney-sweep, crying and sobbing, and going to get up the chimney again. Of course, she was very much frightened; and no wonder. But that was all. The boy had taken nothing in the room; by the mark of his little sooty feet, they could see that he had never been off the hearthrug till the nurse caught hold of him. It was all a mistake.

The next day Sir John and the rest went out again, and when they came to the old dame's school, all the children came out to see. The old dame came out too; and when she saw Sir John she curtsied very low, for she was a tenant of his.

"Well, dame, how are you?" said Sir John.

"Blessings on you as broad as your back, Harthover," says she—she didn't call him Sir John, but only Harthover, for that is the fashion in the North country—"and welcome into Vendale; but you're no hunting the fox this time of the year?"

"I'm looking for a lost child, a chimney-sweep, that has run away."

"Oh, Harthover, Harthover," says she, "ye were always a just man and a merciful; and ye'll no harm the poor little lad if I give you tidings of him?"

"Not I, not I, dame. I'm afraid we hunted him out of the house all on a miserable mistake, and——"

Whereat the old dame broke out crying, without letting him finish his story.

"So he told me the truth after all, poor little dear! Ah, a body's heart'll guide them right, if they will but hearken to it." And then she told Sir John all.

And Tom?

Ah, now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, found himself swimming about in the stream, being about four inches long, with something which he mistook for a lace frill round his neck, till he pulled at it, found he hurt himself, and made up his mind that it was part of himself, and best left alone.

In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

A water-baby? You never heard of a water-baby. Perhaps not. That is the very reason why this story was written.

Good Sir John did not understand all this, and he took it into his head that Tom was drowned. Then Sir John did something as like crying as ever he did in his life, and the groom-boy cried, and the huntsman cried, and the dame cried, and the dairymaid cried, and the old nurse cried (for it was somewhat her fault), and My Lady cried. And the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week, and never forgot poor little Tom.

And always after this, the old dame sang an old, old song, as she sat spinning. The children could not understand it, but they liked it none the less for that; for it was very sweet, and very sad. And these are the words of it:

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

"When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young."

And all the while Tom was swimming about in the river, with a pretty little lace collar of gills about his neck, as lively as a grig, and as clean as a fresh-run salmon.

CHAPTER III

Tom felt himself quite at home in the water, and what is better still, he was clean. He was very happy in the water. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.

Sometimes he went along the smooth gravel waterways, looking at the crickets which run in and out among the stones, as rabbits do on land; or he went into a still corner, and watched the caddises eating dead sticks as greedily as you would eat plum pudding, and building their houses with silk and glue. Very fanciful ladies they were; none of them would keep to the same materials for a day. One would begin with some pebbles; then she would stick on a piece of green wood; then she found a shell, and stuck it on too; then she stuck on a piece of rotten wood, then a very smart pink stone, and so on, till she was patched all over like an Irishman's coat.

Then she found a long straw, five times as long as herself, and said, "Hurrah!



The fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

my sister has a tail, and I'll have one too;" and she stuck it on her back, and marched about with it quite proud, though it was very inconvenient indeed. And, at that, tails became all the fashion among the caddis-baits in that pool, and they all toddled about with long straws sticking out behind, tumbling over one another, and looking so ridiculous, that Tom laughed at them till he cried.

Now you must know that all the things under the water talk; only not such a language as ours; but such as horses, and dogs, and cows, and birds talk to each other; and Tom soon learned to understand them; so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had been a good boy. But I am sorry to say, he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport. Some people say that boys cannot help it; boys can help it, and must help it.

Tom, however, pecked and howked the poor water-things about sadly, till they were all afraid of him, and got out of his way, or crept into their shells; so he had no one to speak to or play with. The water-fairies, of course, were very sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to take him and tell him how naughty he was, and teach him to be good, and to play and romp with him, too; but they had been forbidden to do that. Tom had to learn his lesson for himself as many another foolish person has to do.

At last one day he found a caddis, and wanted it to peep out of its house; but its house door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house door before; so what must he do, the meddlesome little fellow, but pull it open, to see what the poor lady was doing inside. So Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in, the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's. But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer; for her mouth and face were tied up in a new nightcap of neat pink skin. However, if she didn't answer, all the other little caddises did; for they held up their hands and shrieked, "Oh, you nasty, horrid boy; there you are at it again! And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and then she would have come out with such beautiful wings, and flown about, and laid such a lot of eggs: and now you have broken her door, and she can't mend it, because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die. Who sent you here to worry us out of our lives?"

Tom swam away. He was very much ashamed of himself. Then he came to a pool full of little trout, and began tormenting them, and trying to catch them. But as Tom chased them, a huge old brown trout, ten times as big as he was, ran right against him, and knocked all the breath out of his body; and I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

Then he went on sulky and lonely, as he deserved to be; and under a bank he saw a very ugly, dirty creature sitting, about half as big as himself; which had six legs, and a big stomach, and a funny head with two great eyes, and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow to be sure!" and he began making faces at him; and put his nose close to him, and halloed at him, like a very rude boy.

When, hey presto! all the thing's donkey-face came off in a moment, and out popped a long arm with a pair of pincers at the end of it, and caught Tom by the nose.

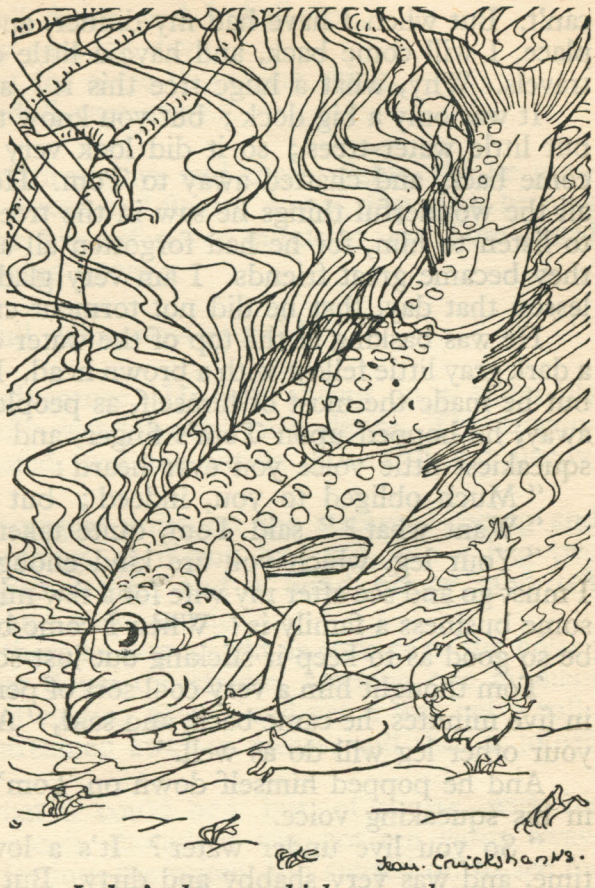
"Yah! ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and he let go. "Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split, and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split too. I will split!"

He swelled himself, and puffed, and stretched himself out stiff, and at last—crack, puff, bang—he opened all down his back, and then up to the top of his head. Out of his inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom; but very pale and weak. It looked about a bit and then walked up a grass stem to the top of the water. Tom went to the top of the water, too, and peeped out to see what would happen.



I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

As the creature sat in the warm, bright sun, a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm; the most lovely colours began to show on its body, blue and yellow and black, spots and bars and rings; out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head, and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it. But the thing whirred up into the air, and hung poised on its wings a moment, and then settled down again by Tom quite fearless.

"No!" it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine, and hawk over the river, and catch gnats, and have a beautiful wife like myself." And he flew away into the air, and began catching gnats.

"Oh, come back, come back," cried Tom. "I have no one to play with, and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly; "for you

can't. But when I have had my dinner, and looked a little about this pretty place, I will come back, and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels. Why, what a huge tree this is! and what huge leaves on it!"

It was only a big dock; but you know the dragon-fly had never seen any but little water-trees; so it did look very big to him. The dragon-fly did come back, and chatted away to Tom. He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful things he saw in the trees and meadows; and Tom liked to listen to him, for he had forgotten all about them. So, in a little while, they became great friends. I am very glad to say that Tom learned such a lesson that day, that he did not torment creatures for a long time after.

He was basking at the top of the water one hot day in July, when he saw a dark gray little fellow with a brown head. He was a very little fellow indeed; but he made the most of himself, as people ought to do. Instead of getting away, he hopped upon Tom's finger, and cried out in the tiniest, shrillest, squeakiest little voice you ever heard:

"Much obliged to you, indeed; but I don't want it yet."

"Want what?" said Tom, quite taken aback by his impudence.

"Your leg, which you are kind enough to hold out for me to sit on. I must go and see after my wife for a few minutes. Dear me! what a troublesome business a family is! When I come back, I shall be glad of it, if you'll be so good as to keep it sticking out just so;" and off he flew.

Tom thought him a very cool sort of personage; and still more so, when, in five minutes, he came back, and said, "Ah, you were tired waiting! Well, your other leg will do as well."

And he popped himself down on Tom's knee, and began chatting away in his squeaking voice.

"So you live under water? It's a low place. I lived there for some time, and was very shabby and dirty. But I didn't choose that that should last. So I turned respectable, and came up to the top, and put on this gray suit. It's a very business-like suit, I think, don't you?"

"Very neat and quiet indeed," said Tom.

"Yes, one must be quiet and neat and respectable, and all that sort of thing, when one becomes a family man. But I'm tired of it, that's the truth. I've done quite enough business in the last week, to last me my life. So I shall put on a ball dress, and go out and be a smart man, and see the gay world, and have a dance or two. Why shouldn't one be jolly if one can?"

And, as he spoke, he turned quite pale, and then quite white.

"Why, you're ill!" said Tom. But he did not answer.

"You're dead," said Tom, looking at him as he stood on his knee as white as a ghost.

"No, I ain't!" answered a little squeaking voice over his head. "This is me up here, in my ball dress; and that's my skin. Ha! ha! Ain't I a pretty fellow now?"

And so he was; for his body was white, and his tail orange, and his eyes all the colours of a peacock's tail. And the whisks at the end of his tail had grown five times as long as they were before.

"Ah!" said he, "now I shall see the gay world." He began flirting and flipping up and down, and singing:

" My wife shall dance, and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day ;
For I hold it for quite the wisest thing,
To drive dull care away."

He danced up and down for three days and three nights, till he grew so tired that he tumbled into the water, and floated down. But what became of him Tom never knew, and he himself never minded ; for Tom heard him singing to the last, as he floated down :

" To drive dull care away-ay-ay ! "

One day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragonfly, watching the gnats dance. The dragonfly had eaten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright.

Suddenly, Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream ; cooing and grunting, and whining and squeaking, as if you had put into a bag two stock-doves, nine mice, three guinea-pigs, and a blind puppy, and left them there to settle themselves and make music.

He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as strange as the noise ; a great ball rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass : and yet it was not a ball ; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away in pieces, and then it joined again.

Tom asked the dragonfly what it could be ; but, of course, with his short sight, he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So he took the neatest little header into the water, and started off to see for himself ; and, when he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five beautiful creatures, many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, and rolling, and diving, and twisting, and wrestling, and cuddling, and kissing, and biting, and scratching, in the most charming fashion that ever was seen.

But, when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language, sharply enough, " Quick, children, here is something to eat, indeed ! " and came at poor Tom, showing such a wicked pair of eyes, and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth, that Tom slipped in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned round and made faces at her.

" Come out," said the wicked old otter, " or it will be worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might, making horrible faces all the while.

" Come away, children," said the otter in disgust, " it is not worth eating, after all. It is only a nasty eft, which nothing eats, not even those vulgar pike in the pond."

" I am not an eft ! " said Tom ; " efts have tails."

" You are an eft," said the otter, very positively ; " I see your two hands quite plain, and I know you have a tail."

" I tell you I have not," said Tom.

"I say you are an eft, and therefore you are, and not fit for gentlefolk like me and my children. You may stay here till the salmon eat you "(she knew the salmon would not, but she wanted to frighten poor Tom). "Ha! ha! they will eat you, and we will eat them;" and the otter laughed a wicked, cruel laugh.

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft, great fish, nice fish to eat. They are lords of the fish, and we are lords of the salmon;" and she laughed again. "We hunt them up and down the pools, and drive them up into a corner, the silly things; and we catch them, and then throw them away, and go and catch another. They are coming soon, children, coming soon; I can smell the rain coming up off the sea, and then hurrah for the salmon, and plenty of eating all day long."

"Where do they come from?" asked Tom, who kept himself very close, for he was considerably frightened.

"Out of the sea, eft, the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked. But out of the sea the silly things come, into the great river down below, and we come up to watch them; and when they go down again, we go down and follow them. And there we fish for the bass and the pollock, and have jolly days along the shore, and toss and roll in the breakers, and sleep snug in warm, dry crags. Ah, that is a merry life, too, children, if it were not for those horrid men."

"What are men?" asked Tom; but somehow he seemed to know before he asked.

"Two-legged things, eft; and, now I come to look at you, they are actually something like you, if you had not a tail" (she was determined that Tom should have a tail), "only a great deal bigger, worse luck for us."

Tom could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. He could not tell why; but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived, and all his companions there; and wanted to get out into the wide, wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

Once he had set off to go down the stream, but the stream was very low; and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep under. So the sun burned his back and made him sick; and he went back again, and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

Then, on the evening of a very hot day, he saw a sight. He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout; for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water, but lay dozing at the bottom under the shade of the stones; and Tom lay dozing too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth, cool sides, for the water was quite warm and unpleasant. But, toward evening, it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying right across the valley above his head. There was not a whisper of wind, nor a chirp of a bird to be heard; and next a few great drops of rain fell plop into the water, and one hit Tom on the nose, and made him pop his head down quickly enough.

Then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and leaped from cliff to cliff, till the very rocks in the stream seemed to shake; and Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life. Then rain came down by bucketfuls, and the hail hammered like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam; and soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher.

And now, by the flashes of the lightning, Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down the stream and away. And he could hear them say to each other, "We must run, we must run. What a jolly thunderstorm! Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

Then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves; and she spied Tom as she came by, and said: "Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those nasty eels; we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

Them came a flash brighter than all the rest, and by the light of it—in the thousandth part of a second they were gone again—three beautiful little white girls, with their arms twined round each other's necks, floating down the torrent, as they sang, "Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

"Down to the sea?" said Tom; "everything is going to the sea, and I will go too. Good-bye, trout." But the trout were so busy gobbling worms that they never turned to answer him.

When the daylight came, Tom found himself out in the salmon river. And there he stopped. He got a little frightened. "This must be the sea," he thought. "What a wide place it is! If I go on into it I shall surely lose my way, or some strange thing will bite me. I will stop here and look out for the otter, or the eels, or some one to tell me where I shall go."

Then he waited, and slept, too, for he was quite tired with his night's journey; and, when he woke, he saw a sight which made him jump up. Such a fish! ten times as big as the



Three beautiful little white girls floated down the torrent.

biggest trout, and a hundred times as big as Tom, sculling up the stream past him, as easily as Tom had sculled down.

Such a fish! shining silver from head to tail, and here and there a crimson dot; with a grand hooked nose and grand curling lip, and a grand bright eye, surveying the water, right and left, as if all belonged to him. Surely he must be the salmon, the king of all the fish. The salmon looked at him full in the face, and then went on without minding him, with a swish of two of his tail, which made the stream boil again. And, in a few minutes, came another, and then four or five, and so on; and all passed Tom, rushing and plunging up the cataract with strong strokes of their silver tails, now and then leaping clean out of the water and up over a rock, shining gloriously, for a moment, in the bright sun; while Tom was so delighted that he could have watched them all day long.

At last came up one bigger than all the rest; but he came slowly, and stopped, and looked back, and seemed very anxious and busy. Tom saw that he was helping another salmon, an especially handsome one, who had not a single spot upon it, but was clothed in pure silver from nose to tail.

"My dear," said the great fish to his companion, "you really look dreadfully tired, and you must not over-exert yourself at first. Do rest yourself behind this rock;" and he shoved her gently with his nose to the rock where Tom sat. Then he saw Tom, and looked at him very fiercely, one moment, as if he were going to bite him.

"What do you want here?" he said fiercely.

"Oh, don't hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only want to look at you; you are so handsome."

"Ah!" said the salmon, very stately but very civilly. "I really beg your pardon; I see what you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before, and found them very agreeable and well-behaved. Indeed, one of them showed me a great kindness lately, which I hope to be able to repay. I hope we shall not be in your way here. As soon as this lady is rested, we shall proceed on our journey."

What a well-bred old salmon he was!

"So you have seen things like me before?" asked Tom.

"Several times, my dear. Indeed, it was only last night that one at the river's mouth came and warned me and my wife of some new stake-nets which had got into the stream, and showed us the way round them, in the most charmingly obliging way."

"So there are babies in the sea?" cried Tom, and clapped his little hands.

"Were there no babies up this stream?" asked the lady salmon.

"No! and I grew so lonely, for I had nothing to play with but caddises and dragon-flies and trout."

"Ugh!" cried the lady, "what low company!"

"My dear, if he has been in low company, he has certainly not learned their low manners," said the salmon.

"No, indeed, poor little dear; but how sad for him to live among such people as caddises!"

CHAPTER IV

So the salmon went up, after Tom had warned them of the wicked old otter; and Tom went down, but slowly and cautiously, coasting along the shore. He was many days about it, for it was many miles down to the sea; and perhaps he would never have found his way, if the fairies had not guided him, without his seeing their fair faces, or feeling their gentle hands.

And, as he went, he had a very strange adventure. It was a clear, still September night, and the moon shone so brightly down through the water that he could not sleep. At last he came up to the top, and sat upon a little point of rock. And suddenly he saw a beautiful sight. A bright, red light moved along the riverside, and threw down into the water a long tap-root of flame. Tom must needs go and see what it was; so he swam to the shore, and met the light as it stopped over a shallow run at the edge of a low rock.

There, underneath the light, lay five or six large salmon, looking up at the flame with their great goggle eyes, and wagging their tails, as if they were very much pleased with it. Tom came to the top, to look at this wonderful light nearer, and he saw on the bank three great two-legged creatures, one of whom held the light, flaring and spluttering, and another a long pole. He knew that they were men, and was frightened, and crept into a hole in the rock, from which he could see what went on.

The man with the torch bent down over the water, and, looking earnestly in, said:

"Tak' that muckle fellow, lad; he's ower fiteen punds; and haud your hand steady."

Tom felt that there was some danger coming, and longed to warn the foolish salmon, who kept staring up at the light as if he was bewitched. But, before he could make up his mind, down came the pole through the water; there was a fearful splash and struggle, and Tom saw that the poor salmon was speared right through, and was lifted out of the water.

Then, from behind, there sprang on these three men three other men; and there were shouts, and blows, and words that Tom recollected to have heard before; and he shuddered and turned sick at them now, for he felt somehow that they were strange, and ugly, and wrong, and horrible. And it all began to come back to him. They were men, and they were fighting; savage, desperate, up-and-down fighting, such as Tom had seen too many times before.

All of a sudden there was a tremendous splash, and a frightful flash, and a hissing, and all was still. For into the water, close to Tom, fell one of the men; he who held the light in his hand. Tom heard the men above run along, seemingly looking for him; but he drifted down into the deep hole below, and there lay quite still, and they could not find him.

Tom waited a long time, till all was quiet, and then he peeped out, and saw the man lying. "Perhaps," he thought, "the water has made him fall asleep, as it did me." He grew more and more curious, he could not tell why. He must go and look at him. He would go very quietly, of course;

so he swam round and round him, closer and closer; and, as he did not stir, at last he came quite close and looked him in the face. The moon shone so bright that Tom could see every feature; and, as he saw, he recollected, bit by bit, that it was his old master, Grimes. Tom turned tail, and swam away as fast as he could.

"Oh, dear me!" he thought, "now he will turn into a water-baby. What a nasty, troublesome one he will be! And, perhaps, he will find me out and beat me again."

And, for a long time, he was fearful lest he should meet Mr. Grimes, suddenly, in some deep pool. He could not know that the fairies had carried him away, and put him, where they put everything which falls into the water, exactly where it ought to be. Then Tom went on down the stream, till he saw, a long way off, a red buoy through the fog. And then he found, to his surprise, the stream turned round, and running up inland.

It was the tide, of course; but Tom knew nothing of the tide. He only knew that in a minute more the water, which had been fresh, turned salt all round him. And then there came a change over him. He felt strong, and light, and fresh, and gave, he did not know why, three skips out of the water, a yard high, and head over heels, just as the salmon do when they first touch the noble, rich salt water.

He did not care now for the tide being against him. The red buoy was in sight, dancing in the open sea; and to the buoy he would go, and to it he went. He passed great shoals of bass and mullet, leaping and rushing in after the shrimps; and once he passed a great black shining seal, who was coming in after the mullet. The seal put his head and shoulders out of the water, and stared at him, and Tom, instead of being frightened, said, "How d'ye do, sir; what a beautiful place the sea is!" And the old seal, instead of trying to bite him, looked at him with his soft, sleepy, winking eyes, and said, "Good tide to you, my little man; are you looking for your brothers and sisters? I passed them all outside."

"Oh, then," said Tom, "I shall have playfellows at last," and he swam on to the buoy, and got upon it (for he was quite out of breath) and sat there, and looked round for water-babies; but there were none to be seen. Then he began to ask all the strange things which came in and out of the sea if they had seen any water-babies; and some said "Yes," and some said nothing at all.

But, one day, among the rocks, he found a playfellow. It was not a water-baby, alas! but it was a lobster; and a very distinguished lobster he was. Tom had never seen a lobster before; and was mightily taken with this one; for he thought this the most curious, odd, ridiculous creature he had ever seen. He had one claw knobbed and the other jagged; and Tom was delighted in watching him hold on to the seaweed with his knobbed claw, while he cut up salads with his jagged one, and then put them into his mouth, after smelling at them, like a monkey.

But Tom was most astonished to see how he fired himself off—snap! like the leap-frogs which you make out of a goose's breast-bone. Certainly he took the most wonderful shots, and backward, too. For if he wanted to go into a narrow crack, ten yards off, what do you think he did? If he had gone in head foremost, of course he could not have turned round. So



"But it was a water-baby and I heard it speak," cried Ellie.

he used to turn his tail to it, and lay his long horns straight down his back to guide him, and twist his eyes back till they almost came out of their sockets, and then made ready, present! fire! snap! and away he went, pop into the hole; and peeped out, and twiddled his whiskers, as much as to say, "You couldn't do that!"

Tom asked him about water-babies. "Yes," he said. He had seen them often. But he did not think much of them. They were meddlesome little creatures, that went along helping fish and shells which got into scrapes. For his part, he should be ashamed to be helped by little soft creatures that had not even a shell on their backs.

He was a conceited fellow, the old lobster, and not very civil to Tom; and you will hear how he had to alter his mind before he was done, as conceited people generally have. But he was so funny, and Tom so lonely, that he could not quarrel with him; and they used to sit in holes in the rocks, and chat for hours.

And, about this time, there happened to Tom a very strange and important adventure—so important, indeed, that he was very near never finding the water-babies at all.

I hope that you have not forgotten the little white lady all this while. At least, here she comes, looking like a clean, white, good little darling, as she always was, and always will be. For it befell in the pleasant short December days, when the wind always blows from the south-west, that Sir John was so busy hunting, that nobody at home could get a word out of him, so My Lady determined to leave him, and started for the seaside with all her children.

Now, it befell that, on the very shore, and over the very rocks where Tom was sitting with his friend the lobster, there walked one day the little white lady, Ellie herself, and with her a very wise man indeed—Professor Ptthmllnsprts. Ellie and he were walking on the rocks, and he was showing her about one in ten thousand of all the beautiful and curious things which are to be seen there. But little Ellie was not satisfied with them at all; and at last she said honestly, "I don't care about all these things, because they can't play with me, or talk to me. If there were little children now in the

water, as there used to be, and I could see them, I should like that. I know there used to be children in the water, and mermaids too, and mermen. I saw them all in a picture at home, of a beautiful lady sailing in a car drawn by dolphins, and babies flying round her, and one sitting on her lap; and the mermaids swimming and playing, and the mermen trumpeting on conch shells."

But the professor had not the least notion of allowing that things were true, merely because people thought them beautiful.

Just then, groping with his net under the weeds, he caught poor little Tom. He felt the net very heavy; and lifted it out quickly, with Tom all entangled in the meshes.

"It is a water-baby!" cried Ellie; and, of course, it was.

"Water-fiddlesticks, my dear!" said the professor; and he turned away and poked Tom with his finger, for want of anything better to do. "You must have dreamed of water-babies last night, your head is so full of them."

Now Tom had been in the most horrible and unspeakable fright all the while, and had kept as quiet as he could. But, when the professor poked him, it was more than he could bear; and, between fright and rage, he bit the professor's finger till it bled.

"Oh! ah! yah!" he cried; and dropped him on to the seaweed, and thence he dived into the water, and was gone in a moment.

"But it was a water-baby, and I heard it speak!" cried Ellie. "Ah, it is gone!" And she jumped down off the rock, to try and catch Tom before he slipped into the sea.

Too late, and, what was worse, as she sprang down, she slipped, and fell some six feet, with her head on a sharp stone. The professor picked her up, and tried to waken her, and called to her, and cried over her, for he loved her very much: but she would not waken at all. So he took her up in his arms and carried her to her governess, and they all went home; and little Ellie was put to bed, and lay there quite still; only now and then she woke up and called out about the water-baby.

And, after a week, one moonlight night, the fairies came flying in at the window and brought her such a pretty pair of wings that she could not help putting them on; and she flew with them out of the window, and over the land and over the sea, and up through the clouds, and nobody heard or saw anything of her for a very long while.

CHAPTER V

But what became of little Tom?

He slipped away off the rocks into the water, as I said before. But he could not help thinking of little Ellie. He thought about her all that day, and longed to have had her to play with; but he had very soon to think of something else. He was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, when he saw a round cage of green withes; and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns.

"What! have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lock-up?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little indignant at such a notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue; so he only said, "I can't get out."

"Why did you get in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish." He had thought it looked and smelled very nice when he was outside, and so it did, for a lobster; but now he turned round and abused it because he was angry with himself.

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get through it?"

"Because I can't! I have jumped upward, downward, backward, and sideways, at least four thousand times; and I can't get out: I always get up there, and can't find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and having more wit than the lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter; as you may if you will look at a lobster-pot.

"Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me, and I'll pull you through hindforemost, and then you won't stick in the spikes." Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him, till he caught hold of him; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in head foremost.

"Hallo! here is a pretty business," said Tom. "Now take your great claws, and break the points off those spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

"Dear me, I never thought of that," said the lobster; "and after all the experience of life that I have had!"

But they had not got half the spikes away when they saw a great dark cloud over them; and, lo and behold, it was the otter! How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom. "Yar!" said she, "you little meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot to get in. Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than valiant Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose and held on.

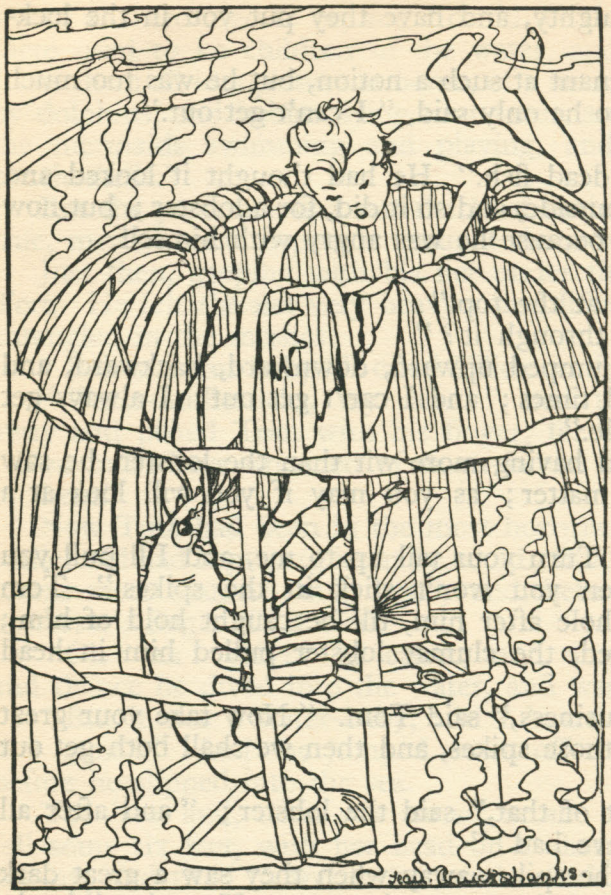
And there they were all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very tight packing it was. And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

He was right glad when he got out; but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it, and pulled with all his might. But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom; "don't you see she is dead?" And so she was, quite drowned and dead.

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you!"

But the lobster would not let go.



The clumsy lobster pulled him in head foremost.

Tom saw the fisherman haul him up the boat-side, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman, he gave such a furious and tremendous snap, that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pot, and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all, so he just shook his claw off as the easier method.

And now happened to Tom a most wonderful thing, for he had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a water-baby. A real live water-baby, sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, "Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby! Oh, how delightful!"

And it ran to Tom, and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other for ever so long. At last Tom said, "Oh, where have you been all this while? I have been looking for you so long, and I have been so lonely."

"We have been here for days and days. There are hundreds of us about the rocks. How was it you did not see us, or hear us, when we sing and romp every evening, before we go home?"

Tom looked at the baby again, and then he said:

"Well, this is wonderful! I have seen things just like you again and again, but I thought you were shells, or sea-creatures. I never took you for water-babies like myself."

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me at this poor, dear little rock; a great clumsy boulder came rolling by in the last storm, and knocked all its head off, and rubbed off all its flowers. And now I must plant it again with seaweeds, and coralline, and anemones."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it, and smoothed the sand down round it, and capital fun they had till the tide began to turn. And then Tom heard all the other babies coming laughing and singing and shouting and romping; and the noise they made was just like the noise of the ripple.

In they came, dozens and dozens of them, some bigger than Tom, and some smaller, all in the neatest little white bathing dresses; and when they found that he was a new baby, they hugged him and kissed him and danced round him, and there was no one ever so happy as poor little Tom.

"Now then," they cried all at once, "we must come away home, or the tide will leave us dry. We have mended all the broken seaweed, and put all the rock-pools in order, and planted all the shells again in the sand, and nobody will see where the ugly storm swept in last week."

And this is the reason why the rock-pools are always so neat and clean; because the water-babies come inshore after every storm to sweep them out, and put them all to rights again. And where is the home of the water-babies? In St. Brandan's fairy isle.

Now when Tom got there, he found that the isle stood all on pillars, and that its roots were full of caves; all curtained and draped with seaweeds, purple and crimson, green and brown; and strewn with soft white sand, on which the water-babies sleep every night. There were water-babies in thousands, more than Tom, or you either, could count.

But I wish Tom had given up all his naughty tricks, and left off tormenting dumb animals now that he had plenty of playfellows to amuse him. Instead of that, I am sorry to say, he tickled the madrepores, to make them shut up; and frightened the crabs, to make them hide in the sand and peep out at him with the tips of their eyes; and put stones into the anemones' mouths, to make them fancy that their dinner was coming. The other children warned him, and said, "Take care what you are at. Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid is coming." But Tom never heeded them, being quite riotous with high spirits and good luck, till, one Friday morning early, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid came.



They put him in the middle and danced round him.

A very tremendous lady she was; and when the children saw her they all stood in a row, very upright indeed, and smoothed down their bathing dresses, and put their hands behind them, just as if they were going to be examined by the inspector. She had on a

black bonnet, and a black shawl, and a pair of large spectacles, and a great hooked nose, hooked so much that the bridge of it stood quite up above her eyebrows; and under her arm she carried a great birch-rod. Indeed, she was so ugly that Tom was tempted to make faces at her; but he did not; for he did not admire the look of the birch-rod under her arm.

She looked at the children one by one, and seemed very much pleased with them, though she never asked them one question about how they were behaving; and then began giving them all sorts of nice sea-things; sea-cakes, sea-apples, sea-bullseyes, sea-toffee; and to the very best of all she gave sea-ices, made out of sea-cows' cream, which never melt under water.

Now little Tom watched all these sweet things given away, till his mouth watered, and his eyes grew as round as an owl's. For he hoped that his turn would come at last; and so it did. For the lady called him up, and held out her fingers with something in them, and popped it into his mouth; and, lo and behold, it was a nasty, cold, hard pebble.

"You are a very cruel woman," said he, and began to whimper.

"And you are a very cruel boy; who puts pebbles into the sea-anemones' mouths, to take them in, and make them fancy that they had caught a good dinner! As you did to them, so I must do to you."

"Who told you that?" said Tom.

"You did yourself, this very minute."

Tom had never opened his lips; so he was very much taken aback indeed.

"Now go, and be a good boy, and I will put no more pebbles in your mouth, if you put none in other creatures'."

"I did not know there was any harm in it," said Tom.

"If you do not know that things are wrong, that is no reason why you should not be punished for them; though not as much, not as much, my little man" (and the lady looked very kindly, after all), "as if you did know."

Then the strange fairy smiled, and said:

"Yes. You thought me very ugly just now, did you not?"

Tom hung down his head, and got very red about the ears.

"And I am very ugly. I am the ugliest fairy in the world; and I shall be, till people behave themselves as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world; and her name is Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. And now do you be a good boy, and do as you would be done by; and then, when my sister comes on Sunday, perhaps she will take notice of you, and teach you how to behave."

Tom determined to be a very good boy all Saturday; and he was; and when Sunday morning came, sure enough, Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby came too. I cannot tell you what the colour of her hair was, or of her eyes; no more could Tom; for, when any one looks at her, all they can think of is, that she has the sweetest, kindest, tenderest, merriest face they ever saw, or want to see. When the children saw her, they climbed into her lap, and clung round her neck, and caught hold of her hands; and those who could get nowhere else sat down on the sand, and cuddled her feet, and Tom stood staring at them.

"And who are you, you little darling?" she said.

"Oh, that is the new baby!" they all cried, pulling their thumbs out

of their mouths; "and he never had any mother," and they all put their thumbs back again.

"Then I will be his mother, and he shall have the very best place; so get out, all of you, this moment."

She took Tom in her arms, and laid him in the softest place of all, and kissed him, and patted him, and talked to him tenderly and low; and Tom looked up into her eyes, and loved her, and loved, till he fell fast asleep. When he woke, the lady was nursing him still.

"Don't go away," he said. "This is so nice. I never had any one to cuddle me before."

"You have not sung us one song," said the children.

"Well, I have time for only one. So what shall it be?"

"The doll you lost!" cried all the babies at once.

So the strange fairy sang:



Lo and behold, it was a nasty, cold, hard pebble.

"I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

"I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away.
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world."

"Now," said the fairy to Tom, "will you be a good boy and torment no more sea-beasts till I come back?"

"And you will cuddle me again?" said poor little Tom.

"Of course I will, you little duck."

So Tom really tried to be a good boy, and tormented no sea-beasts after that as long as he lived; and he is quite alive, I assure you, still.

CHAPTER VI

Now you may fancy that Tom was good, when he had everything that he could want or wish, but you would be very much mistaken. For he grew so fond of the sea-bullseyes and sea-lollipops, that his foolish head could think of nothing else; and he was always longing for more, and wondering when the strange lady would come again and give him some.

Then he began to watch the lady to see where she kept the sweet things; and began hiding, and sneaking, and following her about, and pretending to be looking the other way, till he found out that she kept them in a beautiful mother-of-pearl cabinet, away in a deep crack of the rocks.

He longed to go to the cabinet, and yet he was afraid; and then he longed again and was less afraid; and at last, by continual thinking about it, he longed so violently that he was not afraid at all. One night, when all the other children were asleep, and he could not sleep for thinking of lollipops, he crept away among the rocks, and got to the cabinet, and behold! it was open.

But, when he saw all the nice things inside, instead of being delighted, he was quite frightened, and wished he had never come there. And then he would only touch them, and he did; and then he would only taste one, and he did; and then he would only eat two, and then three, and so on, and then he was terrified lest she would come and catch him, and began gobbling them down so fast that he did not taste them, or have any pleasure in them; and then he felt sick, and would have only one more; and then only one more again; and so on till he had eaten them all up.

And all the while, close behind him, stood Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid. She took off her spectacles, because she did not like to see too much; and in her pity she arched up her eyebrows into her very hair, and her eyes grew so wide that they would have taken in all the sorrows of the world, and filled with great big tears, as they too often do.

She said nothing at all about the matter, not even when Tom came next day with the rest for sweet things. He was horribly afraid of coming; but he was still more afraid of staying away, lest any one should suspect him. He was dreadfully afraid, too, lest there should be no sweets, and lest then the fairy should inquire who had taken them. But, behold! she pulled out just as many as ever, which astonished Tom, and frightened him still more.

And, when the fairy looked him full in the face, he shook from head to foot; however, she gave him his share like the rest, and he thought, within himself, that she could not have found him out. But when he put the sweets

into his mouth, they made him so sick that he had to get away as fast as he could. Then, when next week came, he had his share again; and again the fairy looked him full in the face; but more sadly than she had ever looked. And when Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby came, he wanted to be cuddled like the rest; but she said very seriously:

"I should like to cuddle you; but I cannot, you are so horny and prickly."

Tom looked at himself, and he was all over prickles, just like a sea-egg.

What could Tom do now but go away and hide in a corner and cry? For nobody would play with him, and he knew full well why. And he was so miserable all that week that when the ugly fairy came and looked at him once more full in the face, he could stand it no longer, and thrust the sweetmeats away, saying, "No, I don't want any; I can't bear them now," and then burst out crying, poor little man, and told Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid every word as it happened.

He was horribly frightened when he had done so; for he expected her to punish him very severely. But instead, she only took him up and kissed him, which was not quite pleasant, for her chin was very bristly indeed; but he was so lonely-hearted, he thought that rough kissing was better than none.

"I will forgive you, little man," she said. "I always forgive every one the moment they tell me the truth of their own accord."

"Then you will take away all these nasty prickles?"

"That is a different matter. You put them there yourself, and only you can take them away; so I shall fetch you a schoolmistress, who will teach you how to get rid of your prickles." And so she went away.

Tom was frightened at the notion of a schoolmistress; but he comforted himself at last that she might be something like the old woman in Vendale—which she was not in the least; for, when the fairy brought her, she was the most beautiful little girl that ever was seen, with long curls floating behind her like a golden cloud, and robes floating all round her like a silver one.



Poor Tom burst out crying.

"There he is," said the fairy; "and you must teach him to be good, whether you like or not."

"I know," said the little girl; but she did not seem quite to like, for she put her finger in her mouth, and looked at Tom under her brows; and Tom put his finger in his mouth, and looked at her under his brows, for he was horribly ashamed of himself.

The little girl seemed hardly to know how to begin; and perhaps she would never have begun at all if poor Tom had not burst out crying, and begged her to teach him to be good, and help him to cure his prickles; and at that she grew so tender-hearted that she began teaching him as prettily as ever child was taught in the world.

She taught Tom every day in the week; only on Sundays she always went away home, and the kind fairy took her place. And before she had taught Tom many Sundays, his prickles had vanished quite away, and his skin was smooth and clean again.

"Dear me!" said the little girl: "why, I know you now. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came into my bedroom."

"Dear me!" cried Tom. "And I know you, too, now. You are the very little white lady whom I saw in bed." And he jumped round and round her till he was quite tired.

Then they began telling each other all their story—how he had got into the water, and she had fallen over the rock; and how he had swum down to the sea, and how she had flown out of the window; and how this, that, and the other, till it was talked out; and then they both began over again, and I can't say which of the two talked fastest. Then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked them so well that they went on till seven full years were past.

You may fancy that Tom was quite content and happy all these seven years; but the truth is, he was not. He had always one thing on his mind, and that was—where little Ellie went, when she went home on Sundays. To a very beautiful place, she said. But what was the beautiful place like, and where was it? All that good little Ellie could say was, that it was worth all the rest of the world put together. And of course that only made Tom all the more anxious to go likewise.

"Miss Ellie," he said at last, "I will know why I cannot go with you when you go home on Sundays, or I shall not have peace, and give you none either."

"You must ask the fairies that."

So when the fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, came next, Tom asked her.

"Little boys who are only fit to play with sea-beasts cannot go there," she said. "Those who go there must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like."

"Why, did Ellie do that?"

"Ask her."

And Ellie blushed, and said, "Yes, Tom, I did not like coming here at first; I was so much happier at home, where it is always Sunday. And I was afraid of you, Tom, at first, because—because——"

"Because I was all over prickles? But I am not prickly now, am I, Miss Ellie?"

"No," said Ellie. "I like you very much now; and I like coming here, too."

"And perhaps," said the fairy, "you will learn to like going where you don't like, as Ellie has."

But Tom put his finger in his mouth, and hung his head down; for he did not see that at all. And, when Ellie went home on Sunday, he fretted and cried all day, and did not care to listen to the fairy's stories about good children, though they were prettier than ever. All the while he was eaten up with curiosity to know where Ellie went; so that he began not to care for his playmates, or for the sea-places, or anything else.

"Well," he said, at last, "I am so miserable here, I'll go; if only you will go with me?"

"Ah!" said Ellie, "I wish I might; but the worst of it is, that the fairy says that you must go alone if you go at all. Now, don't poke that poor crab about, Tom" (for he was feeling very naughty and mischievous), "or the fairy will have to punish you."

"I know what she wants me to do," he said, whining most dolefully. "She wants me to go after that horrid old Grimes. And if I find him, he will turn me into a chimney-sweep again, I know. That's what I have been afraid of all along."

"No, he won't—I know as much as that. Nobody can turn water-babies into sweeps, or hurt them at all, as long as they are good."

"Ah," said naughty Tom, "I see what you want; you are persuading me all along to go, because you are tired of me."

Little Ellie opened her eyes very wide at that, and then she cried, "Oh, Tom, where are you?"

And Tom cried, "Oh, Ellie, where are you?"

For neither of them could see each other—not the least. Little Ellie vanished quite away. Who was frightened then but Tom? He swam up and down among the rocks, into all the halls and chambers, faster than ever he swam before, but could not find her. At last he went up to the top of the water and began crying and screaming for Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid—which perhaps was the best thing to do—for she came in a moment.

"Oh!" said Tom. "Oh dear, oh dear! I have been naughty to Ellie, and I have killed her—I know I have killed her."

"Not quite that," said the fairy; "but I have sent her away home, and she will not come back again for I do not know how long."

"How cruel of you to send Ellie away!" sobbed Tom. "However, I will find her again, if I go to the world's end to look for her."

The fairy did not slap Tom, and tell him to hold his tongue; but she took him on her lap very kindly; just as her sister would have done. Then she told him how he had been in the nursery long enough, and must go out now and see the world, if he intended ever to be a man; and how he must go all alone by himself. At last she comforted poor little Tom so much that he was quite eager to go, and wanted to set out that minute. "Only," he said, "if I might see Ellie once before I went!"

"Why do you want that?"

"Because—because I should be so much happier if I thought she had forgiven me."

And in the twinkling of an eye there stood Ellie, smiling, and looking so happy that Tom longed to kiss her; but was still afraid it would not be respectful.

"I am going, Ellie!" said Tom. "I am going, if it is to the world's end. But I don't like going at all, and that's the truth."

"Pooh! pooh! pooh!" said the fairy. "You will like it very well indeed, you little rogue, and you know that at the bottom of your heart."

CHAPTER VII

"Now," said Tom, "I am ready to be off, if it's to the world's end."

"Ah!" said the fairy, "that is a brave, good boy. But you must go farther than the world's end, if you want to find Mr. Grimes; for he is at the Other-end-of-Nowhere. You must go to Shiny Wall, and through the white gate that never was opened."

"Oh, dear!" said Tom. "But I do not know my way to Shiny Wall."

"Little boys must take the trouble to find out things for themselves, or they will never grow to be men; so that you must ask all the beasts in the sea and the birds in the air."

"Well," said Tom, "it will be a long journey, so I had better start at once. Good-bye, Miss Ellie; you know I am getting a big boy, and I must go out and see the world."

"I know you must," said Ellie; "but you will not forget me, Tom. I shall wait here till you come." And she shook hands with him, and bade him good-bye. Then Tom set out, and swam a long, long way without getting tired. One day he met a ship, far larger than he had ever seen—a gallant steamer, with a long cloud of smoke trailing behind; and he wondered how she went on without sails, and swam up to her to see. A lady came out, with a baby in her arms. She leaned over the quarter gallery, looking down at the water; and as she looked she sang:

"Soft, soft wind, from out the sweet south sliding,
Waft thy silver cloud-webs athwart the summer seas;
Thin, thin thread of mist on dewy fingers twining
Weave a veil of dappled gauze to shade my babe and me.

"Deep, deep Love, within thine own abyss abiding,
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord, on earth and air and sea;
Worn weary hearts within Thy holy temple hiding,
Shield from sorrow, sin, and shame, my helpless babe and me."

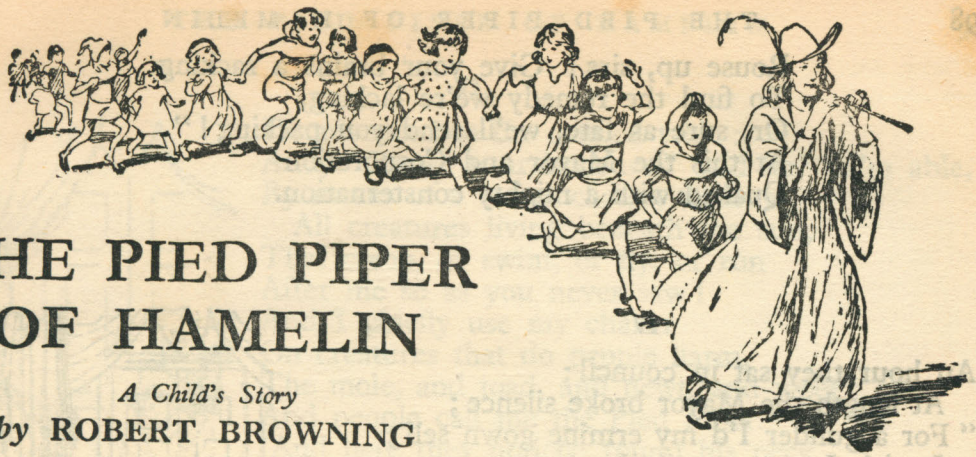
Her voice was so soft and low, and the music of the air so sweet, that Tom could have listened to it all day. But, as she held the baby over the gallery rail, to show it the dolphins leaping and the water gurgling in the ship's wake, lo! and behold, the baby saw Tom. He was quite sure of that; for when their eyes met, the baby smiled and held out his hands;



C.W.B. THE FROG PRINCE.

The Frog seemed to relish his dinner, but every bit that the king's daughter ate nearly choked her.

(Page 109.)



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A Child's Story

by ROBERT BROWNING

I

Hamelin town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, 'twas a pity.

II



Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps
and flats.

III



At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV



An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence;
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V



"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up as the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

VI



He advanced to the council table :
And, " Please your honours," said he, " I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
" Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats ;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? "
" One ? Fifty thousand ! " was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII



Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,



Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-boards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said: 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.



For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait; beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor!
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed,
And the piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after-years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where water gushed and fruit-trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue.
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs out-ran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

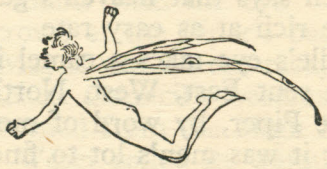
XIV

Alas, alas, for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when he saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick-land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.



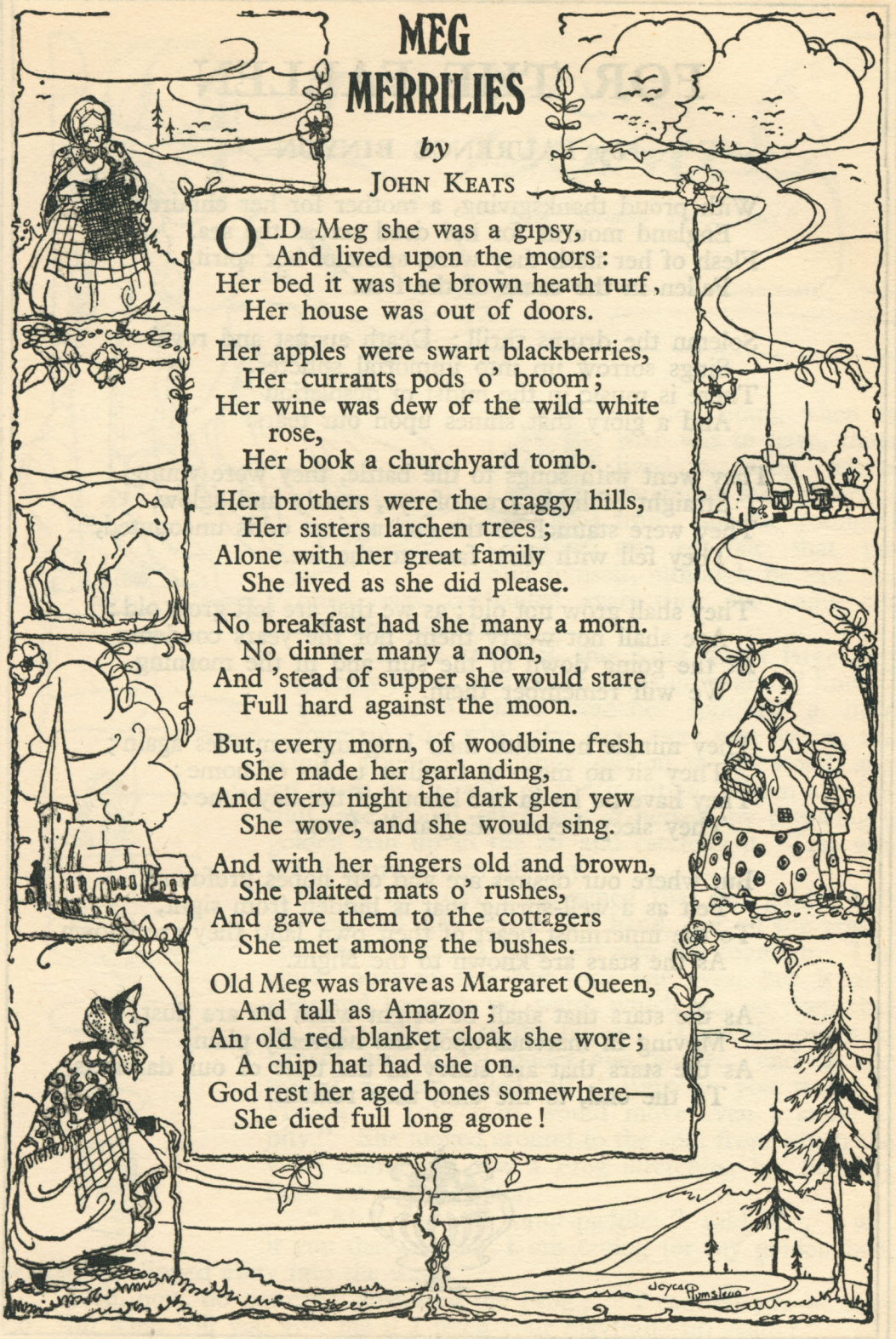
The Light-Hearted Fairy

ANON.

OH, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy! heigh ho,
Heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy? heigh ho!
Heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From the primroses' lips.
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy? heigh ho!
Heigh ho!
The night is his noon
And the sun is his moon
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!



MEG MERRILIES

by

JOHN KEATS

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
Her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn.
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But, every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown,
She plaited mats o' rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long agone!

FOR THE FALLEN

by LAURENCE BINYON

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
  England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
  Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
  Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
  And a glory that shines upon our tears.

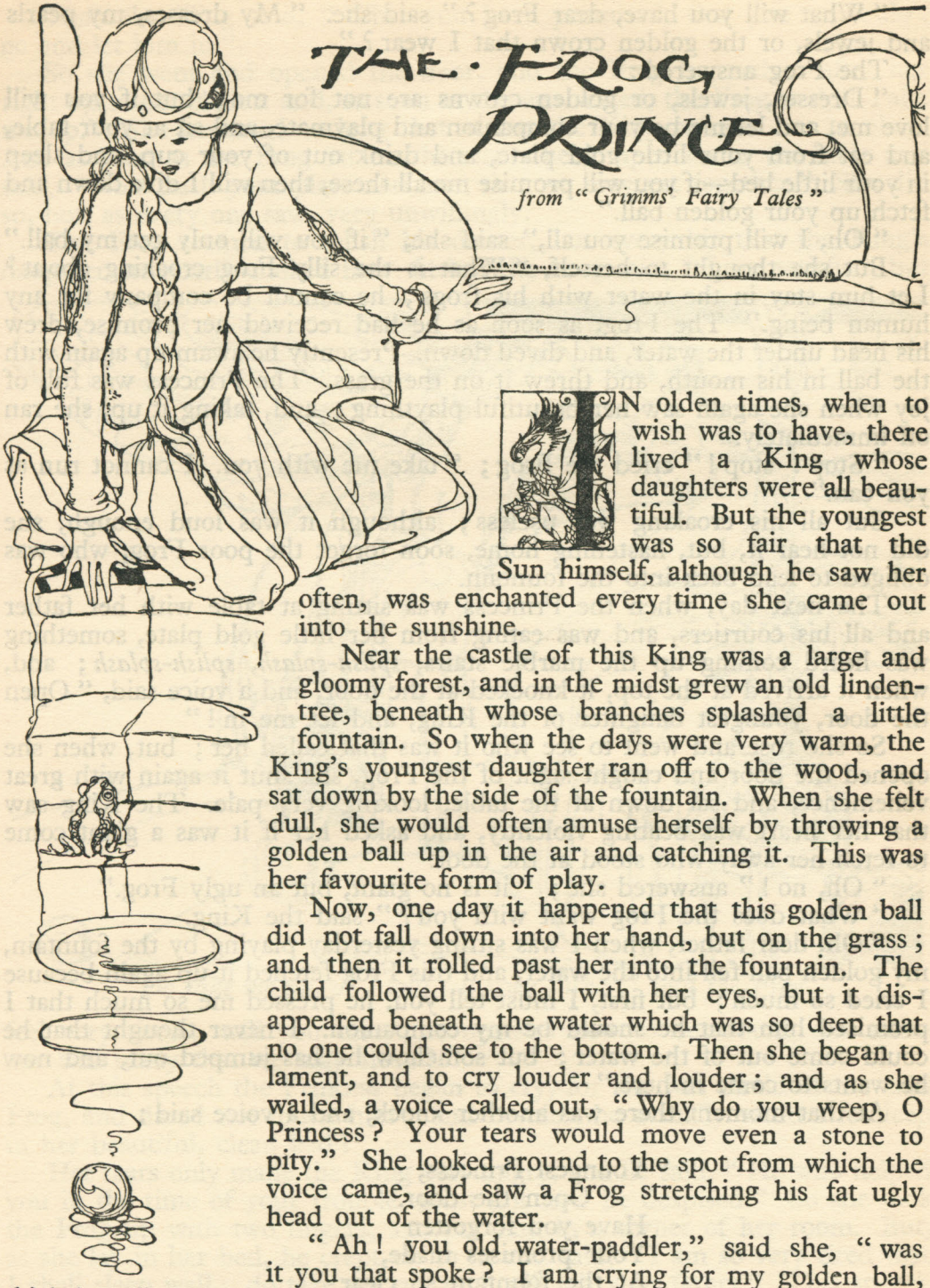
They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
  Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
  They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old; as we that are left grow old:
  Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
  We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
  They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time:
  They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
  Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
  As the stars are known to the Night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
  Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
  To the end, to the end, they remain.



THE FROG PRINCE

from "Grimms' Fairy Tales"

IN olden times, when to wish was to have, there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful. But the youngest was so fair that the Sun himself, although he saw her often, was enchanted every time she came out into the sunshine.

Near the castle of this King was a large and gloomy forest, and in the midst grew an old linden-tree, beneath whose branches splashed a little fountain. So when the days were very warm, the King's youngest daughter ran off to the wood, and sat down by the side of the fountain. When she felt dull, she would often amuse herself by throwing a golden ball up in the air and catching it. This was her favourite form of play.

Now, one day it happened that this golden ball did not fall down into her hand, but on the grass; and then it rolled past her into the fountain. The child followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared beneath the water which was so deep that no one could see to the bottom. Then she began to lament, and to cry louder and louder; and as she wailed, a voice called out, "Why do you weep, O Princess? Your tears would move even a stone to pity." She looked around to the spot from which the voice came, and saw a Frog stretching his fat ugly head out of the water.

"Ah! you old water-paddler," said she, "was it you that spoke? I am crying for my golden ball, which has slipped away into the water."

"Well, now, do not cry," answered the Frog; "I can tell you what to do. But what will you give me if I fetch your plaything up again?"

" What will you have, dear Frog ? " said she. " My dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown that I wear ? "

The Frog answered :

" Dresses, jewels, or golden crowns are not for me ; but if you will love me, and let me be your companion and playmate, and sit at your table, and eat from your little gold plate, and drink out of your cup, and sleep in your little bed—if you will promise me all these, then will I dive down and fetch up your golden ball."

" Oh, I will promise you all," said she, " if you will only get my ball."

But she thought to herself, " What is the silly Frog croaking about ? Let him stay in the water with his frogs ; he cannot be company for any human being." The Frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head under the water, and dived down. Presently he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The Princess was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything ; and, taking it up, she ran off immediately.

" Stop ! stop ! " cried the Frog ; " take me with you. I cannot run as you can."

But all his croaking was useless ; although it was loud enough, she did not hear it, but, hastening home, soon forgot the poor Frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.

The next day, when the Princess was sitting at table with her father and all his courtiers, and was eating from her little gold plate, something was heard coming up the marble stairs, *splish-splash, splish-splash* ; and, when it arrived at the top, it knocked at the door, and a voice said, " Open the door, youngest daughter of the King, and let me in ! "

So she rose and went to see who it was that called her ; but, when she opened the door and caught sight of the Frog, she shut it again with great vehemence, and sat down at the table, looking very pale. The King saw that her heart was beating violently, and asked her if it was a giant come to fetch her away who stood at the door.

" Oh, no ! " answered she ; " it is no giant, but an ugly Frog."

" What does the Frog want with you ? " said the King.

" Oh, dear father, when I was sitting yesterday playing by the fountain, my golden ball fell into the water, and this Frog fetched it up again because I cried so much ; but first, I must tell you, he pressed me so much that I promised him that he should be my companion. I never thought that he could come out of the water ; but somehow he has jumped out, and now he wants to come in here."

At that moment there was another knock, and a voice said :

" Youngest Princess,
Open the door.
Have you forgotten
Your promises made,
At the fountain so clear
'Neath the lime-tree's shade ?
Youngest Princess,
Open the door."

Then the King said, " What you have promised, that you must do ; go and let him in."

So she went and opened the door, and the Frog hopped in after her right up to her chair : and, as soon as she was seated, the Frog said, " Take me up." She hesitated so long that at last the King ordered her to obey. And as soon as the Frog sat on the chair, he jumped on to the table and said, " Now push your plate near me, that we may eat together." She did so, but, as every one saw, very unwillingly.

The Frog seemed to relish his dinner, but every bit that the King's daughter ate nearly choked her. At last the Frog said, " I am satisfied, but



" Do take me up, or I will tell your father," said the Frog.

feel very tired ; will you carry me upstairs now to our room, and make our bed ready that we may sleep ? "

At this speech the Princess began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold Frog, and dared not touch him ; and besides, he actually wanted to sleep in her beautiful, clean bed !

Her tears only made the King very angry, and he said, " He who helped you in the time of your trouble, must not now be despised." So she took the Frog up with two fingers, and put him in a corner of her room. But, as she lay in her bed, he crept up to it, and said, " I am so very tired that I shall sleep well ; do take me up, or I will tell your father." This speech put her in a passion, and catching up the Frog, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, " Now, will you be quiet, you ugly Frog ? "

But, as he fell, he was changed from a frog into a handsome Prince with beautiful eyes, and after a little while he became, with her father's consent, her dear companion and playmate. Then he told her how he had been changed by a wicked witch, and that no one but herself could have had the power to take him out of the fountain; and that on the morrow they would go together to his own kingdom.

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, a carriage, drawn by eight white horses, with white ostrich feathers on their heads, and golden bridles, drove up to the door of the palace, and behind the carriage stood the trusty Henry, the servant of the young Prince. When his master was changed into a frog, trusty Henry had grieved so much that he had bound three iron bands round his heart, for fear it should break with sorrow.

Now that the carriage was ready to carry the young Prince to his own country, the faithful Henry helped in the bride and bridegroom, and placed himself in the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not gone far when the Prince heard a crack, as if something had broken behind the carriage; so he put his head out of the window and asked Henry what was broken, and Henry answered, "It was not the carriage, my master, but a band which I bound round my heart when it was in grief because you were changed into a frog."

Twice afterwards on the journey there was the same noise, and each time the Prince thought that it was some part of the carriage that had given way. But it was only the breaking of the bands which bound the heart of the trusty Henry, who was thenceforward free and happy.

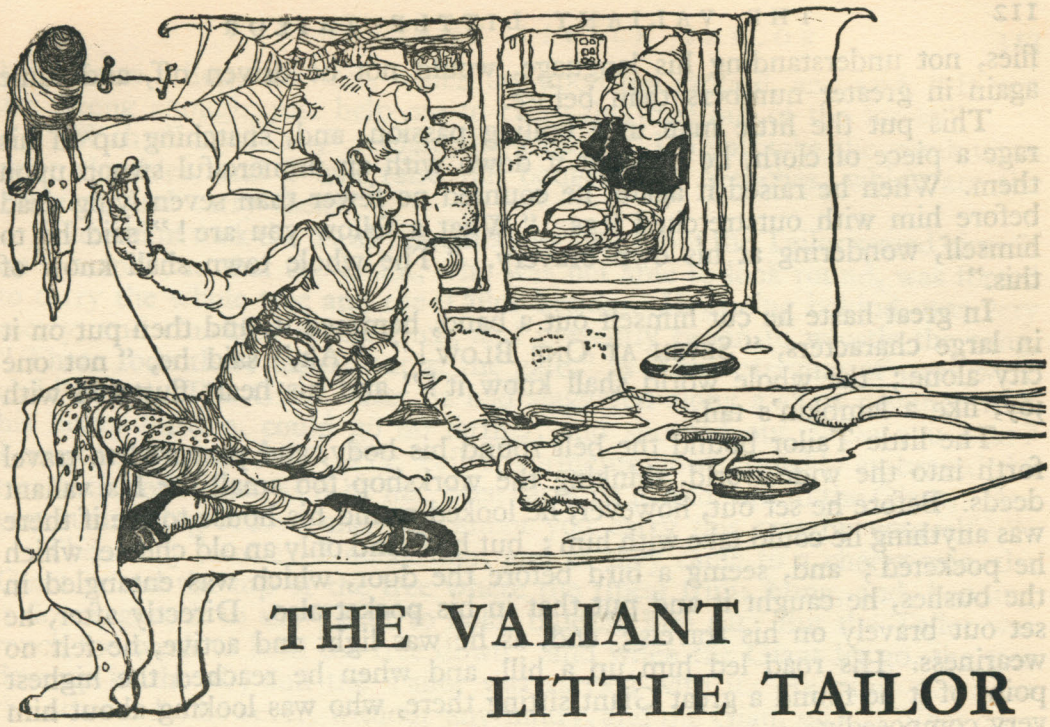
The Shepherd Boy's Song

by JOHN BUNYAN

He that is down need fear no fall,
  He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
  That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
  Is best from age to age.



THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

from "Grimms' Fairy Tales"

ONE summer's morning a Tailor was sitting on his bench by the window in very good spirits, sewing away with all his might, and presently up the street came a peasant woman, crying, "Good preserves for sale! Good preserves for sale!"

This cry sounded nice in the Tailor's ears, and, sticking his diminutive head out of the window, he called out, "Here, my good woman, just bring your wares here!" The woman mounted the three steps up to the Tailor's house with her heavy basket, and began to unpack all the pots together before him. He looked at them all, held them up to the light, put his nose to them, and at last said, "These preserves appear to me to be very nice, so you may weigh me out four half-ounces, my good woman; I don't mind even if you make it a quarter of a pound." The woman, who expected to have met with a good customer, gave him what he wished, and went away grumbling, very much dissatisfied.

"Now!" exclaimed the Tailor, "Heaven will send me a blessing on this preserve, and give me fresh strength and vigour;" and, taking the bread out of the cupboard, he cut himself a slice the size of the whole loaf, and spread the preserve upon it. "That will taste by no means badly," said he; "but, before I have a bite, I will just get this waistcoat finished." So he laid the bread down near him and stitched away, making larger and larger stitches every time for joy.

Meanwhile, the smell of the preserve mounted to the ceiling, where flies were sitting in great numbers, and enticed them down, so that soon a regular swarm of them had settled on the bread. "Hallo! Who invited you?" exclaimed the Tailor, hunting away the unbidden guests; but the

flies, not understanding his language, would not be driven off, and came again in greater numbers than before.

This put the little man in a boiling passion, and, snatching up in his rage a piece of cloth, he brought it down with an unmerciful swoop upon them. When he raised it again, he counted no fewer than seven lying dead before him with outstretched legs. "What a fellow you are!" said he to himself, wondering at his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this."

In great haste he cut himself out a band, hemmed it, and then put on it in large characters, "SEVEN AT ONE BLOW!" "Ah," said he, "not one city alone; the whole world shall know it!" and his heart fluttered with joy, like a lambkin's tail.

The little Tailor bound the belt round his body, and prepared to travel forth into the wide world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out, however, he looked round his house to see if there was anything he could take with him; but he found only an old cheese, which he pocketed; and, seeing a bird before the door, which was entangled in the bushes, he caught it and put that in his pocket also. Directly after, he set out bravely on his travels; and, as he was light and active, he felt no weariness. His road led him up a hill, and when he reached the highest point of it he found a great Giant sitting there, who was looking about him very composedly.

The little Tailor, however, went boldly up, and said, "Good-day, comrade; in faith, you sit there and see the whole world stretched below you. I am also on my road thither to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?"

The Giant looked contemptuously at the little Tailor, and said, "You vagabond! you miserable fellow!"

"That may be," replied the Tailor; "but here you may read what sort of a man I am;" and, unbuttoning his coat, he showed the Giant his belt. The Giant read, "Seven at one blow!" and, thinking they were men whom the Tailor had slain, he had a little respect for him. Still, he wished to prove him first; so, taking up a stone, he squeezed it in his hand, so that water dropped out of it.

"Do that after me," said he to the other, "if you have any strength."

"If it be nothing worse than that," said the Tailor, "that's play to me." And, diving into his pocket, he brought out the cheese and squeezed it till the whey ran out of it, and said, "Now, I think that's a little better."

The Giant did not know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man; so, taking up another stone, he threw it so high that one could scarcely see it with the eye, saying, "There, you mannikin, do that after me."

"Well done!" said the Tailor; "but your stone must fall down again to the ground. I will throw one up which shall not come back," and, dipping into his pocket, he took out the bird and threw it into the air. The bird, rejoicing in its freedom, flew straight up, and then far away, and did not return. "How does that little affair please you, comrade?" asked the Tailor.

"You can throw well, certainly," replied the Giant; "now let us see if you are in trim to carry something out of the common." So saying, he

led him to a huge oak-tree, which lay upon the ground, and said, " If you are strong enough, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

" With all my heart," replied the Tailor. " Do you take the trunk upon your shoulder, and I will raise the boughs and branches, which are the heaviest, and carry them."

The Giant took the trunk upon his shoulder ; but the Tailor seated himself on a branch, so that the Giant, who was not able to look round, was forced to carry the whole tree and the Tailor besides. He, being behind, was very merry, and chuckled at the trick, and presently began to whistle the song, " There rode three tailors out at the gate," as if the carrying of trees were child's play. The Giant, after he had staggered along a short distance with his heavy burden, could go no farther, and shouted out, " Do you hear ? I must let the tree fall." The Tailor, springing down, quickly embraced the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it, and said to the Giant, " Are you such a big fellow, and yet cannot you carry this tree by yourself ? "

Then they journeyed on farther, and as they came to a cherry-tree, the Giant seized the top of the tree where the ripest fruits hung, and, bending it down, gave it to the Tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But the Tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down ; and when the Giant let go, the tree flew up in the air, and the Tailor was carried with it. He came down on the other side, however, without any injury, and the Giant said, " What does that mean ? Have you not strength enough to hold that twig ? " " My strength did not fail me," replied the Tailor. " Do you suppose that that was any hard thing for one who has killed seven at one blow ? I have sprung over the tree because the hunters were shooting below there in the thicket. Spring after me if you can." The Giant made the attempt, but could not clear the tree, and stuck fast in the branches ; so that in this affair, too, the Tailor was the better man.

After this the Giant said, " Since you are such a valiant fellow, come with me to our house and stop a night with us." The Tailor consented, and followed him ; and when they entered the cave, there sat by the fire two other Giants, each having a roast sheep in his hand, of which he was eating. The Tailor sat down, thinking, " Ah, this is much more like the world than is my workshop." And soon the Giant showed him a bed where he might lie down and go to sleep. The bed, however, was too big for him, so he slipped out of it and crept into a corner.

When midnight came, and the Giant thought the Tailor would be in a deep sleep, he got up, and, taking a great iron bar, beat the bed right through at one stroke, and supposed he had given the Tailor his death-blow. At the earliest dawn of morning the Giants went forth into the forest, quite forgetting the Tailor, when presently up he came, quite merry, and showed himself before them. The Giants were terrified, and, fearing he would kill them all, they ran away in great haste.

The Tailor journeyed on, always following his nose, and after he had wandered some long distance, he came into the courtyard of a royal palace ; and as he felt rather tired he laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. Whilst he lay there the people came and viewed him, and read upon his belt, " Seven at one blow." " Ah ! " said they, " what does this great warrior here in time of peace ? This must be some mighty hero."

So they went and told the King, thinking that, should war break out, here was an important and useful man, whom one ought not to part with at any price. The King took counsel, and sent one of his courtiers to the Tailor to ask for his fighting services, if he should be awake. The messenger stopped at the sleeper's side, and waited till he stretched out his limbs and opened his eyes, and then he laid before him his message. " Solely on that account did I come here," was the reply; " I am quite ready to enter into the King's service." Then he was conducted away with great honour, and a fine house was appointed him to dwell in.

The courtiers, however, became jealous of the Tailor, and wished he were a thousand miles away. " What will happen? " said they to one another. " If we go to battle with him, when he strikes out seven will fall at every blow, and nothing will be left for us to do."

In their rage they came to a resolution to resign, and they all went together to the King, and asked his permission, saying, " We are not prepared to keep company with a man who kills seven at one blow." The King was grieved to lose all his faithful servants for the sake of one, and wished that he had never seen the Tailor, and would willingly have now been rid of him. He dared not, however, dismiss him, because he feared that the Tailor would kill him and all his subjects, and place himself upon the throne.

For a long time he deliberated, till at last he came to a decision; and, sent for the Tailor. " In a certain forest in my kingdom," said the King, " there live two Giants, who, by murder, rapine, fire, and robbery, have committed great havoc, and no one dares to approach them without perilling his own life. If you overcome and kill both these Giants, I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom for a dowry: a hundred knights shall accompany you too, to assist you."

" Ah, that is something for such a man as I," thought the Tailor to himself; " a beautiful Princess and half a kingdom are not offered to one every day." So he replied, " Oh, yes, I will soon manage these two Giants, and a hundred horsemen are not necessary for that purpose; he who kills seven at one blow need not fear two."

Thus talking, the little Tailor set out, followed by the hundred knights, to whom he said, as soon as they came to the borders of the forest, " Stay you here; I would rather meet these Giants alone." Then he sprang off into the forest, peering about him right and left; and after a while he saw the two Giants lying asleep under a tree, snoring so loudly that the branches above them shook violently. The Tailor, full of courage, filled both his pockets with stones and clambered up the tree. When he got to the middle of it he crept along a bough, so that he sat just above the sleepers, and then he let fall one stone after another upon the breast of one of them. For some time the Giant did not stir, until, at last awakening, he pushed his companion, and said, " Why are you beating me? "

" You are dreaming," he replied; " I never hit you." They laid themselves down again to sleep, and presently the Tailor threw a stone down upon the other. " What is that? " he exclaimed. " What are you knocking me for? "

" I did not touch you; you must dream," replied the first. So they wrangled for a few minutes; but, being both very tired with their day's



The unicorn fixed its horn fast in the trunk.

work, they soon fell asleep again. Then the Tailor began his sport again, and, picking out the biggest stone, threw it with all his force upon the breast of the first Giant. " That is too bad ! " he exclaimed ; and, springing up like a madman, he fell upon his companion, who felt equally aggrieved. They set to in such good earnest, that they rooted up trees and beat one another about until they both fell dead upon the ground.

Now the Tailor jumped down, drew his sword, and, cutting a deep wound in the breast of each, he went to the horsemen, and said, " The deed is done ? I have given each his death-stroke ; but it was a hard job, for they uprooted trees to defend themselves with ; still, all that is of no use when such a one as I come, who killed seven at one stroke."

" Are you not wounded, then ? " asked they.

" That is not to be expected : they have not touched a hair of my head," replied the little man. The knights could scarcely believe him, till, riding away into the forest, they found the Giants lying in their blood and the uprooted trees around them.

The Tailor now demanded of the King his promised reward ; but the King repented his promise, and began to think of some new scheme to get rid of the hero. " Before you receive my daughter and the half of my kingdom," said he, " you must perform one other heroic deed. In the forest there runs wild a unicorn, which commits great havoc, and which you must first of all catch."

" I fear still less for a unicorn than I do for two Giants ! ' Seven at one blow ! ' that is my motto," said the Tailor. Then he took with him a rope and an axe, and went away to the forest. He had not to search long, for presently the unicorn came near and prepared to rush at him as if it would pierce him on the spot. " Softly, softly ! " he exclaimed ; " that is not

done so easily." And, waiting till the animal was close upon him, he sprang nimbly behind a tree.

The unicorn, rushing with all its force against the tree, fixed its horn so fast in the trunk that it could not draw it out again, and so it was made prisoner. " Now I have got my bird," said the Tailor; and, coming from behind the tree, he first bound the rope around its neck, and then, cutting the horn out of the tree with his axe, he led the animal before the King.

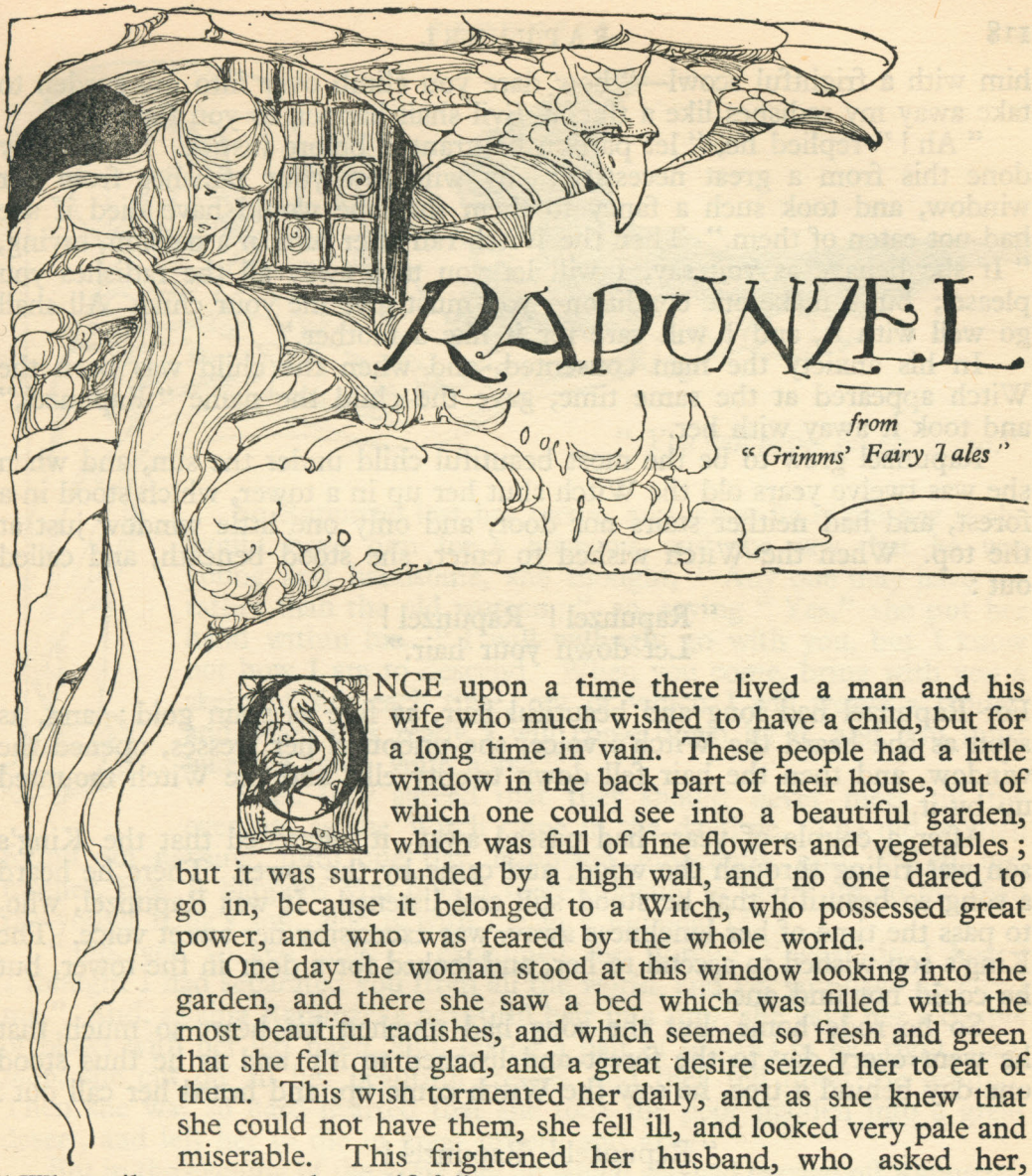
The king, however, would not yet deliver up the promised reward, and made a third request, that, before the wedding, the Tailor should catch a wild boar which did much injury, and he should have the huntsmen to help him. " With pleasure," was the reply; " it is mere child's play." The hunstmen, however, he left behind, to their entire content, for this wild boar had already so often hunted them, that they had no pleasure in hunting it. As soon as the boar perceived the Tailor, it ran at him with gaping mouth and gnashing teeth, and tried to throw him on the ground; but our flying hero sprang into a little chapel which was near, and out again at a window on the other side in a trice. The boar ran after him, but he, skipping round, shut the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too unwieldy and heavy to jump out of the window. The Tailor now called the huntsmen up, that they might see his prisoner with their own eyes; but our hero presented himself before the King, who was compelled now, whether he would or no, to keep his promise, and surrender his daughter and the half of his kingdom.

So the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, though with little rejoicing, and out of a Tailor was made a King.

Some little while afterwards the young Queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, " Boy, make me a waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will lay the yard-measure over your ears ! " Then she found of what condition her lord was, and complained in the morning to her father, and begged he would deliver her from her husband, who was nothing else than a tailor. The King comforted her by saying, " This night leave your chamber door open; my servants shall stand without, and when he is asleep they shall enter, bind him, and bear him away to a ship, which shall carry him forth into the wide world." The wife was contented with his proposal; but the King's armour-bearer, who had overheard all, went to the young King and disclosed the whole plot.

" I will shoot a bolt upon this affair," said the brave Tailor. In the evening, at their usual time, they went to bed, and when his wife believed he slept she got up, opened the door, and laid herself down again. The Tailor, however, only feigned to be asleep, and began to exclaim in a loud voice, " Boy, make me this waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will beat the yard-measure about your ears ! Seven have I killed with one blow; two Giants have I slain; a unicorn have I led captive; and a wild boar have I caught; and shall I be afraid of those who stand without my chamber ? "

When the servants heard these words spoken by the Tailor, a great fear overcame them, and they ran away as if the wild huntsmen were behind them; neither afterwards durst any man venture to oppose him. Thus became the Tailor a King, and so he remained the rest of his days.



RAPUNZEL

from
"Grimms' Fairy Tales"

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife who much wished to have a child, but for a long time in vain. These people had a little window in the back part of their house, out of which one could see into a beautiful garden, which was full of fine flowers and vegetables; but it was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go in, because it belonged to a Witch, who possessed great power, and who was feared by the whole world.

One day the woman stood at this window looking into the garden, and there she saw a bed which was filled with the most beautiful radishes, and which seemed so fresh and green that she felt quite glad, and a great desire seized her to eat of them. This wish tormented her daily, and as she knew that she could not have them, she fell ill, and looked very pale and miserable. This frightened her husband, who asked her, "What ails you, my dear wife?"

"Ah!" she replied, "if I cannot get any of those radishes to eat out of the garden behind the house, I shall die!"

The husband, loving her very much, thought, "Rather than let my wife die, I must fetch her some radishes, cost what they may."

So, in the gloom of the evening, he climbed the wall of the Witch's garden, and, snatching a handful of radishes in great haste, brought them to his wife, who made herself a salad with them, which she relished extremely. However, they were so nice and so well flavoured, that the next day after she felt the same desire for the third time, and could not get any rest, so that her husband was obliged to promise her some more.

So, in the evening, he made himself ready, and began clambering up the wall; but, oh! how terribly frightened he was, for there he saw the old Witch standing before him. "How dare you," she began, looking at

him with a frightful scowl—" how dare you climb over into my garden to take away my radishes like a thief? Evil shall happen to you for this."

" Ah ! " replied he, " let pardon be granted before justice. I have only done this from a great necessity: my wife saw your radishes from her window, and took such a fancy to them that she would have died if she had not eaten of them." Then the Witch ran after him in a passion, saying, " If she behave as you say, I will let you take away all the radishes you please; but I make one condition—you must give me your child. All shall go well with it, and I will care for it like a mother."

In his anxiety the man consented, and when the child was born the Witch appeared at the same time, gave the child the name " Rapunzel," and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child under the sun, and when she was twelve years old the Witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, and only one little window just at the top. When the Witch wished to enter, she stood beneath, and called out:

" Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair."

For Rapunzel had long and beautiful hair, as fine as spun gold; and, as soon as she heard the Witch's voice, she unbound her tresses, opened the window, and then the hair fell down twenty ells, and the Witch mounted up by it.

After a couple of years had passed away, it happened that the King's son was riding through the wood, and came by the tower. There he heard a song so beautiful that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel, who, to pass the time of her loneliness away, was exercising her sweet voice. The King's son wished to ascend to her, and looked for a door in the tower, but he could not find one.

So he rode home, but the song had touched his heart so much that he went every day to the forest and listened to it; and as he thus stood one day behind a tree, he saw the Witch come up, and heard her call out:

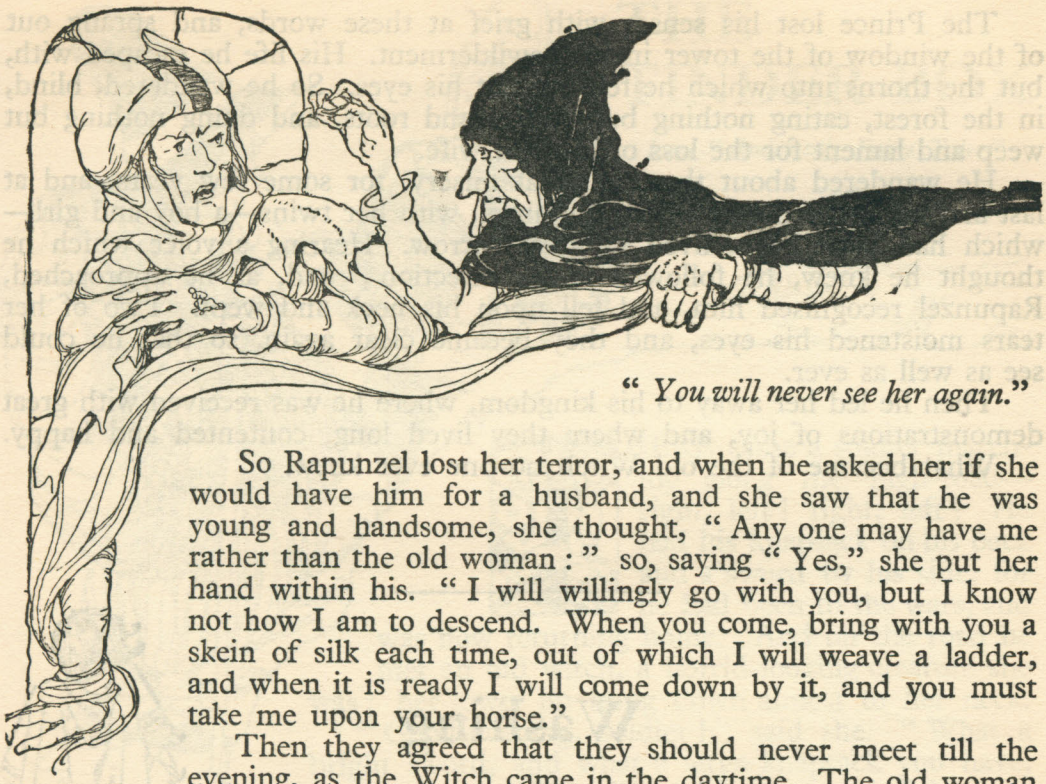
" Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair."

Then Rapunzel let down her tresses, and the Witch mounted up. " Is that the ladder on which one must climb? Then I will try my luck too," said the Prince; and the following day, as he felt quite lonely, he went to the tower, and said:

" Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair."

Then the tresses fell down, and he climbed up.

Rapunzel was much frightened at first when a man came in, for she had never seen one before; but the King's son talked in a loving way to her, and told how his heart had been so moved by her singing that he had no peace until he had seen her himself.



" You will never see her again."

So Rapunzel lost her terror, and when he asked her if she would have him for a husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, " Any one may have me rather than the old woman : " so, saying " Yes," she put her hand within his. " I will willingly go with you, but I know not how I am to descend. When you come, bring with you a skein of silk each time, out of which I will weave a ladder, and when it is ready I will come down by it, and you must take me upon your horse."

Then they agreed that they should never meet till the evening, as the Witch came in the daytime. The old woman found out nothing, until one day Rapunzel innocently said, " Tell me, mother, how it happens you find it more difficult to come up to me than the young King's son, who is with me in a moment ! "

" Oh, you wicked child ! " exclaimed the Witch ; " what do I hear ? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." And, seizing Rapunzel's beautiful hair in a fury, she gave her a couple of blows with her left hand, and, taking a pair of scissors in her right, *snip, snap*, she cut off all her beautiful tresses, and they fell upon the ground. Then she was so hard-hearted that she took the poor maiden into a great desert, and left her to die in great misery and grief.

But in the evening of the same day on which she had carried off Rapunzel, the old Witch bound the shorn tresses fast above to the window-latch, and when the King's son came, and called out :

" Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair."

she let them down. The Prince mounted ; but when he got to the top he found, not his dear Rapunzel, but the Witch, who looked at him with furious and wicked eyes.

" Aha ! " she exclaimed scornfully, " you would fetch your dear wife ; but the beautiful bird sits no longer in her nest, singing ; the cat has taken her away, and will now scratch out your eyes. To you Rapunzel is lost ; you will never see her again."

The Prince lost his senses with grief at these words, and sprang out of the window of the tower in his bewilderment. His life he escaped with, but the thorns into which he fell put out his eyes. So he wandered, blind, in the forest, eating nothing but berries and roots, and doing nothing but weep and lament for the loss of his dear wife.

He wandered about thus, in great misery, for some few years, and at last arrived at the desert where Rapunzel, with her twins—a boy and girl—which had been born, lived in great sorrow. Hearing a voice which he thought he knew, he followed in its direction; and, as he approached, Rapunzel recognised him, and fell upon his neck and wept. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and they became clear again, so that he could see as well as ever.

Then he led her away to his kingdom, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy, and where they lived long, contented and happy.

What became of the old Witch no one ever knew.



Washing

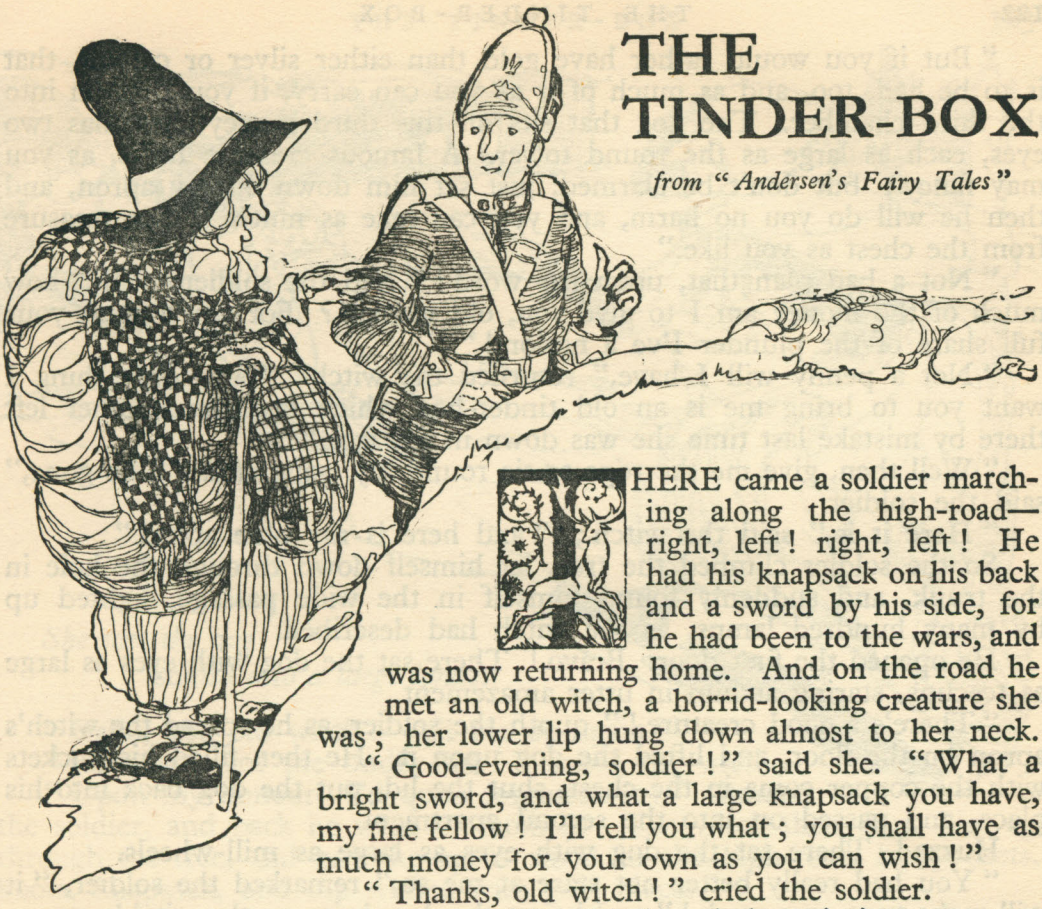
by JOHN DRINKWATER

What is all this washing about,
Every day, week in, week out?
From getting up till going to bed,
I'm tired of hearing the same thing said.
Whether I'm dirty or whether I'm not,
Whether the water is cold or hot,
Whether I like or whether I don't,
Whether I will or whether I won't.—
"Have you washed your hands, and washed your face?"
I seem to *live* in the washing-place.



Whenever I go for a walk or ride,
As soon as I put my nose inside
The door again, there's some one there
With a sponge and soap, and a lot they care
If I have something better to do,
"Now wash your face and your fingers too."

Before a meal is ever begun,
And after ever a meal is done,
It's time to turn on the waterspout.
Please, what *is* all this washing about?



THE TINDER-BOX

from "Andersen's Fairy Tales"

THERE came a soldier marching along the high-road—right, left! right, left! He had his knapsack on his back and a sword by his side, for he had been to the wars, and was now returning home. And on the road he met an old witch, a horrid-looking creature she was; her lower lip hung down almost to her neck.

"Good-evening, soldier!" said she. "What a bright sword, and what a large knapsack you have, my fine fellow! I'll tell you what; you shall have as much money for your own as you can wish!"

"Thanks, old witch!" cried the soldier.

"Do you see yonder large tree?" said the witch, pointing to a tree that stood close by the wayside. "It is quite hollow within. Climb up to the top, and you will find a hole large enough for you to creep through, and thus you will get down into the tree. I will tie a rope round your waist, so that I can pull you up again when you call me."

"But what am I to do down in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"What are you to do?" repeated the witch. "Why, fetch money, to be sure! As soon as you get to the bottom, you will find yourself in a wide passage; it is quite light, more than a hundred lamps are burning there. Then you will see three doors; you can open them, the keys are in the locks.

"On opening the first door you will enter a room. In the midst of it, on the floor, lies a large chest; a dog is seated on it, his eyes are as large as teacups; but never you mind, don't trouble yourself about him! I will lend you my blue apron; you must spread it out on the floor, then go briskly up to the dog, seize him, and set him down on it; and after that is done, you can open the chest, and take as much money out of it as you please.

"That chest contains none but copper coins; but if you like silver better, you have only to go into the next room; there you will find a dog with eyes as large as mill-wheels, but don't be afraid of him; you have only to set him down on my apron, and then rifle the chest at your leisure.

"But if you would rather have gold than either silver or copper, that is to be had, too, and as much of it as you can carry, if you pass on into the third chamber. The dog that sits on this third money-chest has two eyes, each as large as the round tower. A famous creature he is, as you may fancy; but don't be alarmed, just set him down on my apron, and then he will do you no harm, and you can take as much golden treasure from the chest as you like."

"Not a bad plan that, upon my word!" said the soldier. "But how much of the money am I to give you, old woman? For you'll want your full share of the plunder I've a notion!"

"Not a penny will I have," returned the witch. "The only thing I want you to bring me is an old tinder-box which my grandmother left there by mistake last time she was down in the tree."

"Well then, give me the rope to tie round my waist, and I'll be gone," said the soldier.

"Here it is," said the witch; "and here is my blue apron."

So the soldier climbed the tree, let himself down through the hole in the trunk, and suddenly found himself in the wide passage, lighted up by many hundred lamps, as the witch had described.

He opened the first door. Bravo! There sat the dog with eyes as large as teacups, staring at him in utter amazement.

"There's a good creature!" quoth the soldier, as he spread the witch's apron on the floor, and lifted the dog upon it. He then filled his pockets with the copper coins in the chest, shut the lid, put the dog back into his place, and passed on into the second apartment.

Huzza! There sat the dog with eyes as large as mill-wheels.

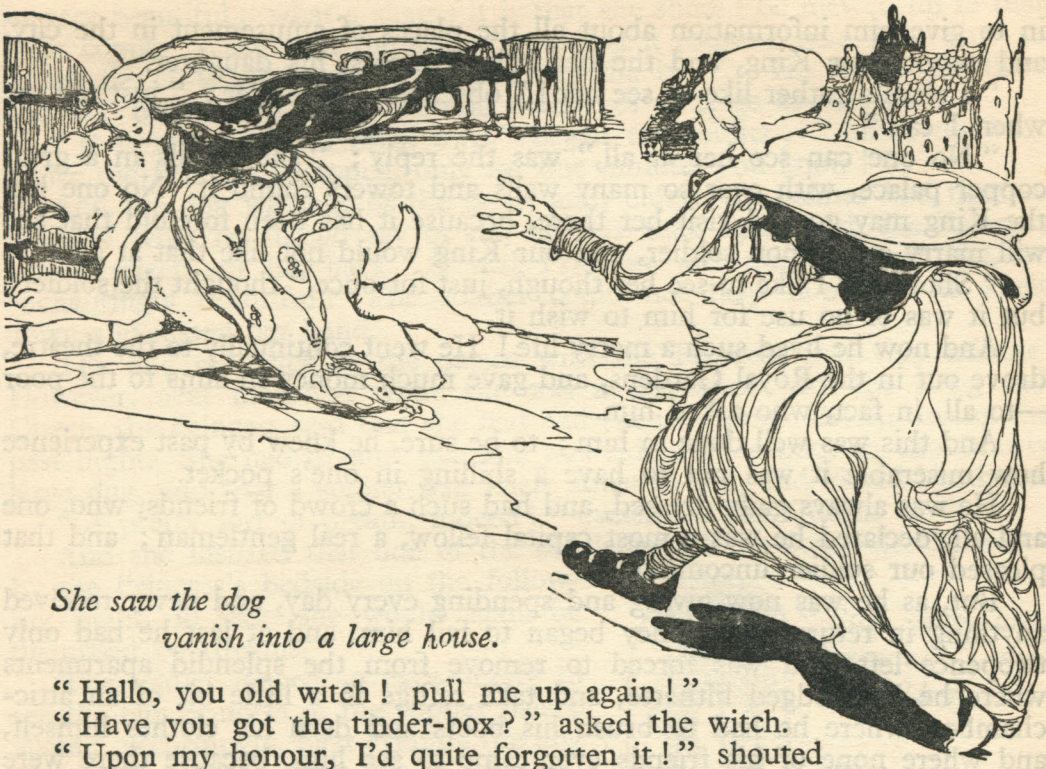
"You had really better not stare at me so," remarked the soldier, "it will make your eyes weak!" and he set the dog down on the witch's apron. But when, on raising the lid of the chest, he beheld the vast quantity of silver money it contained, he threw all his pence away in disgust, and hastened to fill his pockets and his knapsack with the pure silver.

And he passed on into the third chamber. Now, indeed, that was terrifying! The dog in this chamber actually had a pair of eyes each as large as the round tower, and they kept rolling round and round in his head like wheels.

"Good-evening!" said the soldier, and he lifted his cap respectfully, for such a monster of a dog as this he had never in his life before seen or heard of. He stood still for a minute or two, looking at him; then thinking, the sooner it was done the better, he took hold of the immense creature, removed him from the chest to the floor, and raised the lid of the chest.

Oh, what a sight of gold was there! Enough to buy not only all Copenhagen, but all the cakes and sugar-plums, all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the world! Yes, he must be satisfied now.

Hastily the soldier threw out all the silver money he had stuffed into his pockets and knapsack, and took gold instead; not only his pockets and knapsack, but his soldier's cap and boots he crammed full of gold—bright gold! heavy gold! He could hardly walk for the weight he carried. He lifted the dog on the chest again, banged the door of the room behind him, and called out through the tree:



She saw the dog vanish into a large house.

"Hallo, you old witch! pull me up again!"

"Have you got the tinder-box?" asked the witch.

"Upon my honour, I'd quite forgotten it!" shouted the soldier, and back he went to fetch it. The witch then drew him up through the tree, and now he again stood in the high-road, his pockets, boots, knapsack, and cap stuffed with gold pieces.

"Just tell me now, what are you going to do with the tinder-box?" inquired the soldier.

"That's no concern of yours," returned the witch. "You've got your money; give me my tinder-box this instant!"

"Well, take your choice," said the soldier. "Either tell me at once what you want with the tinder-box, or I draw my sword, and cut off your head."

"I won't tell you!" screamed the witch.

So the soldier drew his sword and cut off her head. There she lay, but he did not waste time in looking at what he had done. He made haste to knot all his money securely in the witch's blue apron, made a bundle of it, and slung it across his back, put the tinder-box into his pocket, and went straight to the nearest town.

It was a large, handsome town—a city, in fact. He walked into the first hotel in the place, called for the best rooms, and ordered the choicest and most expensive dishes for his supper, for he was now a rich man, with plenty of gold to spend.

The servant who cleaned his boots could not help thinking they were disgracefully shabby and worn to belong to such a grand gentleman; however, next day he provided himself with new boots and very gay clothes besides.

Our soldier was now a great man, and the people of the hotel were called

in to give him information about all the places of amusement in the city, and about their King, and the beautiful Princess, his daughter.

"I should rather like to see her!" observed the soldier; "just tell me when I can."

"No one can see her at all," was the reply; "she dwells in a great copper palace, with ever so many walls and towers round it. No one but the King may go and visit her there, because it has been foretold that she will marry a common soldier, and our King would not like that at all."

"Shouldn't I like to see her though, just for once," thought the soldier; but it was of no use for him to wish it.

And now he lived such a merry life! He went continually to the theatre, drove out in the Royal Gardens, and gave much money in alms to the poor —to all, in fact, who asked him.

And this was well done in him; to be sure, he knew by past experience how miserable it was not to have a shilling in one's pocket.

He was always gaily dressed, and had such a crowd of friends, who, one and all, declared he was a most capital fellow, a real gentleman; and that pleased our soldier uncommonly.

But, as he was now giving and spending every day, and never received anything in return, his money began to fail him, and at last he had only twopence left, and was forced to remove from the splendid apartments where he had lodged hitherto, and take refuge in a little bit of an attic-chamber, where he had to brush his boots and darn his clothes himself, and where none of his friends ever came to see him, because there were so many stairs to go up, it was quite fatiguing.

It was a very dark evening and he could not afford to buy himself so much as a rushlight. However, he remembered, all at once, that there were a few matches lying in the tinder-box that the old witch had made him fetch out of the hollow tree.

So he brought out this tinder-box and began to strike a light; but no sooner had he rubbed the flint-stone and made the sparks fly out than the door burst suddenly open, and the dog with eyes as large as teacups, and which he had seen in the cavern beneath the tree, stood before him, and said, "What commands has my master for his slave?"

"Upon my honour, this is a pretty joke!" cried the soldier. "A fine sort of tinder-box this is, if it will really provide me with whatever I want. Fetch me some money this instant!" said he to the dog; upon which the creature vanished, and lo! in half a minute he was back again, holding in his mouth a large bag full of pence.

So now the soldier understood the rare virtue of this charming tinder-box. If he struck the flint only once, the dog that sat on the chest full of copper came to him; if he struck it twice, the dog that watched over the silver answered his summons; and if he struck it three times, he was forthwith attended by the monstrous guardian of the golden treasure.

The soldier could now remove back to his princely apartments; he bought himself an entirely new suit of clothes, and all his friends remembered him again, and loved him as much as ever.

But one evening the thought occurred to him, "How truly ridiculous it is that no one should be allowed to see this Princess! They all say she is

so very beautiful; what a shame it is that she should be mewed up in that great copper palace with the towers guarding it round! And I do want so to see her! Where's my tinder-box, by the by?" He struck the flint, and lo! before him stood the dog with eyes as large as teacups.

"It is rather late, I must own," began the soldier; "but I do want to see the Princess so much, only for one minute, you know!"

And the dog was out of the door, and, before the soldier had time to think of what he should say or do, he was back again with the Princess sitting asleep on his back. A real Princess was this, so beautiful, so enchantingly beautiful! The soldier could not help himself; he knelt down and kissed her hand.

The dog ran back to the palace with the Princess that very minute. However, next morning, while she was at breakfast with the King and Queen, the Princess said that she had had such a strange dream during the past night. She had dreamt that she was riding on a dog, an enormously large dog, and that a soldier had knelt down to her, and kissed her hand.

"A pretty sort of dream, indeed!" exclaimed the Queen.

And she insisted that one of the old ladies of the court should watch by the Princess's bedside on the following night, in case she would again be disturbed by dreams.



"Stop, stop, little 'prentice!" cried the soldier.

The soldier longed so exceedingly to see the fair Princess of the copper palace again; accordingly, next evening the dog was summoned to fetch her. So he did, and ran as fast as he could; however, not so fast but that the ancient dame watching at the Princess's couch found time to put on a pair of waterproof boots before running after them.

She saw the dog vanish into a large house; then, thinking to herself, "Now I know what to do," she took out a piece of chalk and made a great white cross on the door. She then went home and betook herself to rest, and the Princess was home almost as soon.

But on his way the dog chanced to observe the white cross on the door of the hotel where the soldier lived; so he immediately took another piece of chalk and set crosses on every door throughout the town. And this was wisely done on his part.

Early in the morning came out the King, the Queen, the old court dame, and all the officers of the royal household, every one of them curious to see where the Princess had been.

"Here it is!" exclaimed the King, as soon as he saw the first street-door with a cross chalked on it.

"My dear, where are your eyes? This is the house," cried the Queen, seeing the second door bear the cross.

"No, this is it surely—why, here's a cross, too!" cried all of them together, on discovering that there were crosses on all the doors. It was evident that their search would be in vain, and they were obliged to give it up.

But the Queen was an exceedingly wise and prudent woman; she was good for something besides sitting in a state carriage, and looking very grand and condescending. She now took her gold scissors, cut a large piece of silk stuff into strips, and sewed these strips together, to make a pretty, neat little bag. This bag she filled with the finest, whitest flour, and with her own hands tied it to the Princess's waist; and when this was done, again took up her golden scissors and cut a little hole in the bag, just large enough to let the flour drop out gradually all the time the Princess was moving.

That evening the dog came again, took the Princess on his back, and ran away with her to the soldier. Oh, how the soldier loved her, and how he wished he were a prince, that he might have this beautiful Princess for his wife!

The dog never perceived how the flour went drip, drip, dripping all the way from the palace to the soldier's room, and from the soldier's room back to the palace. So next morning the King and Queen could easily discover where their daughter had been carried; and they took the soldier and cast him into prison.

And now he sat in the prison. Oh! how dark it was, and how wearisome, and the turnkey kept coming in to remind him that to-morrow he was to be hanged.

This piece of news was by no means agreeable; and the tinder-box had been left in his lodgings at the hotel. When morning came, he could, through his narrow iron grating, watch the people all hurrying out of the town to see him hanged; he could hear the drums beating, and presently, too, he saw the soldiers marching to the place of execution. What a crowd there was rushing by! Among the rest was a shoemaker's apprentice in his leathern apron and slippers; he bustled on with such speed that one of his slippers flew off and bounded against the iron staves of the soldier's prison window.

"Stop, stop, little 'prentice!" cried the soldier; "it's of no use for you to be in such a hurry, for none of the fun will begin till I come, but if you'll oblige me by running to my lodgings and fetching me my tinder-box, I'll give you twopence. But you must run for your life!"

The shoemaker's boy liked the idea of earning twopence; so away he raced after the tinder-box, returned, and gave it to the soldier, and then —ah, yes, now we shall hear what happened then.

Outside the city a gibbet had been erected; round it were marshalled the soldiers with many hundred thousand people—men, women, and children; the King and Queen were seated on magnificent thrones, exactly opposite the judges and the whole assembled council.

Already had the soldier mounted the topmost step of the ladder, already was the executioner on the point of fitting the rope round his neck when, turning to their Majesties, he began to entreat most earnestly that they would suffer a poor criminal's innocent fancy to be gratified before he underwent his punishment. He wished so much, he said, to smoke a pipe of tobacco, and as it was the last pleasure he could enjoy in this world, he hoped it would not be denied him.

The King could not refuse this harmless request, accordingly the soldier took out his tinder-box and struck the flint. Once he struck it, twice he struck it, three times he struck it, and lo! all the three wizard dogs stood before him—the dog with eyes as large as teacups, the dog with eyes as large as mill-wheels, and the dog with eyes each as large as the round tower!

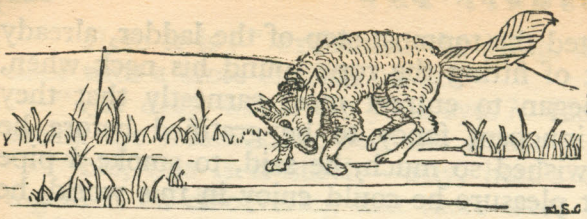
"Now help me, don't let me be hanged!" cried the soldier. And forthwith the three terrible dogs fell upon the judges and councillors, tossing them high into the air, so high that on falling down to the ground again they were broken in pieces.

"We will not——" began the King, but the monster dog with eyes as large as the round tower did not wait to hear what his Majesty would not; he seized both him and the Queen, and flung them up into the air after the councillors. And the soldiers were all desperately frightened, and the people shouted out with one voice, "Good soldier, you shall be our King, and the beautiful Princess shall be your wife, and our Queen!"

So the soldier was conducted into the royal carriage, and all the three dogs bounded to and fro in front, little boys whistled upon their fingers, and the guards presented arms.

The Princess was forthwith sent for and made Queen, which she liked much better than living a prisoner in the copper palace. The bridal festivities lasted for eight whole days, and the three wizard dogs sat at the banquet-table, staring about them with their great eyes.





EE-OH

ANON

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole life;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And lov'd to be picking a bone, *ee-oh!*

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright;
"Oho!" said the fox, "it's a very fine night,
For me to go through the town, *ee-oh!*"

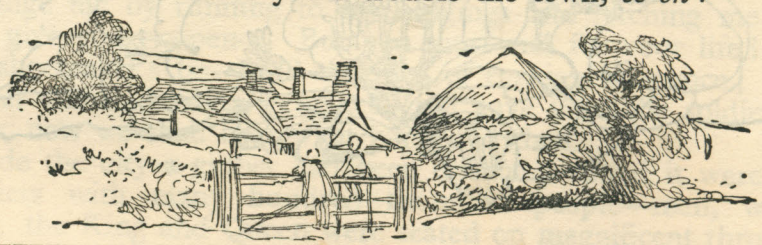
The fox, when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while!
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "it's a very short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, *ee-oh!*"

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
"I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, *ee-oh!*"

The grey goose she ran round the farmer's stack,
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "you are plump and fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back,
From this unto yonder wee town, *ee-oh!*"

The farmer's wife she jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head!
"Oh, husband! oh, husband! The geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, *ee-oh!*"

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;
"Ah, ha!" said the farmer, "I think you're quite dead;
And no more you'll trouble the town, *ee-oh!*"





C.W.B. RAPUNZEL.

Then Rapunzel let down her tresses and the witch climbed up. (Page 118.)

visited the other side of Crusoe's kingdom, indulging in a cannibal feast, and leaving behind a number of human bones, the remains of their horrible banquet.

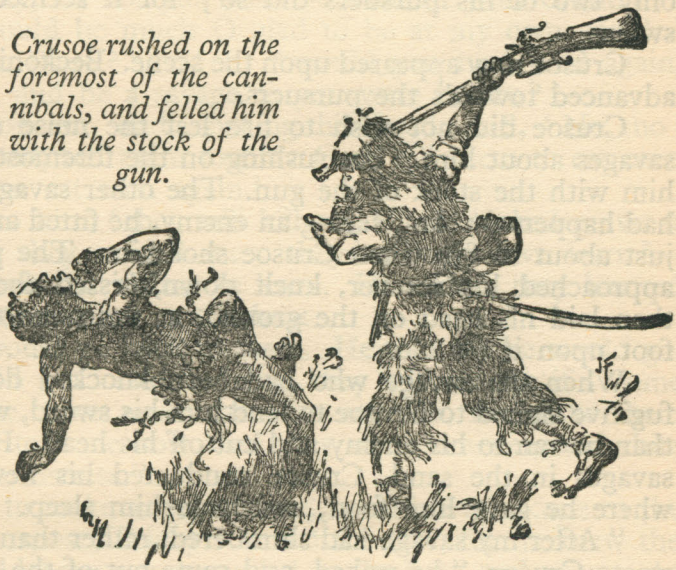
As soon as he saw they had gone, Crusoe put two guns on his shoulder, two pistols in his belt, and hung a sword by his side. Then with all speed he ran to the hill where he had first seen the canoes of the savages. He perceived that there must have been three other canoes at the place, and, looking out farther, saw them all at sea together.

Once more he felt uneasy, and lived in constant fear of their taking him by surprise. However, it was more than fifteen months before any of the savages came to the island again.

In the middle of the following May, there was a great storm, in the midst of which Crusoe heard the sound of guns from a ship in distress.

He wrote in his journal:

'I brought together all the dry wood I could get at hand, and, making a good handsome pile, I set it on fire on the hill. The wood was dry, and blazed freely, and, though the wind blew very hard, yet it burnt fairly out. As soon as ever my fire blazed up, I heard another gun, and after that several others, all from the same quarter. I plied my fire all night long till day broke; and when it was broad day, and the air cleared up, I saw something at a great distance at sea, full east of the island.



Crusoe rushed on the foremost of the cannibals, and felled him with the stock of the gun.

"I looked frequently at it all that day, and soon perceived that it did not move, so I presently concluded that it was a ship at anchor. I took my gun in my hand, and ran towards the south-east side of the island, to the rocks, and getting up there, the weather by this time being perfectly clear, I could plainly see, to my great sorrow, the wreck of a ship cast away in the night on those concealed rocks.

"I never knew whether any were saved out of that ship or not; and had only the affliction, some days after, to see the body of a drowned boy come ashore at the end of the island which was next the wreck."

When the waves subsided, and the sea was calm, Crusoe set out in his boat and reached the wreck, which was jammed between two rocks. A hungry, half-starved dog jumped out of the ship into our hero's boat; but that seemed to be the only living being left on board the broken vessel. Laden with the dog and a couple of chests from the wreck, with a powder-horn, some fire-irons, kettles, and a gridiron, Crusoe reached his island at the close of day, tired out with his exertions.

In the chests he found shirts, handkerchiefs, and neckties. The tills in the great chests contained bags of money and ingots of gold. With regard to the latter, Crusoe wrote in his journal as follows :

" I had more wealth, indeed, than I had before, but was not at all the richer. I had no more use for it than the Indians of Peru had before the Spaniards came thither."

About a year and a half elapsed, when, one morning, Crusoe was surprised at seeing five canoes come ashore together. The savages landed, to the number of about thirty, and began to dance round a fire which they kindled. Then, two miserable wretches were dragged from the boats, one of whom was immediately knocked down and killed with a club.

The second ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, towards Crusoe's castle, followed by three of the savages. He swam across the creek ; but only two of his pursuers did so ; for it seemed that the third could not swim.

Crusoe now appeared upon the scene. Beckoning to the fugitive, he slowly advanced towards the pursuers.

Crusoe did not wish to fire lest the noise should bring all the other savages about him ; but rushing on the foremost of the cannibals, he felled him with the stock of the gun. The other savage did not understand what had happened ; but, seeing an enemy, he fitted an arrow to his bow and was just about to fire when Crusoe shot him. The poor fugitive savage slowly approached his rescuer, knelt down, kissed the ground at Crusoe's feet, then laid his head on the ground, at the same time placing his deliverer's foot upon it.

When the savage who had been knocked down began to recover, the fugitive signed to Crusoe to lend him his sword, which he no sooner received than he ran to his enemy and cut off his head. Having buried the two dead savages in the sand, Crusoe conducted his new companion to the cave, where he gave him food, and bade him sleep.

" After my savage had slumbered, rather than slept, above half an hour," wrote Crusoe, " he waked, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats in the enclosure just by.

" When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again on the ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it.

" At last, he laid his head flat on the ground, close to my foot, and placed my other foot upon his head, as he had done before. After this, he made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how much he would serve me as long as he lived.

" In a little time, I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me. First, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life, and I called him so for the memory of the time."

Upon visiting the spot where the savages had landed, Crusoe found the place covered with human bones, and saw all the tokens of the terrible triumphant feast they had held there after a victory over their enemies. Having buried the bones and other remains of the cannibals' feast, our hero returned to his castle, accompanied by Friday.

CRUSOE RETURNS HOME

It was well for Crusoe that he had a companion, or the constant dread of the savages might have unsettled his mind; but his self-appointed task of teaching Friday employed him, and gave him an interest in life.

Let us now turn again to Crusoe's journal.

"Some time after this," he wrote, "we were on the top of the hill, from which I had on a clear day seen the mainland. Suddenly Friday began jumping and dancing, and when I asked him what was the matter, he exclaimed, 'O joy! O glad! There see my country.'

"I said to him, 'Friday, do not you wish yourself in your country?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I would be much O glad to be at my own people.'

"'What would you do there?' said I; 'would you turn wild again, and eat men's flesh again, and be a savage as you were before?'

"He looked full of concern, and, shaking his head, said, 'No, no! Friday tell them to live good, tell them to pray God, tell them to eat corn bread, cattle flesh, milk, no eat man again.'

"'Why, then,' said I to him, 'they will kill you!' He looked grave at that, and then said, 'No, they no kill me; they willingly love learn'—he meant by this, they would be willing to learn. He added, they learned much of the white mans that came in the boat.

"Then I asked if he would go back to them. He told me he would go, if I would go with him. 'I go!' said I, 'why, they will eat me if I come there!' 'No, no,' says he, 'me make them no eat you, me make them much love you.' Then he told me how kind they were to seventeen white men who came on shore in distress."

Soon they set to work to make a large canoe, in which to escape to the mainland; and, for this purpose, Friday selected the tree, for he knew the right kind. A month's hard labour was expended on the boat, and a fortnight in launching her on great rollers; but, when she was in the water, she would have carried twenty men, although she was very easily managed. Two months were occupied in rigging and fitting out this new vessel with a mast, sails, and a rudder.

Before the boat was completed, another party of savages, in three canoes, numbering one-and-twenty, and bearing a white man as a prisoner, landed on the island. Crusoe and Friday, arming themselves, fired at the savages, killing and wounding several of them. They then rushed down to the shore, where Crusoe cut the bonds which bound the white prisoner, who turned out to be a Spaniard, put arms into his hands, and bade him fight for his life.

The white man, nothing loath, attacked two of his would-be murderers like a fury; but was likely to have come off badly in his encounter with a third, had not Crusoe shot the savage. Such of the invaders as were unhurt escaped in one of the canoes. Crusoe, jumping into one which they had left, found another poor creature therein, bound hand and foot, and almost dead with fright.

As this prisoner appeared to be Friday's fellow-countryman, he was instructed to inform him of his deliverance; and, strange to say, in the prisoner, he discovered his own father. This strange discovery put a stop to the pursuit of the other savages, who were now almost out of sight.

As soon as Crusoe had secured the rescued prisoners and given them shelter and a place to rest in, he began to think of making some further provision for them.

Having killed a goat he took one of the hindquarters, and, chopping it into small pieces, made a very good dish of broth and flesh with barley and rice added thereto. This he cooked outside and, having set a table for his guests, joined them and ate his dinner with them.

Having now a larger family to feed, Crusoe and his three companions dug up more ground, sowing it with barley and rice. As the season was a favourable one, they reaped a plentiful harvest.

Sending the Spaniard with Friday's father, in one of the canoes which the savages had left behind, to the mainland, in order to bring away some of his friends there, Friday and his master were again left alone.

They had been gone only eight days, when Friday espied a boat's crew of white men, rough seamen, who landed with three prisoners, whom they treated with much unkindness.

When they had landed Crusoe saw that they were Englishmen. In all there were eleven, of whom the three were unarmed. One of them seemed to be entreating for life with all the energy of despair. Here we shall let Crusoe tell his own story.

" I was perfectly confounded at the sight, and knew not what the meaning of it could be. Friday called out to me, in English, as well as he could, ' O master ! you see English mans eat prisoners as well as savage mans.'

" ' Why, Friday,' said I, ' do you think they are going to eat them, then ? '

" ' Yes ' says Friday, ' they will eat them.' "

" ' No, no, Friday,' said I ; ' I am afraid they will murder them, indeed, but you may be sure they will not eat them.'

" All this while I had no thought of what the matter really was, but stood trembling with the horror of the sight, expecting every moment that the three prisoners would be killed. Once I saw one of the villains lift up his arm with a great cutlass, to strike one of the poor men.

" I wished heartily now for our Spaniard, and the savage that was gone with him, or that I had any way to have come undiscovered within shot of them, that I might have rescued the three men, for I saw no firearms they had among them.

" After I had observed the rough usage of the three men by the insolent seamen, I observed the fellows run scattering about the land, as if they wanted to see the country. I observed, also, that the three other men had liberty to go where they pleased ; but they sat down all three on the ground, and looked like men in despair.

" On this I resolved to make myself known to them, and learn something of their condition. I came as near them undiscovered as I could, and then, before any of them saw me, I called aloud to them, in Spanish, ' What are ye, gentlemen ? '

" They started up at the noise, and were ten times more confounded when they saw me, and the uncouth figure that I made. They gave no answer at all, but I thought I perceived them just going to fly from me, when I spoke to them in English. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'do not be surprised at me; perhaps you may have a friend near you, when you did not expect it.'



Suddenly Friday began jumping and dancing.

" 'Aid must be sent directly from Heaven, then,' said one of them, very gravely to me, pulling off his hat at the same time, 'for our condition is past the help of man.'

" 'Pray, lay aside your fears,' I said. 'I am a man—an Englishman, and disposed to assist you; you see I have one servant only—we have arms and ammunition. Tell us freely, can we serve you? What is your case?' "

Then, while the rough seamen were wandering about on the island, Crusoe learned that they had mutinied against the three prisoners, who turned out to be the captain, the mate, and a passenger of their ship.

Arming his new acquaintances, they set upon the ringleaders of the mutineers, one of whom was killed on the spot, and the others severely wounded, upon which the rest submitted. The ship fired several signals and waved flags for the boat to return; but, when these proved fruitless, they sent out another boat, having a crew of ten men provided with firearms.



He joined his guests and ate dinner with them.

Eight of them landed in search of their comrades, leaving two only to mind the boat. Having knocked down one of these, the captain summoned the other to surrender, which he did. The plan of the defenders was to watch for the

other mutineers in the dark, and to fall upon them suddenly, so as to make sure work with them.

It was several hours before they came back to their boat, which they were surprised to see fast aground in the creek, and their two men gone. Suddenly, they were fired upon; when the boatswain, the ringleader of the mutiny, was killed on the spot, and another man was mortally wounded. In great fear, they all laid down their arms, and begged for their lives. The prisoners were divided, and safely secured where they could do no harm; and then arrangements were made to seize the ship. In this enterprise, also, the captain was successful.

Crusoe now decided to try to return to his native country; and, having left some of the mutineers upon the island, he went on board the ship, taking his goatskin cap, his umbrella, and one of his parrots, as relics.

As he left the island on the nineteenth of December, 1686, he had lived there rather more than twenty-eight years; and, when he reached England, in June, 1687, he had been absent thirty-five years. He now resolved to seek some information with regard to his plantation in Brazil, and of the fate of his partner. With this end in view, he went to Lisbon, where he found his old friend, the captain who first rescued him off the coast of Africa. Having laid claim to his estates in Brazil, our hero found himself the owner of fifty thousand pounds, and a rich plantation in Brazil.

The Shortest Tale in the World

by STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD

"WHICH do you like better, short tales or long ones?" asked the broken-clawed Lobster, smiling amiably at the young Jack Crab.

"Short ones."

"Then I'll tell you the shortest tale in the world."

"Hurry up, then. Granny's waiting."

"Once upon a time there was a bloater."

"Yes, Go on."

"That's all."

"All! it can't be all. What did he say?"

"Nothing. Bloaters don't."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing. Bloaters can't."

"But, but——"

"No 'buts'; you cut along home and tell it to your Granny. Next time I'll tell you the longest story in the world."

"What's it about?"

"An eel that swallowed its tail."

"Yes. What else?"

"Made itself into a ring, you know. No beginning and no end. Ha! ha! ha!" And the Lobster went off into fits of laughter.



The Ballad of East & West

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat:
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.

" Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. " Show now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go.
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick though never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
" 'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, " ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: " Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain.
The thatch of the byres will serve fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
" No talk shall be of dogs," said he, " when wolf and grey wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: " I hold by the blood of my clan:
Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!"
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
" We be two strong men," said Kamal then, " but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,
" Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he, " will ye take the mate from a friend?"
" A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight, " A limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
" Now here is thy master," Kamal said, " who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

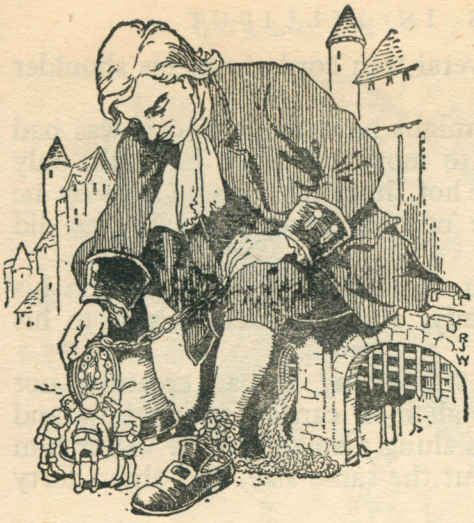


" The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he."

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."
They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and the Kamal's son the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
" Ha' done ! ha' done ! " said the Colonel's son. " Put up the steel at your sides !
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides ! "

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat ;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth !





GULLIVER'S TRAVELS IN LILLIPUT

from the story by

DEAN SWIFT

CHAPTER I



THIS is the story of a man who lived many years ago, named Lemuel Gulliver, and of the many strange things that happened to him.

When Lemuel was fourteen his father sent him to college to learn how to be a doctor. He worked very hard, till at last he was able to become a doctor, and then he found a place as a ship-surgeon. After he had gone several voyages with the ship he became tired of the sea, and made up his mind to settle in London. He married a young lady in London, and for a time all went well. Then, little by little, his good fortune seemed to leave him, and he became very poor.

After a time he went as surgeon on board a sailing ship, called the *Antelope*, which was making a voyage to the South Seas. For many weeks the journey was safe and pleasant; but, at last, in a strange sea a great wind sprang up and the vessel was driven on a rock. Sad to say, the ship at once split in two, and all on board were lost, except six men who had been able to let down a small boat.

Among the six thus saved was our friend Gulliver. After they had rowed with all their might for some distance, they were unable to row any longer. So they all jumped into the sea and began to swim towards land. Gulliver was a strong swimmer and he swam with all his might.

At last, to his great joy, he felt his feet touch the bottom. By this he knew that he was near some shore. For some time he walked about to see if he could find any trace of living people, but there was nothing to be seen; not a house of any kind was in sight. Being now quite tired, and his eyes feeling as if they could keep open no longer, he laid himself down on the grass, which was soft and short. There he slept more soundly than ever he had done in his life before.

He slept for about nine hours, and then woke just as it was daybreak, but, to his great surprise, found himself unable to stir. He was on his back, and his legs and arms were, on each side, firmly fastened to the ground. His hair, too, which was long and thick, had been tied down to the ground in

the same way. Across his body he felt several thin cords from his shoulder to his knees.

Here was a sad plight for him! Well might he wonder who it was had bound him in this way! Not being able to move his head, he could only look up, and the sun, which began to be hot, hurt his eyes. Close by he heard a slight noise, but as he could see nothing except the sky, he did not know what it was.

A short time had passed, when he felt something alive moving on his left leg, something that walked up his body, across his chest and to his chin.

To his great surprise, he saw that it was a tiny human creature, not six inches in height. In his hand this small man carried a tiny bow and arrow, ready to shoot, and on his back was slung a small quiver. After him came a troop of other little people, all about the same size, and about forty in number.

Poor Gulliver felt, as you may guess, none too comfortable. He struggled to get loose, and at last broke the strings and pulled out the pegs that fastened his left leg down. Then he loosened the strings that fastened his hair to the ground and was thus able to move his head, but only for a few inches.

When the little people saw what he had done there was a great shout, and they ran away, one of them crying aloud in a shrill voice:

"Tolgo phonac!"

The next moment a hundred tiny arrows were shot into Gulliver's left hand, pricking him like needles. Then another volley came, but these were shot into the air, so that they fell on his face.

He was in such pain with these arrows that he groaned and cried aloud. Once more he struggled and tried to get free, but seeing this the little people tried to stick their spears into his side. However, they were not able to pierce the thick coat that he was wearing.

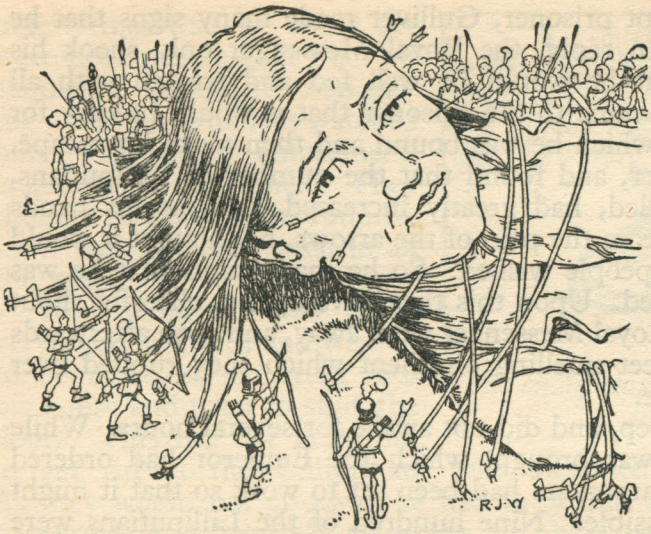
Then he thought that it would be better for him to keep quiet and wait until it was night, when it might be easy for him in the dark to set himself free. When they found that he was quiet the tiny people shot no more arrows at him.

For quite an hour after this Gulliver heard, close by his head, the sound of knocking, as if people were at work. Turning his head as far as the pegs and string would allow, he saw a stage being made, about a foot and a half from the ground, and large enough for four of the little people to stand upon.

When this was finished, one, who seemed to be the most important person there, mounted the stage, followed by three others. He cried out three times, "Langro dehul san," and about fifty of the little people ran to Gulliver and cut the rest of the strips that bound him. This made it possible for him to turn his head and listen.

Then the chief spoke to him for some time, but of course, he could not understand a single word that was said. So far as Gulliver could guess, the speaker was promising that they would not harm him in any way if only he would do as they wished.

He felt hungry, and to make them understand this, he put his fingers to his mouth many times, hoping they would bring him some food, for he



The next moment a hundred tiny arrows were aimed at Gulliver.

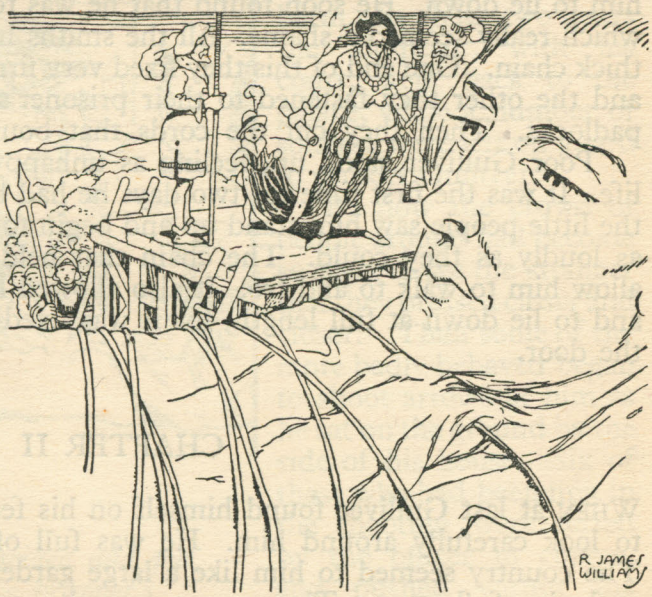
had eaten nothing for many long hours. The one who had been speaking seemed to be a great lord. He understood very well what his prisoner wanted, and he gave various orders to the others.

Some time passed, a long, long time it seemed to Gulliver, who was now growing very hungry indeed. At last several of the longest ladders were brought, and put against his side very carefully. Up these ladders very soon there climbed over a hundred of the little people, bearing baskets filled with meat and bread. The meat was legs, shoulders, and loins of mutton, no larger than the wings of a lark. The loaves of bread were very, very tiny, no larger than green gooseberries.

The little people were full of wonder when they saw how much Gulliver ate, while they could not guess that this seemed but a small meal to him. Two or three of their joints made only one good mouthful, while he popped three of their loaves in his mouth at a time.

When the little people had emptied their baskets they brought wine for Gulliver to drink. This was held in hogsheads, that is, in the largest kind of barrel they had, each of which held half a pint. He drank two of these, and thought it the nicest wine he had ever tasted in his life. When the two hogsheads were empty the small people shouted with joy and jumped and danced on Gulliver's breast.

Soon a messenger came from the Emperor, a tiny person dressed in rich clothing and seeming to be of high rank. He mounted on Gulliver's right leg and walked upwards towards his face. In his hand he held a long Royal Proclamation, which he read with care, holding it every now and then under Gulliver's eyes.



A messenger came from the Emperor.

Having no wish to be kept prisoner, Gulliver made many signs that he would like to be set free. In reply, the Royal Messenger only shook his head, but tried to show that he would be well fed and treated with all kindness. Then the thought came to the prisoner that it would be easy for him to break the cords with which he was bound and then make his escape.

He looked round, however, and found that the number of Lilliputians, as the little people were called, had greatly increased, and, as his hands and face were still smarting from the pain of the arrows, he thought it would be better to do as the little people wished. So he made signs that he was ready to go where they pleased. Upon this they gave a most cheerful shout and seemed very glad. The Royal Messenger went away, and soon afterwards the little people brought sweet-smelling ointment which they rubbed over the prisoner's hands and face.

Gulliver then fell fast asleep, and did not awake for several hours. While he was sleeping, a carriage was brought which the Emperor had ordered to be made. Five hundred carpenters had been set to work so that it might be finished as quickly as possible. Nine hundred of the Lilliputians were needed to lift the sleeping body of Gulliver on to this carriage, while to draw it to the city one thousand and five hundred of the Emperor's largest horses were brought.

The carriage rested during the night with five hundred guards on each side. Half of these held torches and the other half held bows and arrows ready to shoot Gulliver should he try to escape. There was little chance, however, of his doing this, for they had tied him down to the carriage very firmly. The place in which they meant him to live was a temple that was no longer in use. This was by far the largest building in the country.

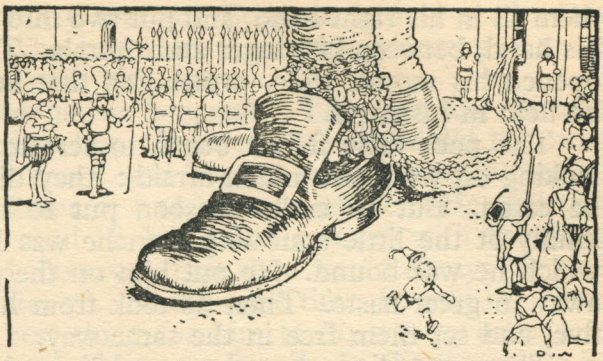
Great though it was to the Lilliputians, yet to the big man it looked hardly larger than a dog-kennel. The door was only about four feet high, and when Gulliver had crept in there would only be just enough room for him to lie down. He soon found that he was to be kept there as a prisoner, which really seemed a shame. All the smiths had been busy making a long, thick chain. One end of this they fixed very firmly to the door of the temple, and the other they fastened to their prisoner's left leg, with six and thirty padlocks. Then they cut the cords that bound him.

Poor Gulliver stood up, feeling as unhappy as ever he had been in his life. It was the first time for two days he had been allowed to stand. When the little people saw him stand up and begin to walk, they all began to shout as loudly as they could. The chain that held his leg was long enough to allow him to walk to and fro. It also allowed him to creep into the temple, and to lie down at full length, for it was fixed only about four inches from the door.

CHAPTER II

WHEN at last Gulliver found himself on his feet, the first thing he did was to look carefully around him. He was full of wonder at all that he saw. The country seemed to him like a large garden. The fields were as bright as beds of flowers. There were several woods in the distance, but the

tallest trees that he could see were not much higher than his shoulders. While he stood gazing around, the natives watched him with great amusement, laughing all the time. They thought that he was the funniest sight that could be seen in all the world.



The chain was long enough to allow him to walk to and fro.

Now Gulliver was really very tired and sad, and wanted to be alone, so he crept into his house and tried to shut the door. This did not help him to get rid of the Lilliputians who swarmed in through the windows. As they would not go away he had to go out of his house again and walk backwards and forwards as far as his chain would allow.

The Emperor then came down from his tower and rode on his horse towards Gulliver. Getting down from his horse, he walked nearer, and then round him, taking good care, however, to keep a safe distance away, beyond the length of his prisoner's chain.

Near the Emperor stood the lords and ladies of his court. They were all so richly and so beautifully dressed that the ground on which they were standing seemed covered with a carpet of gold and silver.

The Emperor spoke many times to his prisoner, who replied as well as he could. As neither could understand the other this was of little use. However, it was easy to see that the Emperor was kind and meant to do him no harm. In about two hours the Emperor, with his court, went back to the palace, while a number of soldiers were left on guard to protect Gulliver.



They were seized and put within the prisoner's reach.

By now the crowd of people around had become so eager to see the stranger that they pressed closer and closer. Then some of the more badly behaved began to shoot arrows at him as he sat on the ground by the side of his house. Six of these who had been first in the shooting were seized by the officer in charge, and pushed within the prisoner's reach. He took

them all in his right hand, and put five into his pocket. The sixth he held in his hand, between his finger and thumb. Then, making a great grimace, he opened his mouth wide, pretending that he was going to eat alive the one he held in his hand.

The poor little fellow began to scream and cry out in fear, and those looking on were also much afraid : they did not at all want their friend to be eaten. But an end was soon put to their fright, for Gulliver looked kindly at the little squealing man he was holding, and cut the cords with which he was bound. He put him on the ground, and the little fellow ran away in great haste. Then he took from his pocket, one by one, the other five, and set them free in the same way.

Those standing around were delighted to see how kind Gulliver was, and a messenger was sent at once to the Emperor's palace to tell him how the stranger had spared the lives of his five subjects. Gulliver afterwards found that his act of kindness had saved him from great danger.

At the time when the messenger reached the palace, the Emperor was sitting at a meeting of his nobles, trying to find out what would be the best thing to do with their prisoner. Most of them were afraid of Gulliver. Some of them did not like such a great giant, as he seemed to them, being in Lilliput, and said he might break loose and do great harm. Others thought there would not be enough food for the people of Lilliput if Gulliver were to be allowed to eat all that he wanted. Indeed, many of them thought it would be better for him to be put to death at once.

They said this could be done best with poisoned arrows. If they shot him in the hands and face with thousands of these they felt sure he would die. Others said it would be easier for them to starve him to death. Then, as they were making these cruel plans, the messenger came in to say how good Gulliver had been to the six little people who had shot at him. At this the Emperor said, " We must do no harm to this giant. If he is so very kind it is quite sure that he will never hurt us. Some day, perhaps, he may be able to do some great work for us." After this, for a time no one said any more against the big stranger.

As night came on Gulliver crept into his house and lay down. He had no bed, nor any covering, and as the floor was of stone it may be guessed that he did not sleep very well. In about two weeks, however, a bed was made for him, with sheets and blankets as well to cover him. These were not very good, though they might have been a great deal worse.

A royal order was sent out to all the villages round the city that every morning six oxen, forty sheep, and large quantities of good bread and wine, were to be sent in for Gulliver's food during the day. Six hundred persons were ordered to be his servants to wait upon him ; three hundred tailors were told to make a suit of clothes for him like those worn in that country, and six of the most clever men in the kingdom were asked to give him lessons, so that he might learn to speak the language of the country.

The Emperor's horses and those of the nobles and of the guard were to be trotted back and forward before Gulliver every few days, so that they might get used to his immense size. For the first few weeks that the traveller lived in that country great crowds went daily to see him. To do this they left their proper work on the farms, in the fields, and in the workshops.

This became so bad for the country that the Emperor had to send out a royal command that every one who had seen the stranger once was to go back to his work and not to go near him again.

Soon he began to speak the native language. The Emperor himself often went to see him and talked to him. Each time Gulliver did the same thing: he threw himself on his knees, and begged most earnestly that he might be set free. To this the Emperor had but one answer. He said that he could not set Gulliver free, until he had taken counsel with the great lords of his court. He promised, however, that they would always be kind to him and might some day let him go. At the same time, he told him that, if he wanted his freedom, the best thing for him to do was to behave so well that the people would look upon him as a friend. In the meantime he was to be patient.

A few days later the Emperor came to see him again, and told him that by the laws of the country he must allow himself to be searched. He promised that everything that was taken away would be given back when Gulliver was leaving that country, and that if anything was spoiled they would pay him all that he said it was worth.

Gulliver said at once that the Emperor's servants might search his pockets, and he promised to give them all the help in his power. Soon two officers were sent, both men of high rank. Gulliver took them both up and put them first into one of his coat pockets, and then into every other pocket about him, except two small fob pockets which were too tight for them to get into, and one secret pocket which they would be sure never to find by themselves.

In one of the fob pockets was a purse, in another a watch, while in the secret pocket was a pair of spectacles and a small pocket compass that he did not mean to show them. He was afraid that if they took these away they might be broken or in some way injured.

The two officers who were searching made a list of the things they found. This is what they wrote:

"To His Majesty the Emperor of Lilliput.

"In the right-hand pocket of the great Man-Mountain we found one very large piece of cloth. This was quite big enough to cover the floor of the chief state-room in your Majesty's palace."

(By this, of course, they meant Gulliver's pocket-handkerchief.)

"In the left pocket was a big silver box. The cover was shut down so tightly that we had to ask the great Man-Mountain to open it. He did so, and we found it full of a kind of dust.

"One of us stepped into it and some of this dust flew up into our faces, making us sneeze for a long time. The great Man-Mountain told us that this dust was called snuff.

"In the waistcoat pocket we found a very strange sort of engine. It was like a thick beam of some hard substance. From this there were sticking out in a row, twenty more beams much shorter, like the stakes of a fence. This engine, we believe, the Man-Mountain uses for combing his hair.

"In another pocket we found a pillar of iron, hollow and very thick, and about the length of a man. On one side of the iron pillar several other

pieces of iron were sticking out, cut into strange figures. In the left pocket was another engine of the same kind.

" We did not know what to make of these. We asked the Man-Mountain their use, and he tried to tell us, but we could not understand his answer."

(These, you must know, were Gulliver's pocket pistols.)

" In the smaller pocket on the right side we found several flat round pieces of white and red metal. Some of the white pieces, which seemed to be silver, were so heavy that we found it hard to lift them.

" In the left smaller pocket were two pillars of iron. Each of these had a sheet inside.

" The Man-Mountain told us that one of these was called a pocket-knife, and the other a razor. He said he used one to cut his meat with, and the other to shave his beard.

" Then there were two small tight pockets into which we could not get. These he said were called fobs. They were in his middle garment.

" Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain. At the end of this was a wonderful engine, such as your Majesty has surely never seen the like.

" We asked the Man-Mountain to draw out what was on the end of the chain, and he drew out this engine. It is a sort of flattened globe, half of silver and half of some substance through which we can see. Under this are certain strange figures placed round a circle. We tried to touch them, but our fingers were stopped by the clear, hard substance that was over them.

" The Man-Mountain put this engine to our ears, and we heard a noise like a great water-mill. We have never known such a strange engine. Indeed, we believe it must be some unknown animal or god that the Man-Mountain worships.

(You will guess at once that this was Gulliver's watch.)

" From his left fob he took out a great net, almost large enough for a fisherman. This could open and shut, and the Man-Mountain used it as a purse.

" In it were several very large round pieces of yellow metal, which, if they are of gold, must be of enormous value.

" We noticed a girdle round his waist after we had searched all his pockets. It was made of the hide of a very large animal. From it, on the left side, there was hanging a sword almost as long as five men ; and, on the right, there was a bag or pouch with two large pockets in it.

" Each of the pockets was big enough to hold three of your Majesty's subjects. One of them was filled with balls of metal, about the same size as our heads ; they were so heavy that they needed a strong man to lift them. The other had a great heap of black grains in it, but these were not the least bit heavy, for we could hold fifty of them in the palm of our hands with the greatest ease.

" This, your Majesty, is all that we found in the pockets, and about the person, of the Man-Mountain, who behaved with much civility and respect while we searched him.

" (Signed) CLEFRIN FRELOC.
" MARSI FRELOC."

This list was read over to the Emperor, who told Gulliver very gently and quietly that he must give up these things. The first thing he asked for was the sword. Gulliver took it out, sheath and all. The Emperor asked him to draw it from its sheath. He did so, and the troops gave a shout of terror and surprise; for, although there were spots of rust on it here and there, owing to the sea water, it was still bright. The sun was shining very clearly at the time, and as Gulliver waved the sword in the air, its brightness made every one's eyes smart.



Two of the Emperor's strongest men carried the watch.

His Majesty was not a coward by any means, and he did not seem so much afraid as his troops. Telling Gulliver to return the sword to its sheath, he next ordered him to throw it away from him as gently as he could. It landed about six feet from the end of his chain. Next, he asked for the pocket pistols. Gulliver drew these out and tried to show very clearly what was their use. Then he loaded one with gunpowder, and told the Emperor not to be afraid, for he was going to let it off in the air.

When he did so the astonishment was even greater than Gulliver had expected. Some hundreds of the little folk fell down flat on the ground, as if they were dead, so great seemed to them the shock and the noise. The Emperor stood his ground and did not fall down or run away, but he even could not speak for some time. When all was quiet again and the people were better from their fright, Gulliver gave up the pistols, and with them he gave up the pouch with gunpowder and bullets in it that he had hanging from his belt.

The next thing he gave up was his watch. The Emperor was most eager to see this, and two of his strongest men carried it to him, hanging from a pole on their shoulders. Then Gulliver gave up his silver and his copper money, his purse with nine coins of gold, his knife and his razor, his comb, his silver snuff-box, and his handkerchief. After a little time all these things were given back to him, except the pistols, which were kept for safety in the Emperor's largest store. As for the spectacles and the compass, which were in Gulliver's secret pocket, he took good care to say nothing of them.

CHAPTER III

HOPING that he might before long be set at liberty, Gulliver did his very best to please the people. He was so gentle and quiet that in time they lost all fear of him. Often he would lie down and let five or six of them dance on his hand. The tiny children, boys and girls, would even play hide-and-seek in his hair. He now could speak and understand the language of the country.

Now, the people of Lilliput had their country shows like any other nation. They were very clever at the tricks they played, and they had far prettier shows than any Gulliver had ever seen. One day the Emperor asked him to view the rope-dancers. This was the first of their games he had seen, and he enjoyed it very much. They performed on a slender white thread, which was just about twenty-four inches long, and raised from the ground about twelve inches.

Another thing Gulliver liked to see was the way in which the horses were managed. Every day the horses of the army, and those, too, from the royal stables, were led before him, as the Emperor had commanded.

At first they were full of terror at the sight, but soon they were able to be led up to his feet without starting. Often he would put his hand upon the ground for the best riders to leap their horses over. One of the Emperor's huntsmen, on a powerful horse, was able to jump over his foot, shoe and all. This leap was thought to be a most wonderful feat of horsemanship.

Gulliver was one day able to amuse the Emperor and his court in a strange manner. He asked if there might be brought for him several sticks, about two feet in length and the thickness of one of our walking sticks. The Emperor gave orders to his Master of the Woods, and in the morning the sticks were brought on six carriages, each one drawn by eight horses.

Taking these sticks, Gulliver planted them in a square of two and a half feet. Over these he spread his handkerchief, stretching it and tying it down until it was as tight as a drum. This being done, and all being made safe, he asked the Emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and ride upon the plain which he had thus made.

The Emperor very readily allowed this, and Gulliver took up the twenty-four horses, mounted and armed, and put them on this handkerchief. There the officers on horseback made mimic war. They shot their arrows, drew their swords, and pretended to fight a battle.

The Emperor was so delighted with this sight that he had the same thing done over again for several days. He was never tired of watching Gulliver do something new and strange. One day he asked the Man-Mountain if he would stand with his legs as wide apart as possible. This being done, the General of the army drew up his troops and marched them under Gulliver, with drums beating, flags flying, and spears held out.

The day came at last when the Emperor felt obliged to give Gulliver his liberty. Before he did this, however, he had to call a council of his great nobles and ask them if they thought any harm could come to the people

from setting the prisoner free. Every noble but one was in favour of granting Gulliver his wish. The one who wished to keep him a prisoner was the High Admiral, whose name was Skyresh Bolgolam. For some reason hard to understand, he was the captive's great enemy. Nevertheless, it was settled that the chain by which Gulliver was fastened should be unlocked. Before this was done, however, he had to make several promises.

First, he had to promise that he would not go into the large cities without leave. If he wished to go into one of them, the people who lived there were to have two hours warning, so that they could get safely into their houses and not be about the streets.

Secondly, he was to walk only on the high road, and not to tread in, or lie down in, a meadow or field of corn.

Thirdly, when walking in the road he was to take the greatest care that he did not tread on the body of any person, or any horse or carriage. Neither was he to take up in his hand any of the people against their will.

Fourthly, if there were any need for great hurry he was to be ready to take a messenger in his pocket for a six days' journey. If it were needed he was also to bring back the messenger in the same way.

Fifthly, he was to be always ready to help the people against their enemies, who were even now getting ready a fleet of ships which they meant to send against Lilliput to destroy it.

Sixthly, he had to promise that he would never leave the country of Lilliput without first gaining leave from the Emperor.

Seventhly, he was always to be willing to help the Emperor's workmen in his spare time by lifting large stones for covering the park wall and the royal buildings.

Lastly, if he promised faithfully to do everything that was set down in the list, the Emperor, in his turn, would promise to give him every day a supply of food and drink, enough to serve one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight of his own subjects for one day.

Gulliver was so glad to get his freedom that he promised to do all they wished. His chains were unlocked, and at last, to his great joy, he was set free. The Emperor stood by in state while this was being done. Gulliver knelt at his feet, but the Emperor, with much kindness, gently told him to rise. He said that he hoped Gulliver would prove a faithful and useful servant, and that he would do his best to deserve all that had been done for him and all that the people were going to do in the future.

When all this was over, and Gulliver had time to think, he began to wonder how the Emperor had guessed that he would eat as much in one day as one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight of the little people. He found out afterwards, however, that without telling him anything about it, the Emperor had sent some very learned men to measure him and to count up how much he would eat. You will see from this that these little people never did anything without carefully thinking about it first. It seems quite a new idea to measure people in order to find out how much food they will need!

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Gulliver was free and able to go where he liked, the first thing he did was to ask if he might walk round the chief city of Lilliput. The name of the city was Mildendo. The temple, which had been made into a house for Gulliver, was some little way outside. The Emperor at once agreed, but he gave a solemn warning also, that the Man-Mountain was to be very careful and do no harm either to the houses or to any of the inhabitants. A notice was sent to all the people of Mildendo, that Gulliver was going to visit their town. They were told that they must keep inside the houses, and were on no account to come out while he was about.

Around the city of Mildendo was a wall two and a half feet high and at least eleven inches broad. A coach could very well be driven along the top of this wall. There were strong towers at ten feet distance. Gulliver stepped very gently over the great western gate and walked sideways along the two chief streets. He walked with the greatest care for fear of hurting any stragglers who might have remained in the streets.

There were no people about, but the roofs of the houses and all the windows were crowded with the little folk looking on with curious eyes at the big man. Gulliver thought that in all his travels he had never seen a city with so many people as there were in Mildendo. Some of them were afraid for their homes, but they had no cause for fear. Gulliver stepped as carefully as he could, and did not harm even the leaf of a tree.

The Emperor's palace was in the middle of the city, where two great streets met. The wall around it was two feet high and twenty feet away from the building. Gulliver had been told that he might step over the wall. The rooms of the palace were the most splendid that he had ever seen. There he saw the Empress, herself, and the young princes and princesses with their chief servants all about them.

The Empress smiled very kindly at him out of the window, and presently she came out of the room and down into the court below to speak to him, and even gave him her hand to kiss, so that he went home very pleased with all that he had seen. He had often wondered who the enemy was that the people so greatly feared. Soon this was made clear to him. Late one night, about a fortnight after he had been set at liberty, one of the greatest of the lords at the Emperor's court came to visit him in great distress. This nobleman brought only one servant with him, and he ordered his coach to wait some little distance from the house. He sent his servant away, and then asked Gulliver eagerly if he could spare an hour to listen to some very important news.

Gulliver said he was most willing to do this, for he liked his visitor, whose name was Reldresal. He took him up tenderly in his hand and asked him to begin at once, for he was eager to hear all. The visitor began by saying how glad he was that the big man was at last free. " I, myself, was one of those who begged the Emperor to give you your liberty," he said.

When Gulliver had thanked him, this good-natured little person went



He walked with the greatest care.

on to say that there was much trouble in the country. "We may seem to be getting on very well, but really, we are in great danger."

"I am indeed sorry to hear that," said Gulliver. "Perhaps if you tell me what the trouble is, I may be able to help you."

This kind offer delighted Reldresal. "I am sure that you are the only one who can help us," he cried, with tears of joy in his eyes.

Then he went on to tell what the trouble was. Close by the island of Lilliput, he said, there was another island called Blefuscu. This was ruled by another Emperor, and it was a kingdom nearly as large and powerful as Lilliput. Although the people of these two countries were much alike and lived so close to each other, yet they were not at all friendly. Indeed, there had been for some time a fierce war between the people of Lilliput and the people of Blefuscu.

The way in which the quarrel began was very strange, and somewhat silly. One day, when the grandfather of the present Emperor of Lilliput was going to eat an egg, he broke it in the usual manner at the large end, and in so doing he happened to cut one of his fingers. Because of this a law was passed that the people were ever after to break their eggs at the small end instead of at the large end.

For many years following there was a long and serious war because thousands of the people would not break their eggs at the small end. Although they were punished every time they were caught breaking an egg in the old way, there were many who would still go on doing so. Some fled to the court of the Emperor of Blefuscu. He was only too glad to give them all the help he could, and because of this a war sprang up between the state of Lilliput and the state of Blefuscu. In this war many ships were lost on both sides, and many brave soldiers and sailors were killed.



Gulliver took him up in his hand.

Gulliver was greatly surprised to hear the cause of this strange quarrel. He found it hard to

believe that people who showed such good sense in many ways, could be ready to fight over such a small matter. It seemed to him that it did not matter in the least whether an egg was broken at the large end or at the small end.

Then the visitor said that he had been sent by the Emperor to ask Gulliver's help. He told him that the people of Blefuscu had for a long time been building a very strong fleet of ships, stronger than any that were in Lilliput, and these they meant to send against the people of Lilliput in a very short time. The danger was very great, and unless Gulliver would help there seemed every chance that they would be utterly beaten. In his trouble the Emperor had thought of Gulliver, knowing that if he chose to use his great strength their enemies would quickly be destroyed.

Gulliver said in reply that he was ready, at all costs, to defend the Lilliputians against their enemies; and the next day he sent to tell the Emperor that he had a plan in his mind by which Lilliput could be saved. He was, in fact, going to seize the whole fleet of Blefuscu.

CHAPTER V

UP to this time Gulliver had never seen Blefuscu, so he went round to the side of the island from which he could get a view of that country. He went very carefully, as he did not wish to be seen by the enemy, thinking that if they caught sight of him, they might guess he was making up some plan against them. He hid himself behind a hill, and from there he was able to see the great fleet of Blefuscu at anchor. He was able to count as many as fifty ships. They had a few others belonging to Blefuscu, but the ones he counted were the best.

Going back to the chief city he gave orders for a large quantity of the thickest rope, and for a number of the strongest bars of iron to be made. This was done, and when the rope was brought to him he found that it was about the thickness of packing thread. Each bar of iron was about the size and length of a knitting needle. Taking three lengths of the rope he twisted them together to make one long strand. In the same way he took three of the bars and twisted them together, bending the ends so as to form a hook. He made fifty hooks and fastened them very firmly to fifty of the ropes he had thus strengthened.

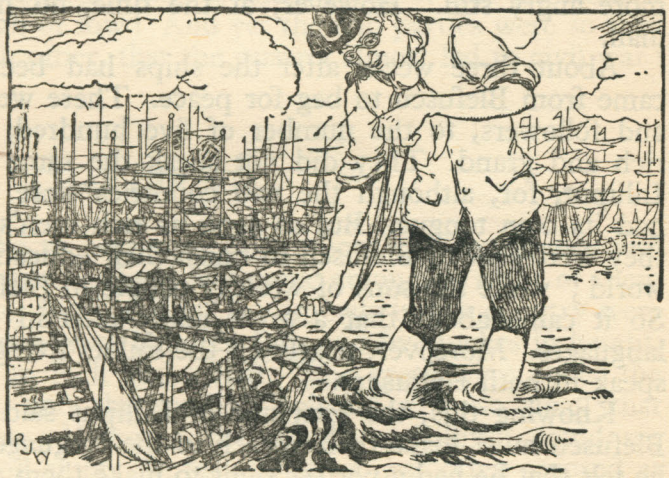
He then asked the seamen on that coast, what was the depth of the sea between Lilliput and Blefuscu, and they told him it was about seventy glumguffs in the middle at high tide. A glumguff, one of their measures, was about an inch, and so seventy glumguffs were not quite six feet. Gulliver took off his coat, his shoes and stockings, and walked into the water. He was able to wade nearly all the way, but near the middle he had to swim for a few yards. This, of course, caused him no trouble, and he came up to the fleet of Blefuscu in less than half an hour.

When the sailors of Blefuscu saw him coming, they were so full of terror that those on the ships leaped off and swam to the shore. About thirty

thousand of them did this, and they covered the surface of the water like so many flies. This was just what Gulliver wanted them to do. He had no wish to harm the people of Blefuscu, but only to capture their ships. So, taking the hooks he had made, he fastened one in each ship, and tied the cords together at one end.

While he was doing this, the enemy shot thousands of their arrows at him, many of which stuck in his hands and face. Gulliver was greatly afraid for the safety of his eyes, and it is certain that he would have lost his sight through these arrows but for a simple plan. He remembered the spectacles, which by great good luck he had kept in his pocket. To take these out and put them on was the work of a moment. Then he was able to continue his task in safety. The arrows kept striking against the glass of his spectacles, but this did him no harm.

Gulliver, who by now had fastened all the hooks to his ships, took the knot, into which he had tied the fifty cords, and began to pull. Up to this moment his enemies did not have the least idea of what he meant to do; but when they saw the whole fleet moving after him, they set up such a scream of grief and rage as he had never heard before.



Gulliver began to pull the whole fleet after him.

The Emperor of Lilliput, with his court, was waiting upon the shore wondering what would happen next. Presently he saw the ships of Blefuscu moving towards them, but Gulliver, being up to his neck in water, could not be seen. The Emperor and his nobles made up their minds that he had been drowned, and that the fleet of Blefuscu was coming to destroy them.

It was a moment of great fear, and they were wondering what they should do, when suddenly, to their great joy, they saw Gulliver, who was now in shallower water, and fully in sight. Holding up the knotted ends of the ropes to show what he had done, he cried with a loud voice, " Long live the Emperor of Lilliput ! " The little folk began to cheer and clap their hands, and when Gulliver at last stepped ashore they greeted him with many words of praise.

CHAPTER VI

Now that he had taken the ships of his enemy, the Emperor began to think that Gulliver would help him to overthrow the Emperor of Blefuscu, and thus bring the whole kingdom under his own rule. Now Gulliver did not wish to bring into slavery a people so brave as his little foes had shown themselves to be, and he said so quite firmly. This greatly annoyed the Emperor, who, forgetting all that Gulliver had done for him, began to feel great anger and jealousy. Skyresh Bolgolam, who, as already has been said, was Gulliver's bitter enemy, did all he could to make the Emperor more angry still. However, at the time, no harm was done to the big man.

About three weeks after the ships had been taken, some messengers came from Blefuscu to beg for peace. There were six nobles with servants and followers, to the number of five hundred, and they all seemed very rich and grand. They did not speak the same language as the people of Lilliput, for, although the two countries were so near one another, each had its own tongue. But as soon as rich men's sons in Lilliput grew up, they were sent to Blefuscu to finish their education, and to see a bit of the world; while the sons of wealthy people in Blefuscu were sent to Lilliput. So it came about that a great many men in both countries knew both languages. Moreover, nearly all the sailors living on the coast were able to speak in both languages.

Knowing this, the Emperor of Lilliput said that the messengers from Blefuscu must make their speech in the language of his people. Of course, he felt that he had a perfect right to make them do whatever he liked, as he had seized their fleet. Thus it came about that the nobles from Blefuscu had to give their message to the Emperor of Lilliput in his language, very much against their will. They, however, felt that they must agree with the Emperor, and peace was soon made. Having heard from some one that Gulliver had been their very good friend and spoken up for them very firmly, they came to visit him and gave him many thanks. They also asked him to pay a visit to the Emperor of Blefuscu, and he promised to do so as soon as he was allowed.

So when he was speaking to the Emperor of Lilliput, he asked for leave to pay a visit to Blefuscu. The Emperor gave his consent, but Gulliver could see that he was not pleased. He did not pay the visit at once but some weeks later, and many strange things had happened to him before that time came. Besides the trouble between the people of Lilliput and the people of Blefuscu, another great quarrel was going on in the former country. This had to do, chiefly, with the people of the court, and many angry words were used during the course of the dispute.

The reason for the quarrel was that they could not settle if it were right to wear high heels or low heels on their boots. Gulliver could not help laughing, when he saw so many people get into such an angry state about such a small matter. Those who wore high heels hated those who wore low heels, and those wearing low ones would neither eat, drink, nor

speak with the others. All this was of course very sad, and also very stupid.

The people who wore high heels were called the Tramecksan. Those who wore low heels were called Slamecksan. Just at the time when Gulliver was in Lilliput the people who wore low heels had the most power. All the Emperor's chief servants, for instance, had low heels. It was feared, though, that the eldest prince, the heir to the throne, was in favour of high heels; at least, it was certain that he wore one high heel and one low heel. This, of course, made him walk in a curious hobbling manner, and no one knew really on which side he was.

The Tramecksan, or high-heeled people, declared that he was on their side, because of his one high heel, while the Slamecksan said that he was surely on their side. How absurd it was of them to think that it mattered whether their heels were high or low! And yet the two parties were so very fierce and bitter against each other, that the quarrel almost led to civil war!

CHAPTER VII

PERHAPS you would now like to hear something about the appearance and the customs of the little people Gulliver had come amongst. Most of them were no more than six inches high, and all the animals in the country were smaller still. The tallest horses were between four and five inches in height, while the sheep were only an inch and a half. The geese were about the same size as our sparrows, and the smallest animals were so small that Gulliver could not see them. However, the people of Lilliput could see them, for they had very good sight. In fact, Gulliver was often amused at watching them do work and at not being able to see their tools.

The children in Lilliput were all sent to boarding-schools or nurseries when they were mere babies. Their fathers and mothers came to see them twice a year, but they were only allowed to talk to them for an hour each time. There was a rule, too, that they were not to bring any toys or sweets to their children, and they were not to kiss them. One of the teachers stood in the room all the time.

The children did not have much time for breakfast and dinner at these schools, and they had to begin lessons just as soon as a meal was finished. However, they were allowed out for two hours every day to do drill and to play games. In the schools for little girls, the teachers were not allowed to tell any silly stories that were likely to frighten children.

All the children were told that they must dress themselves as soon as they had reached the age of four. This must have seemed to Gulliver a very hard rule. If the children in England were left to dress themselves at the age of four, many of them would cry all day, and perhaps want to stay in bed for a year! Children whose parents earned their living by tilling the soil did not go to school at all. Their fathers and mothers set them to weed and dig and hoe as soon as they were old enough. They said that they did not need to learn reading and writing and counting; they could weed just as well without knowing anything about these things.

When Gulliver looked into the law-courts in Lilliput to see what they were like, he was surprised at the strange image that he saw there. It was an image of Justice. She had six eyes, two of which were in her face, two at the back of her head, and one on each side of her head. In her right hand she was holding a bag of gold, which was open, and in her left she had a sword in its sheath. These things showed that she liked rather to reward people than to punish them.

Altogether, Gulliver was surprised and amused at many of the things he saw in the land of little people, but the people themselves were also very much surprised and amused at Gulliver. Nothing seemed to astonish them more than the quantity of food that he ate. He had two hundred cooks to prepare his meals. Every day each one had to prepare for him two dishes.

One day the Emperor sent to ask if he might see him dine. Gulliver, of course, was only too pleased, and so the Emperor with the Empress and the young princes and princesses came. Gulliver had cut down some of the trees in the royal forest and had made for himself a good chair and a strong table. His visitors sat on chairs of state, placed on the table, and watched while he had his dinner. It was a very pleasant visit, but Gulliver afterwards heard that the Emperor had taken notice of the large amount he ate, and had begun to wonder if it were right that so much good food should be taken from the people of Lilliput.

He had many other visitors who went from time to time to see him and to talk with him. Sometimes he had as many as four coaches on his table at once. It had a rim round it five inches high. While he was talking with one party the others would be driving round the table. Many delightful afternoons were spent in this way, but at last some trouble came of these visits. One lady, who was a relative of Gulliver's great enemy, came very often to see him, and some people began to think there was a plot between them that might be a great danger to the country. Of course this was not true, but it made many of the great lords think badly of Gulliver. In fact, some of them were beginning to hate him, though he did not find this out until afterwards.

Some time after this a very strange adventure happened to Gulliver; one that later on had a great deal to do with making him leave the country of Lilliput. One midnight he was sleeping quietly, when he was suddenly awaked by a loud knocking and the cries of many people at his door. They made so much noise, indeed, that at first he was in terror and almost afraid to open to them. When, after a few seconds, he did do so, several gentlemen of the Emperor's court quickly made their way to him through the crowd, and begged him to go with them at once to the Emperor's palace, which was on fire, and in the greatest danger of being burnt down.

One of the maids of honour had fallen asleep while she had been reading, and the candle had set fire to the room, which was next to that of the Empress. In a moment Gulliver had put on his clothes and made ready to start. Orders were given for every one to keep out of the way, and as it was a fine moonlight night he reached the palace without treading on any one. He found that the longest ladders had been put against the walls and that the people had brought all the buckets in the city, but that the ladders were some way from the room in which the fire was.

As the buckets were only about the size of fairly large thimbles, they were of little use to Gulliver.

Suddenly Gulliver thought of a splendid plan. He rushed to the lake and dipped out with his hat as much water as it would hold. He emptied his hat right over the flames and succeeded in putting out the fire; but then he found to his horror that he had nearly drowned the Empress and the royal children.

The room to which they had fled for safety had been filled with water. Gulliver had the greatest difficulty in getting them out, and quite a long time passed before they came to their senses. This was a great misfortune, as he afterwards found; in fact, nothing worse could have happened to him. It was, in that country, a great crime for any person even to touch the Empress or the royal children. Whoever did so, even by accident, had to suffer death. The flames had been put out and the beautiful palace saved, but he guessed that he would get no thanks and much blame for what he had done.



Gulliver cut down trees to make himself a chair.

Some hours later a message came to him from the Emperor, saying that he had given orders that he should receive a free pardon for touching the Empress.

CHAPTER VIII

As the Emperor of Lilliput had promised that Gulliver might pay a visit to the Emperor of Blefuscu, he began about two weeks after the fire at the palace to get ready to go. But one night a visitor came to see him secretly; and brought with him the worst of news. He was a lord from the Emperor's court; one whom Gulliver had helped in a time of great trouble. He came without any servants, and did not even send in his name. Gulliver saw at once that there was something wrong, so he locked the door, placed his visitor on the table, and sat by him as usual to hear what he had to say.

The friendly little fellow looked as if he were very sad at heart, and this was not to be wondered at as he had brought bad news to his big friend. After asking how Gulliver was, he begged him to pay the greatest attention to what he had to say. "For I have something to tell you that is a matter of life and death," he said, speaking in a tone of great sorrow. Then he went on to say that there were many cruel and envious persons in the Emperor's

court, who were trying to bring about the death of the big stranger who had come to live among them. First among these was Skyresh Bolgolam. This bad man had been Gulliver's enemy, for no reason whatever, from the time he had first come into that country.

"I must tell you," said the visitor, "that the Emperor has called together his lords many times in order to decide what is to become of you. At last, two days ago, it was settled that it would be much better for the country if you were either put to death, or if something were done to take away your great power, which, they say, is a great danger to the country."

"What can it mean?" cried Gulliver. "I have done nothing wrong. I have done all I could to help the Emperor and the people of Lilliput. How is it that they wish to destroy me?"

His visitor went on to say that at the last meeting of the Emperor and his council four charges had been brought against him. Skyresh Bolgolam had helped to draw these up. The first charge was that Gulliver had broken the law of the country by touching the Empress and the royal children. Certainly the Emperor had promised to pardon Gulliver, but the nobles said this could not be done without their consent, which they would never give upon any condition. The second charge was that he had refused to take all the ships that the people of Blefuscu had left, and bring the Emperor of that country, with his nobles, prisoner to Lilliput.

"No one but a traitor," one man had said, "would have pleaded for an enemy in the way Gulliver did. He knew that the two states had been at war for thirty-six moons, for the Emperor's messenger had told him. Then why should he refuse to help the people of Lilliput to get rid of their enemy?

"It was nonsense for him to say that he did not want to destroy an innocent people. They were not innocent so long as they broke the big end of their eggs, and he ought to have known that."

The third charge was that he had shown friendship towards the messengers from Blefuscu. Still more foolish was the last charge. It made them very angry to hear that Gulliver was going to pay a visit to Blefuscu. This, they thought, was quite wrong.

"He will do much harm," they said. "When he is in Blefuscu there is no end to the mischief that may be done."

For a long, long time the Emperor and his lords had talked over these four charges. Some of them had made up their minds that Gulliver must be put to death, but the Emperor himself did not agree with them. He told the lords that Gulliver had helped him in many ways, and because of this his life must be spared. Bolgolam was full of rage when he heard this. He had even gone so far as to plan the way in which Gulliver was to die. He said that the best way was for his house to be set on fire at night, and while it was burning, twenty thousand men with poisoned arrows were to shoot him in the face and hands.

Other cruel lords had a different plan. It seemed certain that Gulliver would lose his life, when at last the Emperor asked Reldresal, who had always been a friend of the "Man-Mountain," what he thought had best be done with him. There was only one thing to be done, said Reldresal,

and that was to put out Gulliver's eyes. It would be quite enough for the big man to see with the eyes of the Emperor and his chief ministers.

Hearing this Bolgolam at once flew into the greatest of furies. He said Reldresal was quite wrong. The only safe plan was to put Gulliver to death. Another lord then got up to speak. He had a further reason why Gulliver should not be allowed to live any longer. This was that the large amount of food that the big man ate every day would soon make everybody quite poor. Nay, it might even happen that some poor people might die of hunger.

The Emperor listened very carefully to all these speeches. When everybody had finished, he said quite calmly that he thought Reldresal was right. Gulliver's eyes, he said, should be put out to begin with. If that did not satisfy the lords of Lilliput, some other punishment could be given afterwards. As for his food costing so much, they need not worry about that. It would be easy to give him each day a little less, so that he would grow faint, and in time die.

By the time the Emperor had finished speaking, all the lords were of the same mind as His Majesty. That is to say, all but one. Only Gulliver's great enemy, Bolgolam, wished him to die. It was settled that in three days Reldresal was to go to read the sentence. The plan of starving him, little by little, was to be kept a secret for the present. He was only to be told, in the meantime, that he was to lose his eyes. All of this his visitor told Gulliver, who, as you may be sure, did not feel very happy.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN the friend had gone away and he was left alone, he sat and wondered what he should do. His enemies would have no chance if once he made up his mind to fight them. However, being far from cruel himself, he felt that if he could escape without harming any one it would be much better. Besides, the thought came into his mind that, as he had given his word to the Emperor not to harm any of the people, it would be very mean of him to break his promise now.

Then a really splendid idea came into his mind. He would go to Blefuscu. He knew he would be treated with kindness, and even if the tiny people of that island wished to give him up, they would not be strong enough to do it. Anyhow, he must get away at once from these fierce little enemies. No sooner had Gulliver made this plan than he began to get ready for the journey. He wrote to his so-called friend Reldresal and told him that he was going to Blefuscu. Then, before any answer could be sent, he went off quietly to that side of Lilliput where the fleet lay at anchor.

Boldly seizing a large man-of-war, he tied a cable to it and then stripped himself. Into this vessel he put, not only his clothes, but also his coverlet, which he had carried to the shore under his arm to take with him, thinking it might be cold at night. Wading half the way and swimming the rest, and drawing the vessel after him the whole time, he at last reached the royal port of Blefuscu. The people there had been expecting him for a long time and they greeted him with joy.

He had, of course, to go at once to the capital city to see the Emperor of Blefuscu, and, as he did not know his way, two of the small people of Blefuscu kindly offered to be his guides. It would not have been possible for them to walk as quickly as Gulliver, so he took them in his hands, and went along with them while they pointed out the way he had to go.

When they had come to about two hundred yards from the great gates of the chief city he put down his two tiny guides, and they went on before him to tell the Emperor of Blefuscu that he had arrived. When they were gone Gulliver sat down and thought of his life in Lilliput. For some things he was sorry that he had been obliged to leave that country. He had grown fond of some of the little people.

In about an hour an answer came that His Majesty the Emperor, together with the royal family and the great officers of his court, were starting out to meet the visitor. Gulliver then went forward. The Emperor and his lords, when they saw him, got down from their horses, and the Empress and her ladies from their coaches. Nobody seemed in the least bit frightened, although they certainly had never seen anything or any one of Gulliver's size before.

He lay on the ground to kiss their hands, saying that he had come as he had promised, by permission of the Emperor of Lilliput, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch and to do any service that might be asked, but he took good care to say nothing of the great trouble he was in.

He was taken into the city and treated with all honour. This, however, hardly made up for the loss of a house and bed. Truth to say, Gulliver had to sleep in the open air all night, wrapped in his coverlet. Although he was so far out of danger, yet he was not happy and by no means comfortable. Many times did he wish with all his heart that he was safely back in his own country, and away from all the little people.

For two or three days after his arrival in Blefuscu, he waited for a message to arrive from the Emperor of Lilliput, or from Reldresal to whom he had written the letter. No message came, and he began to wonder if they had made up their minds to leave him alone.

CHAPTER X

THREE days after he had arrived in Blefuscu, Gulliver was walking on the shore when he saw in the sea some distance away a strange-looking object. He watched and watched, and at last it seemed to him that it was an empty boat, one that must have floated away from some wreck.

He was full of joy. Not once had he thought that such good fortune would come his way. The tide brought the boat nearer and nearer to him, but not near enough for him to touch. The best thing for him to do now, he thought, was to go back to the chief city and get help. This he did. He sent to ask the Emperor of Blefuscu to lend him twenty of the best vessels that had been left when the rest of the fleet had been taken. The Emperor of Blefuscu was glad to help him, and not only lent him the ships, but also three thousand seamen to sail them.

Then Gulliver returned to the boat by the shortest way, across land,



C.W.B. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

I drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me with great ease. (Page 313.)

while the twenty vessels sailed round the coast. He found that the tide had driven the boat still nearer to the shore. The seamen had ropes with them, which Gulliver had made stronger by twisting three together. When the ships came up, he stripped himself and waded until he was within one hundred yards of the boat. Then he swam to it. The sailors threw to him the rope. He fastened one end of it to the front part of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war, the largest left in Blefuscu.

He soon found that his work was far more difficult than he had thought at first. The only way in which he could move the boat was by swimming behind and pushing the boat along with his hand. He managed very well in this way, and at last got to water which was not so deep. He put his feet to the ground and found that he was able to hold his chin above the surface. Having taken a short rest at this place he began to push the boat again, and found that he was getting on faster. Then he took another rest, and so on until he reached water that was not deep and only reached his arm-pits.

The hardest part of the work was over now. Going to one of the ships, he brought out all the ropes that were left, and tied them first to his boat, and then to the nine vessels that had come out with him. When the boat was at last fastened firmly to the ships, they all pulled while Gulliver pushed, until it was brought ashore. Now the great trouble was to turn the boat over. However, two thousand men with ropes and engines gave all the help they could and at last this was done also. Gulliver found that the boat was not nearly so much damaged as he had feared, and he set about mending it at once.

CHAPTER XI

THE Emperor of Blefuscu, of course, came to look. He was greatly amazed, and wanted to know all about it. Gulliver told him the story. The boat would carry him, he said, to some place from which he could get back to his own native country. The Emperor of Blefuscu very kindly said that he did not wish his visitor to leave that country. He begged Gulliver to stay there as long as he could. However, the big man asked the Emperor to let him go.

Now, as to Lilliput, the Emperor of that country never guessed that Gulliver had gone to Blefuscu for any other reason than to pay a friendly visit. He did not know that Gulliver had heard of his cruel plans. A week or two passed, and at last, when they found that the big man did not return, the Emperor of Lilliput and his lords began to be somewhat afraid. They wondered what had best be done. After talking the matter over they made up their minds to send a messenger to Blefuscu. He was to say that Gulliver had done wrong and had to be punished, and therefore must be sent back at once bound hand and foot.

However, the messenger was not to forget to say that the Emperor of Lilliput had made up his mind to be kind to the Man-Mountain, and not to punish him too severely. All he intended to do was to put out his eyes, which, he felt sure, was not very cruel. When the Emperor of Blefuscu heard this message he saw that he was in a great difficulty. He did not make

up his mind at once, but took three days to think out what he should do. At the end of this time he sent a message back full of excuses. Then he told Gulliver what had happened. He promised his big visitor that if he cared to stay there, he would give him all the help possible, and protect him from his enemies.

Gulliver thought this a most kind offer, and he thanked the Emperor with all his heart, but told him that it would be much better for him to leave Blefuscu. If he stayed, there might be a war between the two countries because of him. This would be but a poor reward to the Emperor of Blefuscu for his kindness, and he declared that he would sooner be lost in the ocean than cause such trouble.

Upon hearing this the Emperor of Blefuscu certainly seemed rather glad, and Gulliver afterwards found out why this was. His lords had been telling him that if the dangerous visitor remained he might be the cause of endless trouble to the country. When he learned this, Gulliver made all the more haste to be gone, and the court of Blefuscu gave him all the help that he needed, but because of his haste he was not able to do all to the boat that he wished.

He had five hundred workmen to help him make the two sails, and he showed them all that he wished done. For the sails, he gave orders that thirteen folds of their strongest linen should be quilted together, hoping this would be strong enough. No wonder it took Gulliver a long time to make ready for the journey ! Just think of two sails for a big boat being made of linen which was only three inches wide, and not strong enough without being folded over thirteen times ! The five hundred little workmen must have done a great deal of sewing by the time they had finished the two sails.

Ten, twenty, and thirty of their thickest and strongest ropes and cables he twisted together to make cordage for his vessel. After searching for many long and weary hours by the seashore, he found a stone large enough to serve him for an anchor. The tallow of three hundred sheep and oxen was given him to grease the boat and to use in other ways. He cut down the largest timber trees in Blefuscu, to make for himself oars and masts.

It was quite a month before he was ready to go. When all was finished, he sent word to the palace that he was about to start. The Emperor and the royal family came out to see the last of their big visitor, and to wish him good-bye. Gulliver lay down on his face to kiss the Emperor's hand which was held out to him. The Empress and the young princesses also gave him their hands. The Emperor of Blefuscu was really a kind man, and to show his friendship towards Gulliver, he gave him fifty purses with two hundred sprugs in each. A sprug was the largest gold coin of that country, so the gift meant a great deal to the Emperor, although it was of no use to Gulliver, except as a curiosity.

Besides this gift of money the Emperor gave his picture, taken at full length. This the big man at once slipped into his glove to keep it from being scratched or spoiled.

Now, Gulliver was wise enough to remember that he might be out on the ocean for many days, and perhaps for weeks, before he would be seen by a passing ship and picked up. So he told the men who were helping him to kill a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, which he stored in the



Gulliver sailed away from the island.

boat, with plenty of bread and drink and as much ready cooked meat as four hundred cooks could prepare in the time.

Of live animals he took six cows and two bulls and as many sheep and lambs, meaning to carry them home to his own country to live there. To feed them on board he had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn.

Had he been allowed, he would very much have liked to take with him a dozen or more of the little people. However, the Emperor would not allow this, even though the small people themselves wished to go. He made Gulliver give a solemn promise that he would not take even one of the inhabitants of that country. To set the Emperor's mind at ease Gulliver said that his pockets might be searched before he went, and when this was done all minds were set at rest.

It was at six o'clock in the morning that Gulliver left the island of Blefuscu. Feasts had been held all the day before. Flags were flying from every high tower and steeple, while many thousands of people stood on the shore watching the visitor depart. It was to them a most wondrous sight. They watched and watched until they could see the boat no longer, and they knew that Gulliver had gone from them for ever.

CHAPTER XII

ALL day, from six o'clock in the morning, Gulliver sailed to the northward. He found that he was able to steer pretty well with the help of his little pocket compass. In fact, he would not have known in which direction he was going, if it had not been for this useful friend. About the same hour in the evening, that is to say, about six o'clock, he reached a small island upon which no one seemed to be living. There he cast anchor, and after having something to eat, went to sleep.

It was a clear night and he slept soundly, but he woke just at daybreak, and had finished his breakfast before the sun was up. Then lifting his anchor, he steered his boat in the same direction as he had sailed during the day before. He hoped that he would soon find land, but he saw nothing all that day. Terrible fears came upon him, and he began to wonder if he

had left the land of the tiny people, only to perish in the sea. The sun beat down upon his head, and he felt sick and sad.

Another night passed, a long, weary night, and on the third day Gulliver thought that he could see a sail. How full of joy he was! Eagerly he put out all the sail he could, and waved his handkerchief, making frantic signs for help. In about half an hour he was seen. The strange ship hung out her flag, and fired a gun. She slackened her sails, and Gulliver came up to her between five and six in the evening of September the twenty-sixth. He put into his coat pocket all the live cows and sheep that he had, and went on board, taking with him his little store of provisions.

The ship was returning to England from Japan, and the captain, Mr. John Biddle, was a good sailor and a very kind man. There were, Gulliver found, fifty men on the ship, and, strange to say, one of them, whose name was Peter Williams, had known him before. This sailor was able to speak well of him to the captain, and to say that he was an honest man.

The captain treated his new passenger with much kindness. Gulliver told him his whole story as plainly and simply as he could, but it was clear that the captain did not believe him. Indeed the honest seaman fancied that Gulliver had been driven mad by the dangers and hardships through which he had passed. To show the captain that his words were true, Gulliver put his hand into his pocket, drew out the tiny black cattle and sheep and put them on the table of the cabin where he was sitting. The captain was full of surprise. He had never seen tiny oxen and sheep, such as these were, and he was much delighted with them.

Then Gulliver took out his full-length picture of the Emperor of Blefuscu, and the purses of gold that His Majesty had given him, besides other tiny things. At last the ship reached England, and Gulliver hurried to London to see his wife and children. When he reached his home, his family could hardly believe it was he, for they had long given him up as dead. When they heard of his strange life, they were full of wonder, and begged that he would never go on the sea again, lest worse things should happen to him.



He drew out the tiny black cattle and sheep, and put them on the table.

FABLES FROM ÆSOP



The Hare and the Tortoise

A HARE met a tortoise one day and made fun of him for the slow and clumsy way in which he walked.

The tortoise laughed and said, "I will run a race with you any time that you choose."

"Very well," replied the hare, "we will start at once."

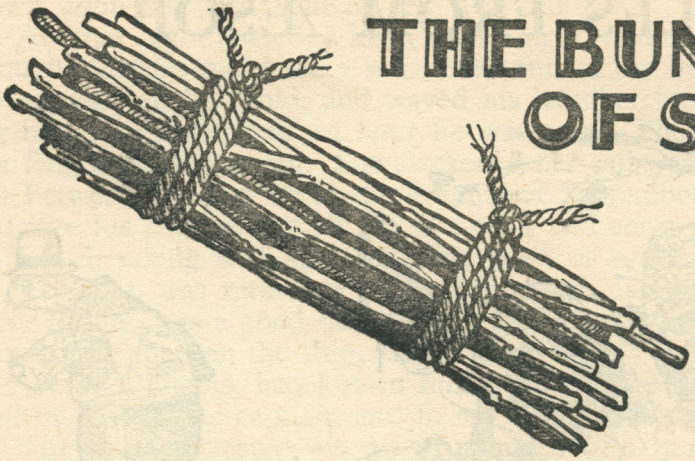
The tortoise immediately set off in his slow and steady way without waiting a moment or looking back.

The hare, on the other hand, treated the matter as a joke and decided to take a little nap before starting, for he thought that it would be an easy matter to overtake his rival.

The tortoise plodded on, and meanwhile the hare overslept himself, with the result that he arrived at the winning-post only to see that the tortoise had got in before him.

"Slow and steady wins the race."





THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

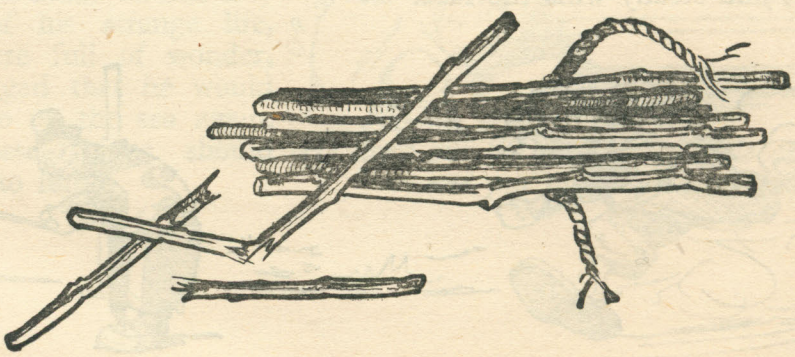
AN old man had many sons who were continually quarrelling together. He had exerted his authority and employed many means in order to reconcile them, but all to no purpose. At last he thought of a plan whereby he would show them the folly of their ways.

Ordering his sons to be called before him, and a bundle of sticks to be brought, he commanded them, one by one, to try if, with all their strength, they could any of them break it. They all tried without success, for the sticks, being closely bound together, could not be broken by the strength of man.

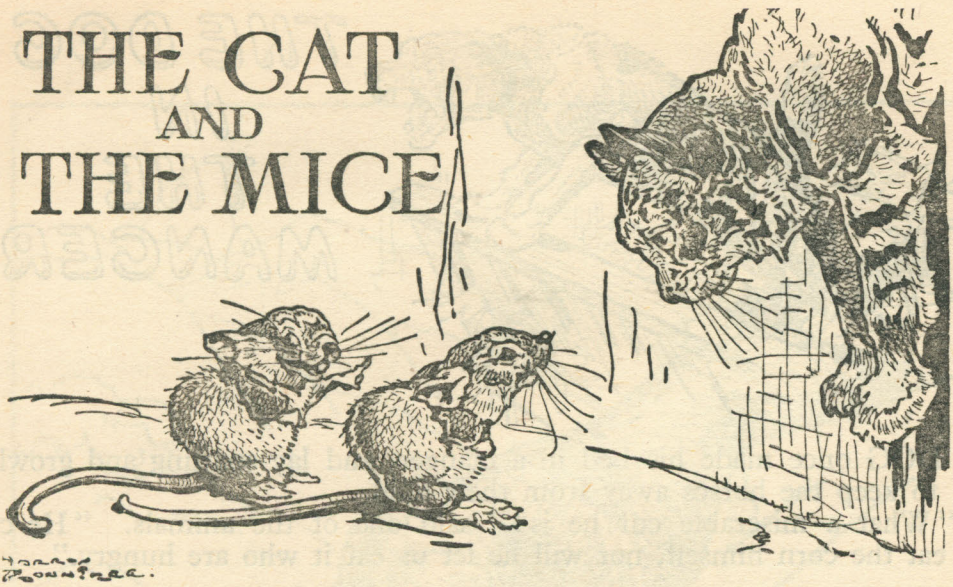
The father next ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it, which, of course, each did with the greatest of ease.

"Oh, my sons," said the father, "behold the power of unity. If you would live together in friendship your enemies would be unable to harm you, but when once the ties of brotherly affection are broken you are likely to suffer from every unfriendly hand that is turned against you."

"Unity is strength."



THE CAT AND THE MICE



A CAT grown feeble with age, and no longer able to hunt mice as she had done in her younger days, thought of a way to entice them within reach of her paws.

She suspended herself by the hind legs from a peg, thinking that the mice would mistake her for a bag, or for a dead cat at the least, and would then venture to come near her.

An old mouse, who was wise enough to keep his distance, whispered to a friend, " Many a bag have I seen in my time, but never one with a cat's head."

" Hang there, good madam," said the other, " as long as you please, but I would not trust myself within reach of you though you were stuffed with straw."

" Old birds are not to be caught with chaff."

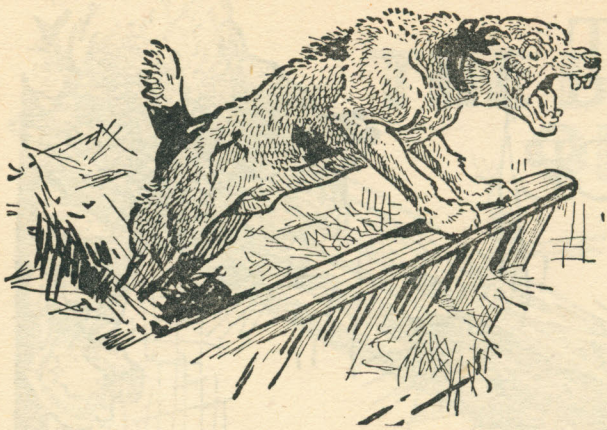
The Wolf and the Crane

A WOLF had got a bone stuck in his throat, and in great pain ran howling up and down, begging every animal he met to relieve him, at the same time hinting at a handsome reward to the one who succeeded in getting it out.

A crane, feeling sorry for him, put her long beak down the wolf's throat and drew out the bone. She then modestly asked for the promised reward.

But the wolf, grinning and showing his teeth and pretending to feel hurt, replied, " You ungrateful creature ! Have I not given you your life ? How many can say they have had their head in a wolf's jaws and brought it safely out again ? And yet you are not content ! "

" Those who expect thanks from rascals are often disappointed."



THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A DOG once made his bed in a manger, and lay snarling and growling to keep the horses away from their food.

"What a miserable cur he is!" said one of the animals. "He cannot eat the corn himself, nor will he let us eat it who are hungry."

"Live and let live."

The Wolf and the Lamb

AS a wolf was drinking at the head of a running brook he saw a stray lamb paddling at some distance down the stream.

Having made up his mind to eat her for his supper, he wondered what excuse he could make for a quarrel.

"Villain!" said he, running up to her, "how dare you spoil the water that I am drinking?"

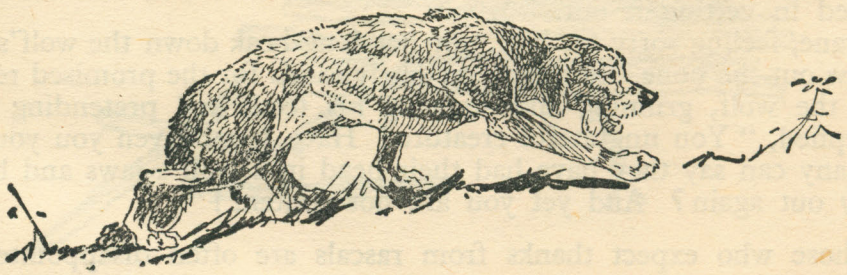
"Indeed," said the lamb humbly, "I do not see how I can spoil the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you."

"That is all very well," replied the wolf; "it is but a year since you called me many nasty names!"

"Oh, sir," said the lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born!"

"Well," replied the wolf, "if it was not you it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to talk me out of my supper;" and without another word he fell upon the poor helpless lamb and tore her to pieces.

"The tyrant will always find an excuse when he would injure the innocent."





"How dare you spoil the water that I am drinking?" said the wolf.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

ONCE upon a time a country mouse who had a friend in town invited him, for the sake of old times, to pay him a visit in the country.

The invitation being accepted in due course, the country mouse, though plain and rough in his habits of living, opened his heart in honour of an old friend. There was not a carefully stored-up morsel that he did not bring forth out of his larder—peas and barley, cheese-parings and nuts—hoping by quantity to make up what he feared was wanting in quality.

The town mouse, who was used to more dainty fare, at first picked a bit here and a bit there, while the host sat nibbling a blade of barley straw.

At length he exclaimed, " How is it, my good friend, that you can endure the dullness of this life? You are living like a toad in a hole. You can't really prefer these lonely rocks and woods to streets filled with shops and carriages and men! Believe me, you are wasting your time here. We must make the most of life while it lasts. A mouse, you know, does not live for ever. So come with me, and I'll show you life and the town."

These fine words were too much for the simple country mouse, and he agreed to go with his friend to town.

It was late in the evening when the two crept into the city, and midnight ere they reached the great house where the town mouse lived. Here were couches of crimson velvet, carvings in ivory, everything, in short, that told of wealth and ease. On the table were the remains of a splendid meal, and it was now the turn of the town mouse to play the host; he ran to and fro to supply his friend's wants, pressed dish upon dish and dainty upon dainty, as though he were waiting on a king.

The country mouse, for his part, tried to appear quite at home, and blessed the good fortune that had brought such a change in his way of life; when, in the midst of his enjoyment, as he was wondering how he could have

been content with the poor fare he was used to at home, on a sudden the door opened and a party of ladies and gentlemen, returning from the theatre, entered the room.

The two friends jumped from the table in the greatest fright, and hid themselves in the first corner they could reach. When the room was quiet again they ventured to creep out, but the barking of dogs drove them back in still greater terror than before.

At length, when all the household was asleep, the country mouse stole out from his hiding-place, and, bidding his host good-bye, whispered in his ear, " My good friend, this fine mode of living may do for those who like it; but give me barley and bread in peace and security before the daintiest feast where Fear and Care lie in wait."

" A humble life with peace and quiet is better than a splendid one with danger and risk."



They jumped from the table in the greatest fright.

THE ASS, THE FOX & THE LION



THE ass and the fox entered into partnership together to protect each other, and swore eternal friendship. Soon after they went a-hunting, but before they had gone far a lion crossed their path. The fox saw the lion first, and, pointing him out to the ass, said, "We must make terms with this lion and get him to be friendly with us." So saying, he went boldly up to the lion and offered to help him secure the ass, provided that his own life should be spared. The lion was quite willing to promise this, whereupon the fox induced the ass to follow him to a deep pit, into which he managed to push him. As soon as the lion saw that the ass was secured he sprang upon the fox and made a meal of him, leaving the ass to be eaten at his leisure.

"Those who betray their friends must not expect others to keep faith with them."

The Old Hound

A HOUND who had been most skilled and faithful to his master in the hunting-field at last became too old to continue to play his part as in his younger days.

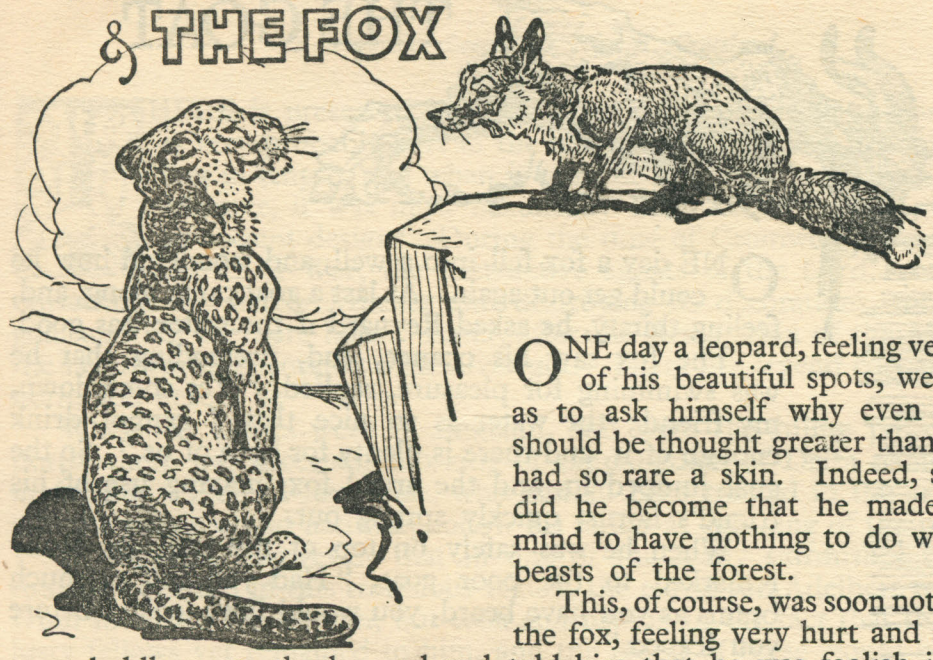
One day, when hunting a wild boar, he seized the creature by the ear, but not having sufficient strength to retain his hold, he allowed the boar to escape.

At that moment his master rode up and, seeing what had happened, severely scolded the dog, and would have beaten him had he not sadly cried:

"Spare your old servant! Although my heart is willing my limbs are feeble. Remember what I was rather than what I am now."

"Faithful service should be long remembered."

THE LEOPARD & THE FOX



ONE day a leopard, feeling very proud of his beautiful spots, went so far as to ask himself why even the lion should be thought greater than he, who had so rare a skin. Indeed, so proud did he become that he made up his mind to have nothing to do with other beasts of the forest.

This, of course, was soon noticed, and the fox, feeling very hurt and annoyed, went boldly up to the leopard and told him that he was foolish in having such a good opinion of himself.

"You may think yourself very fine," said Reynard, "but, depend upon it, people value a bright brain far more than a handsome body."

"Beauty is only skin-deep."

The Frog and the Ox

AN ox, grazing in a swampy meadow, happened to put his foot on a family of young frogs and crushed most of them to death.

Now, one that escaped ran off to his mother with the dreadful news.

"Oh, Mother!" he said, "while we were playing, such a big four-footed beast trod on us."

"Big?" asked the old frog; "how big? Was it as big"—and she puffed herself out very much—"as big as this?"

"Oh!" said the little one, "a great deal bigger than that."

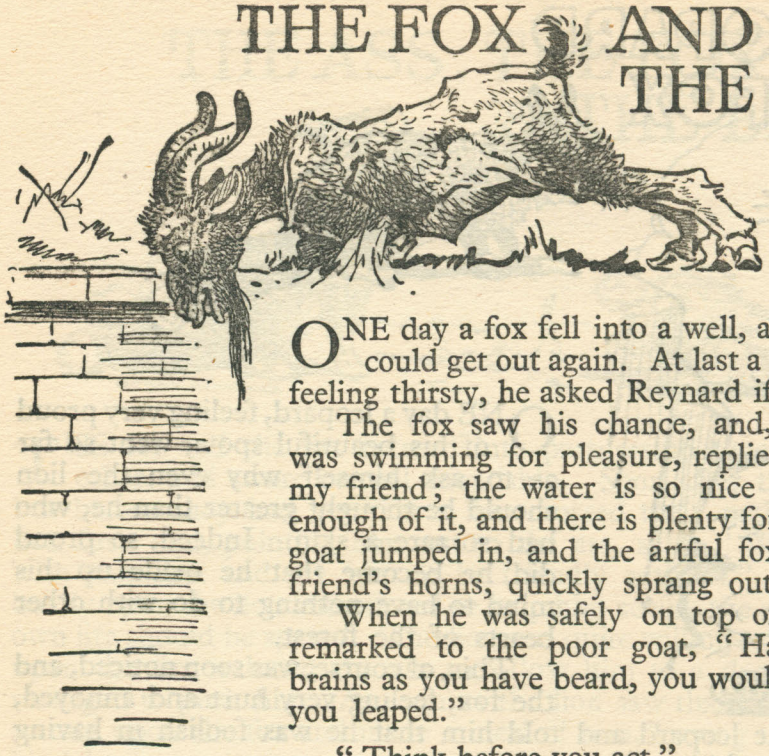
"Well, was it so big?" and she swelled herself out further still.

"Yes, Mother, it was; and if you were to swell till you burst yourself you would never be half its size."

Annoyed with her little one for doubting her powers, the old frog tried yet again, and this time burst herself in the vain attempt.

"Men may be ruined by attempting to appear that which Nature has not intended them to be."

THE FOX AND THE GOAT



ONE day a fox fell into a well, and wondered how he could get out again. At last a goat came along, and, feeling thirsty, he asked Reynard if the water was good.

The fox saw his chance, and, pretending that he was swimming for pleasure, replied, "Yes come down, my friend; the water is so nice that I cannot drink enough of it, and there is plenty for both of us." So the goat jumped in, and the artful fox, making use of his friend's horns, quickly sprang out.

When he was safely on top of the well, he coolly remarked to the poor goat, "Had you half as much brains as you have beard, you would have looked before you leaped."

"Think before you act."



The Fox and the Lion

WHEN a fox who had never seen a lion met one for the first time he was so terrified that he almost died of fright. When he met him the second time, however, he was still afraid, but managed to hide his fear. But when he saw him for the third time he felt so brave that he went up and began to talk to him as though they were old friends.

"Familiarity breeds contempt."

The Cock and the Jewels

AS a cock was scratching up the straw in a farmyard, he came across a string of pearls.

"Ho!" said he, "you are a very fine thing, no doubt, to those who like you; but give me a barley-corn before all the pearls in the world."

"Silly people despise what is precious because they cannot understand it."



LEGENDS OF OUR ISLANDS

ULPH'S HORN

A Yorkshire Legend by John R. Crossland



HERE is preserved in York Minster a long drinking-horn which is very probably part of the tusk of an elephant. It is some three feet in length, and when it came at first into the possession of the Minster, it was most beautifully decorated with gold, modelled in ancient designs. During the time of Cromwell, however, after the Civil War, the destructive agents of the Lord Protector, in ransacking the stately Minster and destroying its decorations, tore off the gold and left the bare horn. Later, after the Restoration of the Monarchy, the horn was re-decorated with silver gilt. There is a legend concerning the horn, and here it is.

When the Danes were in England, and were the ruling power in the north, there was a certain sub-king of the kingdom of Deira named Ulph, or Olphus. He had four sons, who had all been trained in the art of war, and the eldest would naturally follow his father as sub-king of the province.

It happened, however, that in one of the many skirmishes that continually occurred in this troublous region, the eldest son Adelbert was killed. Ulph mourned for his son, but took consolation in the fact that three more lusty fellows yet remained to him, and the eldest of these would be able to rule in his stead when his term of life was over.

Now Ulph was a man of great strength and bravery. He was, moreover, an upright man, who loved honesty of purpose and devotion to duty. His son Adelbert had left an orphan child, a sweet little girl by name Adelwynne, and Ulph had taken his grandchild into his home to bring her up in comfort and happiness as befitted a princess. He would walk round the castle grounds with the girl, and loved to have her company and hear her prattle more than anything life held for him.

One day they were strolling round the grounds, happy in each other's company—for Ulph was indeed a father to the child—when, in the course of their conversation the king said :

" Thou art very sweet, Adelwynne. Thine eyes are blue like unto those of my dead wife, thy grandmother the queen Helena. I do wish, however, that thou wert a boy ! "

" Why should you wish that, dear grandfather ? " replied the girl. " If I had been a boy perhaps I should have caused you more trouble than ever can be caused by a mere girl. Look, I might have been timid in war, and dubbed a coward by my followers. Again, I might have been a tyrant, hated by all the countryside. No, dear grandfather, it is best I am a girl."

" Perchance thou art right. Thou art young but thy tongue speaks great wisdom," murmured Ulph, as he placed his arm tenderly round her shoulders. " Let us walk on."

They strolled along awhile, until they came to an arbour under the palace wall, where Adelwynne often sat during the sunny summer days. She ran on before the king, to take her seat in the shade and prepare a place for her grandfather.

Ulph watched her lovingly as her light feet sped across the grass. Then, as she came abreast of the arbour, he saw her stop, place her hand before her eyes, and stand still, as though she had seen something which had given her a shock. He hurried to the arbour, and the sight that met his gaze was one which filled him with great anger. There lay his second son, Kerdic, who was his heir. He was in a drunken sleep, and an overturned goblet by his side told its silent tale.

In a great passion, Ulph strode up to the sleeping prince and stirred him roughly with his foot.

" Is this beast a son of mine ? " he cried, but the prince made no sign that he had heard, for he was deep in wine.

" Get up, thou drunken sluggard," cried the king, but Kerdic never heard the command.

" And thinkest thou that thou shalt lead the royal line in the kingdom of Deira ? " scoffed Ulph. " Never shalt thou reign in my kingdom. Thou art no longer my son. Come, Adelwynne, let us go into the purer air and leave this sot to sleep off his wine.

" The crown shall be thine, my daughter," he continued, as they walked away.

" Not so, lord," returned the maiden, " for thou hast yet two sons who will, ere long, return to the palace. One of these will assuredly prove himself fitted to wear the crown. Torfrid is due to-day, back from his hunting, and Edmund, who has been warring in the north, has sent messages ahead to say he draws near home. Let us wait for their return."

" I have little faith in my sons," retorted Ulph, " but I will bear me in patience till they return, and then choose my heir."

The sound of a horn was heard, and ere long two companies, with men and banners, approached the castle walls. Ulph hurried his little charge to a sheltered corner where they might observe what took place, and to witness the entry of the brothers to the castle.

It was soon seen that a quarrel was in progress, and as the companies neared the gate the brothers called a halt.

Above the gate, hidden from view, the king and Adelwynne heard what ensued. Truly, there was a bitter quarrel raging, and harsh words were passed in ever rising tones between the brothers.

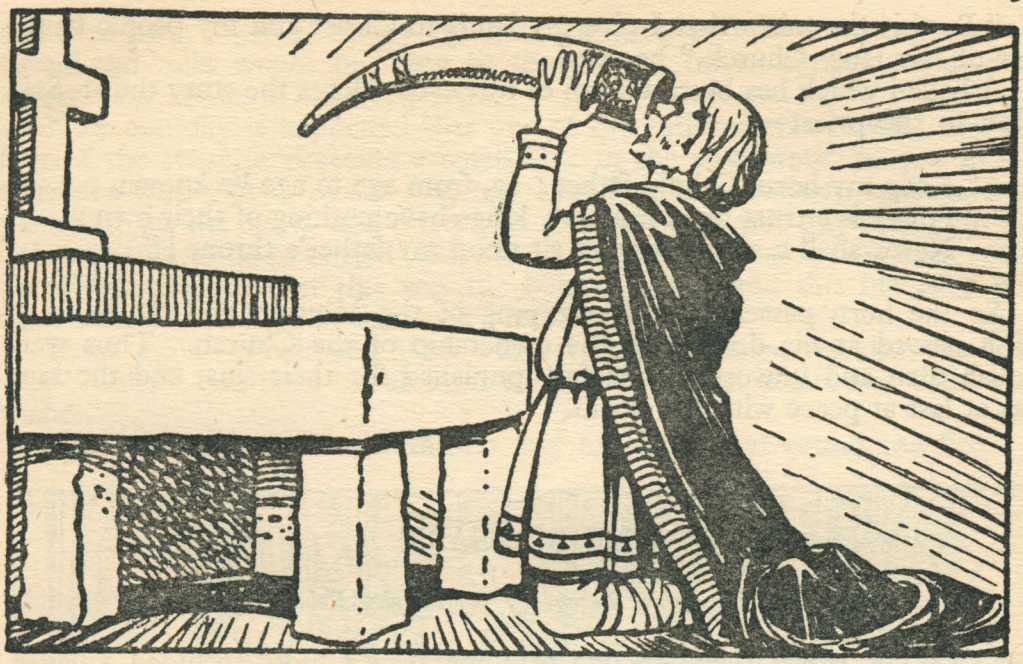
Torfrid was raging and shouting, while Edmund was speaking more quietly though with a deeper cunning and bitterness. They were quarrelling about a lady they had both seen, and with whom they had both fallen in love. Torfrid claimed that he had become betrothed to her ere he left the northern land where was her home. Edmund laughed and said that he had left men in her home to guard her and to watch the family treasures too.

" I care not for the treasure, but give me my bride," shouted Torfrid.

Edmund laughed in his face, and told him to go hunting and forget about one who could never be his.

" Wait until father dies," retorted his brother. " Then I will descend with my army on thee and thy princess. I will slay thee with mine own hands. harry thy kingdom, and drive the lady to her knees to beg for mercy. Then shall she be mine at last."

Above the gate, Ulph turned sadly to Adelwynne and shook his head.



Lifting the horn, he drained it at a draught.

" I once had a son, dear girl," he moaned, " but he, brave Adelbert, lies dead, and in an honoured grave. I have no other child but thee, for these two are no longer of my flesh and blood. Kerdic is but a wine-wit, Torfrid a would-be murderer of his own brother, while Edmund, cunning and sly, is but an arrant coward. Dear child, to thee shall go my title and my lands. Thou shalt be queen of Deira when I am called to rest. Thou shalt wed thy cousin Edwy, who is brave and manly. Together shall ye rule, but thou shalt be the chief, the Queen of my province."

" Not so, dear lord," begged the girl, with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

" Thou shalt be Queen of Deira," cried Ulph, raising his right hand above his head. " By Woden do I swear it ! "

" What have we to do with Woden ? " pleaded Adelwynne, taking the king's other hand in hers. " Thine eldest son is dead, and thy living sons are unworthy. Yet there is a worthy heir."

" And who may it be, if not thy dear, sweet self ? " asked the king.

" The Lord Christ," exclaimed Adelwynne, her face suffused with a radiant smile. " Give thy lands to Christ, and let His Holy Church guard thy province and thy people. Naught shall harm thy subjects then, and thy soul shall rest in peace."

" Adelwynne, my child," replied the king brokenly, " thou art better than a son to me. It shall be as thou sayest. The kingdom shall belong to God."

Taking his largest drinking-horn, the king ordered that it be filled to the brim with wine and carried into the Church of York. Then he followed quickly, and, marching boldly to the steps of the altar, took the horn in both hands as he knelt in reverence. Lifting the horn he drained it at a draught and laid it empty on the altar.

" Be this the token that I give my lands to Christ and my people to the care of His Holy Church," he cried.

A ballad which has been written of this event closes the story thus : Said Ulph to the priest—

> " Keep my horn, O holy father ; so, from age to age be known,
> Power is a trust from heaven ; kings have nothing of their own ;
> Never shall a son unworthy sit upon my father's throne ! "

So the horn passed into the keeping of the Minster, and the lands of Ulph passed at his death into the ownership of the Church. Thus were foolish men and unworthy sons fitly punished for their sins, and the king was at last at peace with the world.

THE BOGGART

A Lancashire Legend by W. Langley Roberts



OUR story is laid in one of Lancashire's most secluded villages, surrounded by tall trees and woodlands. All the beauty of the bluebell is here when spring blows her trumpets through the woodland. This is " Boggart-Hole," for here dwells the mysterious boggart.

And what pranks did he play in the green-wood ! Many had heard his shrill high-pitched laugh in the woods, and some had even had their flowers jerked from their hands, or their hair pulled, or their noses tweaked by his mischievous little fingers.

The boggart enjoyed his merry jests in the dell until the winter approached, and he began to look out for a warm house in which he could live in comfort through the cold weather.

He chose an old-fashioned house not far from the boggart-hole, where lived a worthy farmer named George Cheetham, and soon the whole household began to be plagued and tormented by his tricks.

Now, although no one had actually seen him, the traces of his handiwork were everywhere. The men had their spades and tools hidden, and were often to be seen wandering about the farmyard and out-buildings in bewilderment on mornings after the goblin had been at work ; for he could often be heard at his tricks as soon as ever the clock in the kitchen had struck the hour of midnight.

The maids, too, would find their pots and pans in all manner of strange places, although sometimes his tricks took a more pleasant form, and at times they would arise in the morning to find everything in its place. What is more, on these occasions, pots and pans would have been scrupulously cleaned and scoured, the cream churned for them, and the pewter and brass in the kitchen polished till they gleamed like silver and gold in the early morning sunshine.

But the children of the farmer would sometimes have their very food

snatched away from them by his quick fingers, and often their basins of bread and milk would be flung to the ground by an unseen hand, even before their contents had been tasted.

Now one day it happened that one of the children was playing near the foot of the stairs, and seeing a small hole in the woodwork, he put in it a shoehorn with which he was playing. Out flew the shoehorn again and hit the child on the head, and so it was that whoever put anything into the hole was sure to be rewarded with a sharp blow from it as it flew back again. So it was thought that this was the boggart's lair, and this his peep-hole from which he espied all that took place in the house.

It was a time of cold and bitter weather, and Christmas was drawing near. The " waits " had been to the farm with their fiddles, music and Christmas wishes.

After their departure the farmer and his family sat round the fire. A



Many had heard his shrill, high-pitched laugh in the woods.

merry yarn had just been told by one of the company. Clearly above the general merriment was heard the fluty laugh of the boggart.

" Well laughed, Boggart ! " cried Robert, the farmer's second son. " Thou'rt a fine tyke, I'se warrant, if one could just catch a glent of thee."

So the story-telling continued, but all noticed that however jolly the story, or however loud the laughter, not another sound was heard from the goblin that night.

Now Robert, who was rather short in stature, slept with the eldest son John, who was just as tall as Robert was small. No sooner were they asleep that night than they were awakened by the thin voice of the boggart crying out :

" Little tyke, indeed ! Little tyke thyself ! Ho, ho, ho ! I'll show thee. I'll have my laugh now. Ho, ho, ho ! "

In the darkness the voice sounded so shrill and clear that it scared them both terribly, and no sooner was the strange laughter ended than Robert felt his feet seized and he was dragged to the foot of the bed. Then, immediately afterwards he was pulled in the opposite direction to the pillow again. Again and again this was repeated. One moment he would be at the foot of the bed, and the next his head would be level again with that of his tall brother John.

" Short and long won't match ! Short and long won't match ! Ho, ho, ho ! " laughed the boggart, who repeated this cry every time he tried to make the brothers equal in stature. He played this trick on the weary and sleepless brothers hundreds of times during the night. The brothers dared not move, so great was their fright, till at last the early morning light shone through the bedroom window.

" Now we'se ha' some rest, happen," said John, as he tried to rearrange the bedclothes.

" Boggart knows no rest ! Boggart knows no rest ! Ho, ho, ho ! " came the dreadful voice of the goblin, and the sufferers had to give up all hope of sleep in that room.

When the farmer heard the story from his sons, he decided that they should sleep in another room, and leave the boggart free to enjoy himself in the room in which they had passed such an unpleasant night.

But from that day the boggart's tricks became more and more unbearable. Each night brought fresh torments and frights. The stillness of the night was disturbed by heavy footsteps which seemed to range over the whole house. Pots and pans clattered, dishes crashed, and each morning they arose expecting to find a scene of havoc and ruin. Yet, strange to say, nothing was broken, and all things remained in their places.

Night became for them a time of dread and sleeplessness, until the farmer and his wife could bear it no longer and decided to move.

So the furniture was loaded on the carts, and with the last load went the farmer and his wife. On their way to the new home they were met by a neighbouring farmer.

" Hey, John," says he, " thou're surely never leaving th'owd whoam ? " (the old home).

" Aye," replied the farmer. " I'm like tha sees, for yon boggart torments us soa we ne'er get a wink o' sleep at neet ; and as for't wife and childer, they're fair skeered to deeath, so we'm fain to flit like."

He had just got so far with his explanation, when, out of a churn on the cart, a shrill voice cried out :

" Aye, aye, neighbour, we're flitting a' reet, as tha sees."

" Rot thee, boggart ! " cried the farmer angrily. " If I'd known tha'd be flitting too I'd ne'er ha' stirred a peg."

Then turning to his wife, he said :

" It's no manner o' use, my dear, we may as well turn back to th'owd house as be plagued again in another."

Return they did, and the legend is that the boggart behaved himself much better after this occurrence.

THE LAIDLEY WORM OF SPINDLESTON

A Northumbrian Legend by Margaret Tynedale

"NEWS, Your Highness! A royal messenger!"

"A messenger? From my father?" asked the Princess Margaret eagerly.

It was a very lonely life that the little princess led in the royal castle of Bamburgh. Her mother was dead; her only brother, the Childe (or knight) of the Wynd, had sailed away to seek fame and fortune in other lands, and had not been heard of for so many years that she feared he was dead too. And lately the king, her father, after years of mourning, had gone forth once more among his people, and she missed him sorely.

News at last! Yes, news indeed! The king was to be wed once more, and would shortly return to Bamburgh with his bride. At once the royal city was plunged into all the bustle of preparations. Nobles and chieftains of Bernicia (as that part of Northumbria was then called) came flocking in to do homage to their sovereign. But the fair Margaret's heart misgave her, as she gazed from her bower window, watching and waiting for the royal procession. She longed for her father's return; but what would this new stepmother be like? Could she love her too?

At length she heard the well-known horn, and from her lofty window she could see the cavalcade approaching. Calling her maidens, she descended to the great hall to welcome her sire, and to be presented to his new queen. It was with very mixed feelings that the shy little maiden stepped forward to greet the newcomer. Her beauty was marvellous to behold, and her manner outwardly kindly; but in reality her heart was as hard as stone. She had been bewitched in childhood; and with the gift of magic beauty she had received the fatal power of casting spells.

Fancy her envy on seeing that the sweet and gentle princess was attracting far more attention than she with all her arts could command. And when one young knight so completely lost his heart to the lovely Margaret that he praised her aloud in glowing terms, calling her peerless among women, the jealous queen's anger burst all bounds. This was too much! Such a rival must be swept from her path.

So, like the witch she really was, she uttered a dreadful curse. The Princess Margaret, she said, should turn into a laidley worm (which means a loathsome serpent or dragon) and should spread terror through the land. But there was a limit to her power for evil over one who was good and pure; some loophole of escape she was bound to leave, but she made it as small as she could. On one condition could the victim be released, and that was the return of the absent brother—the Childe of the Wynd—he alone could break the spell.

Cruelly she smiled as she made this last condition—small chance was there of his ever coming back, she thought—for like many others she believed him dead.

Margaret laughed aloud at her cruel stepmother's threat. Really it was too absurd to frighten her—how could she turn into a laidley worm? She had done nothing to merit such a fate. There was no question now of loving her father's new wife, but at least she knew of one who would be ready to champion her should trouble threaten—and the thought was comforting.

And so presently she retired to her dainty bower, and fell peacefully asleep. Did she dream of threats and curses, of the brother she longed for, or of the brave young knight who had looked on her with such admiration? Perhaps. But in the morning when her maidens came to wait upon her, they fled in terror from the venomous beast which they found coiled upon the fair princess's bed. Their shrieks echoed through the castle, and even the warders shrank from the dreadful creature as she crawled down the stairs and out through the gate into the open country.

Two or three miles away, among the crags of Spindleston, she found a cave, and here she took up her abode. But at night she came out to feed upon the neighbouring fields and gardens, and her poisonous breath scorched even what she did not eat.

> "For seven miles east, and seven miles west,
> And seven miles north and south,
> No blade of grass or corn could grow,
> So venomous was her mouth."

So runs the old ballad. In sheer despair, the king's retainers set apart seven cows for the dragon's special use, and every night took the milk to a large stone trough near the mouth of the cave, that the Worm might quench her raging thirst.

Terror reigned; famine threatened. The tale of woe spread far and wide, till at last it reached the ears of the Childe of the Wynd, as he sat at a feast of victory. Wild with wrath, he told the dread tidings to his faithful followers. With drawn swords they one and all vowed never to rest or feast again until their beloved princess should be restored and avenged. But how to get there?

They built a stout ship with masts of rowan-wood, for of such wood was made the cross on which our Redeemer suffered, and therefore no enchantment could touch it. Bravely they sailed homeward, and in seven days the look-out sighted a massive castle poised upon a mighty rock.

"That indeed is my father's keep, the castle by the sea," exclaimed the eager Childe, and would have made straight for the shore.

But the wicked queen had seen the gallant craft, and guessed its errand. Promptly she sent her imps to intercept it, but they were powerless against the rowan-tree mast, and returned baffled. Then she sent warriors to the attack, but they were mere mortals, and the Childe and his band were more than a match for them.

Then came trouble from an unexpected quarter. The Laidley Worm herself failed to recognise her deliverer, and in her fear she lashed the water with her tail until the waves grew so rough that landing was impossible. But Childe Wynd was not dismayed; quickly he changed his course, and

made for Budle Bay, where he landed safely. Mounting his trusty steed, he rode to Spindleston, where the dragon had retreated. Throwing his bridle over a stone pillar (whence the place takes its name) he drew his " berry- brown " sword and went on foot to find her.

Face to face at last, she recognised her long-lost brother. In his presence her speech returned to her, and she begged him to " quit his sword, and give her kisses three "—truly a strange request! Nothing daunted, the Childe bent low his stalwart frame, and caressed the fearsome beast, which then turned tail and retreated into her cave. A moment later, who should emerge but the Princess Margaret, a beautiful maiden once more.

Quick as thought her brother pulled off his crimson cloak to wrap around that delicate form; and gathering her into his strong arms, lifted her upon his horse. And so they returned in triumph to Bamburgh Castle, to a father's love and his subjects' joy.



The beauty of Princess Margaret was marvellous to behold.

But the Childe's mission was not yet completed; he had broken the wicked spell which had enslaved his beloved sister—he had still to avenge her wrongs. Where was the enemy?

" Fetch forth the miscreant witch! " he thundered. And high and low they sought her, till at last she was discovered cowering in terror in her bower, for well she knew her hour had come. Vainly she tried to pray, but the power to do so had long since deserted her, for she had sold her soul to evil.

And now she was to pay the price.

Brave and true himself, the Childe of the Wynd hated anything mean and cruel. And in no measured terms he told his unkind stepmother just what he thought of her. Before his righteous indignation she paled and trembled. The avenging prince knew something about magic arts, and when he sentenced her to the doom she had prepared for his sister, and bade her " squat, crawl, hiss, spit, in likeness of an ugly toad," she knew there was no help for her. Hardly had he ceased speaking when the change took place—and as a toad she hissed her helpless rage, for she could do no

more harm. The warders chased her from the castle gates, but no one killed her.

"And on the lands near Ida's towers
A loathsome toad she crawls,
And venom spits on everything
That cometh nigh the walls."

At length, however, she took refuge at the bottom of the castle well; and it is popularly believed that she is there yet!

And so was the wicked queen paid out for her jealousy, and the long-lost heir and his fair sister restored to their home.

Until comparatively recent times the cave and trough could still be seen at Spindleston, but have since been destroyed by a quarry, the Spindle Stone alone remaining.

Two Scottish Legends

By M. V. Jack

I

THE SEAL WOMAN

I



SOMEWHERE on the rocky West Coast lived a lonely young fisherman to whom these happenings befell.

In the curve of a bay his hut stood, between the woods and the shingle, and often he would go to the water's edge to look out over the dreaming expanse, and listen to the weird cadences of the seal-music, thinking (as who would not in the circumstances?) of the mystery of the sea, and the Land-under-Waves, and the Seal Country—and the strangeness of the people who dwelt therein, mortal and yet not mortal, equally at home in the sea or on the land.

It was on such a night that his seal-wife came to him. Blue on the dreaming water the islands lay. The salt sea-odour mingled with the sweet smell of the turf. In his ears was the music that holds the beauty and the sorrow of the sea, and the joy of drifting with the brown wrack over fathoms of swinging water.

The seals lay on the rocks at the southern point of the bay, basking in the evening sun. To the north were other rocks at the end of a low reef, and there the young fisherman thought he saw the brown head of a solitary seal. Or was it the head of a woman? The sun on the water dazzled his eyes; he could not be sure. But if it were a woman he must warn her. The tide was rising soundlessly. Soon the low reef would be covered, and she cut off from the shore.

Over the bay the strange song went, liquid and sweet. It brought him a sense of elation as he scrambled over the slippery tangle and the little rock-pools; as he hunted for the woman among the rocks.

He found her at last, looking out towards the sunset, the glistening seal-skin lying by her side.

She was lovelier than the land women are, this daughter of the seals, rosy and white and dreamy-eyed. The young fisherman fell in love with her at sight. He knew that if he could capture her seal-skin she would not be able to return to her own country, so, stealthily, he managed to get hold of it.

The maiden saw him then, and prayed him wildly to give it up to her, but he would not. He held on to it stubbornly and begged her to come with him and be his wife. At last she consented and he took her home and married her.

Kind and gentle he was to her, never forgetting that she was far from her kinsfolk of the seals. She for her part made an excellent wife, as good and industrious as she was beautiful, and for the love she bore to her husband she hid the sorrow she still felt for her home under the waves.

But sometimes, in the long hazy afternoons, the blue luminous evenings, she would hear the seal-folk calling to her from the reef, and answer their plaintive melody with a song as poignant as their own. Once she went down to the rocks to talk with them.

"It is pleasant to lie in the sun," said an old seal lazily, "but pleasanter far to swim in the cool green depths of the sea; and pleasantest of all to dwell in the clear brightness of the country that lies beneath."

The seal woman sighed.

"Alas, what can I do? My husband has hidden my seal-skin—I cannot return."

"Your little sister has married a prince in the Seal Country, and theirs was a great feast and merrymaking."

"Would I were there to join in it!"

"Your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, they all were there, and they grieved because you were not with them. They think that you are lost to them for ever."

The seal woman went home and wept. Yet when the time came for her husband to return she could not help thinking how sad it would be if she were not there to welcome him. So she dried her tears and met him with a smile.



Once she went down to the rocks to talk with them.

A year or two passed by, and

one day he bade her farewell with a strange heart-sinking which he could not account for. It seemed to him that some danger threatened his wife, and he would gladly have stayed at home to protect her. But he did not want to look foolish, and besides he had their living to earn, so off he went.

When he was gone his wife went blithely about her household tasks, and then, for want of something better to do, she turned out an old chest that lay in the kitchen. What should she come upon but her own smooth seal-skin! The sight of it, the feel of it, filled her with a great longing for her own land. Then the thought of her husband held her back; he was so kind, so firm, so faithful. But again the temptation came. She took the glistening skin to the water's edge, played with it awhile, slipped it on. . . . In a moment she was a seal, diving into the cool water, rising again to bask in the sun on the rocks.

Other seal-folk were about. She heard their deep melodious tune, and presently she dived in again and swam off to join them.

When the fisherman returned he found the hut empty and his wife gone. The open chest, the vanished seal-skin, told their own story, and in bitterness of heart he ran to the shore and called her name. There was no response: the seals were gone.

Day after day he sought her, scanning the waves from his boat, searching the rocky coast, but though he sometimes heard the seal-music far out at sea never a sign had he that his wife could hear him.

II

ONCE on a wild and stormy day, when the white horses raced over the water, he stood on the beach and called his wife's name piteously. A voice reached him through the noise of the wind.

"Why weep you there, young fisherman?"

He turned in surprise and there was an old gray man with a bundle strapped on his back. So kind, so gentle was the stranger's aspect that he was moved to tell his story, and "Oh, that some one would take me to the Country of the Seals!" said he.

"I too am of the seal-folk," said the stranger. "Perhaps I may be able to help you."

He undid his pack, and lo! there were two shining gray seal-skins.

"One is mine," said he; "if you really wish to visit the Country of the Seals you may wear the other."

Together they donned the strange garb, and felt themselves growing into seals.

Together they slipped into the churning water, and down, down, down they went, until it seemed as though they never would stop. But at last they emerged in the Country of the Seals.

Before them was a lovely landscape. Woods and hills and valleys were brighter and more colourful than in the world above the waves. The streets were cobbled with shells, and the houses built of coral and pearl. Here they discarded their seal-skins and became men again.

" You must stay with me in the meantime," said the old gray man, " and I will bring you news of your wife."

The young fisher was full of impatience, but it seemed that his wife was a princess in her own country, and there were certain forms to be observed. However, the old man, who also appeared to be a person of importance, promised him tidings on the morrow, if he would be his guest for the night.

Alas, on the morrow the stranger returned with the woeful tidings that the fisherman's wife was about to be married to a seal.

" Can I have but one word with her ? " asked the young man piteously.

" I think I can do that for you."

A little while longer he waited, and there stood his wife before him. He kissed her with joy and tears. She told him then that it was the wish of the seal-folk that she should marry one of their number. In vain he pleaded with her to return.

" They would not let me go," she said mournfully ; " or they would call me back again, and I must come."

" They could not bring you back if you would stay," he urged.

" There are spells in the Seal Country that you know nothing of ; we could not fight against these."

It seemed that nothing he could say would move her. Sorrowfully at last she took her leave, and he was obliged to let her go.

Day after day he stayed on in the house of the seal-man, and every day brought the wedding of the princess nearer. At last in despair he sought the advice of his host.

" It is a hard thing," the old man said, " to mix the earth world with the countries under the sea. Yet since she is your wife I will tell you what to do. On the day of the wedding you must go to the palace, taking your seal-skin with you. I will give you a spell to put upon her so that she will follow you through the sea and over the sea, yes, to the earth-world itself."

The young fisherman thanked him warmly.

" When you bring her to your home," the old man went on, " see that you guard her well, for if you lose her this time you shall never see her again."

Nearer came the wedding. Now all the seal-people talked of it—the beauty of the bride, the dignity of the bridegroom, the great feast which the old king would make in honour of the event. Nobody thought of the poor fisherman whose wife the princess was ; but he too was busy with his preparations.

At last the great day dawned. Guests came from far and near to the wedding of the king's daughter. Among them the young man mingled, carrying his seal-skin carefully hidden under his cloak. His host had fitted him out richly, so that he was brave as any of them, and a great deal handsomer than the bridegroom.

When the bride appeared he laid the spells which the old man had taught him. Then he went out and donned the magic seal-skin. In a moment his wife had joined him. She also became a seal, and together they floated up through leagues of dark water.

Glad was the young fisherman to behold once more the land above the

waves. He threw his seal-skin back into the sea, and would have thrown his wife's also, but she cried out in alarm :

" If you destroy it I shall die," she said. " I am of the sea, and I cannot live without it."

So again he hid it away, but this time she secretly watched where he was putting it.

They went back to the little hut between the wood and the shingle, and there for a time they lived happily, though always with a sense of foreboding which they could not quite throw off.

Then one day they heard again the call of the seal-folk, and this time there was something strangely menacing in the sound. Mournful and sad was the fisherman, unwilling to leave his young wife while the seals were about, but at length off he went. When he returned they were gone, but alas, his wife was with them.

All day he paced the beach, listening eagerly for the voices of the Strange People, but no sound could he hear. Day after day he wandered disconsolately along the shore, but this time there was no wise stranger to help him. So at last he went to the rock where he had first met his wife, and calling aloud on her name, jumped into the sea.

But that did not help him either. He drifted with the brown wrack on the fathoms of green water, and the Country of the Seals was far away.

II

THE HEATHER ALE

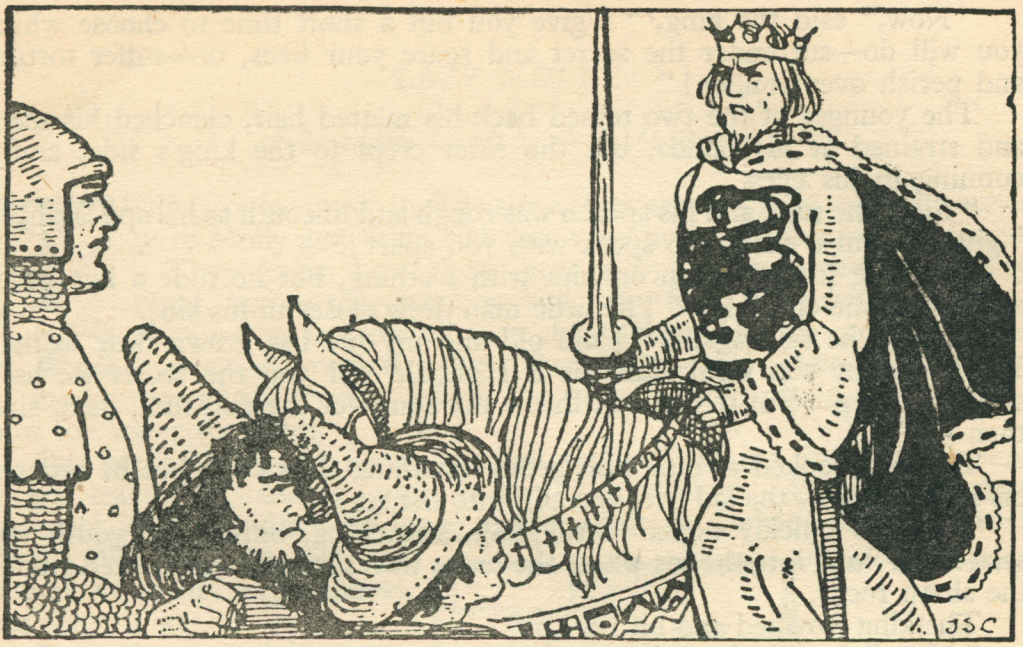


EATHER is something more than heather in the Scottish mind. It is a symbol of the vigour and hardihood, the richness, the wild yet delicate flavour of the landscape and the race. It is the bloom on our history as well as on our hills.

And the old lost brew of the Heather Ale—honey-sweet and potent—seems not so much a drink as a distillation of enchantments. Yet a drink it was in the olden time, a drink to warm the hearts of heroes and fire the muse of the bards; wisdom of age to the young, and to the old the glory of youth. . . . Among the hills they brewed it, the vanished people—Picts or an older race—who play so large a part in our tradition. Garb them in green mantles and pointed rush hats, and they become fairies; clothe them with heroic stature and lo! they are the hunters of the Fein. They have even passed into our idiom under the quaint name of Hottentots! . . . They lived in green mounds and subterranean dwellings, and there they drank the liquor of the heather-bell. How well they kept the secret of their brewing is told in the following legend of Galloway.

The little swarthy folk had had their day. Ruthlessly the tall, fair strangers drove them back into crevice and cranny, into caves and holes in the rock; relentlessly they crushed the old rude civilisation with its strange outlandish ways and—here and there—its jewels of barbaric achievement.

At last there was a great conflict between them. Back and forth went



The Scottish king sat proudly on his horse.

the tide of battle until the little people were completely wiped out. So at least thought the King of the Scots, as he rode proudly over the battlefield. He was glad that the barbarians would trouble him no more with their teasing, cunning warfare. One thing only he regretted—that before he had stamped them out utterly he had not learnt the secret of the Heather Ale.

Rich old wines they drank at the Scottish court; good strong ale; but none had the charm, the potency of the Pictish beverage. Strange ecstasies, they said, fell upon those who drank it; cold and hunger were forgotten; on a raging winter night they could see the heather-blush on far blue island hills, and listen to the drone of bees over miles of knee-high, honey-scented heather.

"Fool that I was!" the king muttered impatiently.

At that moment two dwarfish figures started up from under his horse's feet and leapt into the flaming gorse bushes.

"After them!" cried the king; and presently they were brought back, bound, resentful, darting quick, sullen glances from under their bushy brows.

Father and son they were, last of all the hill folk; broad and muscular despite their little stature; dark, primitive and rude.

The Scottish king sat proudly on his horse, a fine upstanding figure, fair of face and nobly featured, stern and imperious, every inch a king. He looked on the captives as he might look on some repulsive animals. There was but one thing he wanted of them.

"Dogs!" he said, "I will spare your lives on one condition—that you reveal to me the secret of the Heather Ale! To the cliff!"

They rode a little distance to the brink of a cliff. Far below the waves fretted among the cruel rocks. The little men shrank back appalled.

" Now," said the king, " I give you but a short time to choose which you will do—surrender the secret and spare your lives, or—suffer torture and perish over yonder ! "

The younger of the two tossed back his matted hair, clenched his teeth and strained at his bonds, but the elder crept to the king's side, crafty cunning in his eyes.

" Sire," he said, and his speech was rough and uncouth as his appearance ; " give me but a chance to speak with you apart ! "

The king looked down on him with loathing, but he rode a few paces away from the cliff edge. The little man drew closer to his side.

" Sire," he said again, " I am old and my life has grown dear to me ! Yet I fear my son would kill me if I should tell you the secret we have sworn to keep. But if you will throw my son over the cliff first, then, sire, then——"

The king looked at him with greater loathing than ever, but he ordered his men to throw the lad over the cliff into the sea.

This was quickly done. Struggling, scratching, biting, the youth was seized and flung into the sea where the bitter waves foamed and fretted among the sharp rocks.

The king frowned and bit his lip.

" Now," he said impatiently, " the secret ! "

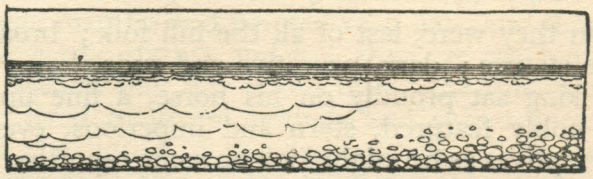
The little, swarthy, old man was laughing ! His crafty eyes glittered through his wildly tangled hair.

" Ah-a ! " said he, a note of triumph in his animal speech ; " you thought I sent my son to his death because I was afraid. Nay, I did but fear that he would betray our secret, for he was only a boy. Now you can do to me what you will—torture or slay, I care not ; the secret of the Heather Ale will perish with me ! "

The Scots king looked down on him with a queer new interest. He saw something there—be it ever so rudely expressed—something dauntless, indomitable, to which he himself was no stranger.

" I see, indeed," he said drily, " that torture would avail little with such as thou ! " He bade his followers release the barbarian, who henceforth lived quietly among the Scots until his death.

The secret of the Heather Ale he never revealed, and a secret it remains to this day.



LAZY MOLLY

A Devonshire Legend by Cecily M. Rutley

THERE once lived in Tavistock two serving girls. Their names were Molly and Kate, and they were both very fond of the pixies. They knew how these little people love water, and every night, before they went to bed, they filled a bucket with fresh, clear water, and placed it in the kitchen. In the morning when they came downstairs they often found some silver pennies lying at the bottom of the bucket, which the grateful little pixies had dropped into the water for them.

One night Molly and Kate forgot all about filling the bucket, and went to bed leaving it standing empty in the chimney-nook. Perhaps they had been out, or had had some friends to visit them, or perhaps they were very tired. We are not told the reason of their forgetfulness, but there it was.

Presently the pixies came flying into the house through crannies and keyholes to look for their bucket of water. When they found it empty they were very disappointed. "Those tiresome girls have forgotten to fill it!" one little pixy cried. "Let us go up and ask them why!"

So upstairs whisked the pixies in the twinkling of an eye. Through the keyhole into the girls' bedroom they popped, and skipped and hopped excitedly about.

"The girls have forgotten our water!" cried one of them.

"It is very tiresome of them!" cried another.

"We are *very* much annoyed!" said a third.

Now Kate was still awake, and she heard what the pixies said. She nudged Molly who was fast asleep. "Wake up, Molly!" she cried. "Wake up at once!"



When the pixies found the bucket empty they were very disappointed.

" What is the matter ? " asked Molly in a very sleepy voice. " Why are you waking me ? I was having *such* a beautiful dream."

" We forgot to fill the pixies' bucket with water," said Kate. " They are very annoyed at our neglect. Listen ! You can hear them grumbling and complaining in this room."

But Molly just pulled the bedclothes over her head, and turned over on her side. " Let them complain," she said. " I'm going to sleep again."

" Oh, you *mustn't*, Molly," cried Kate. " Jump up, and let us go down and fill the bucket now."

" Not I," said foolish Molly in a very drowsy voice. " I wouldn't get out of my bed now to please all the pixies in Devonshire ! " And next moment she was fast asleep.

Alas ! The pixies had heard her, and Molly was to be punished for her laziness as you soon shall hear.

" I'll go anyway," said Kate. " Poor little pixies. They shall have their water. They are always very kind to us."

So she jumped out of bed and ran downstairs. She filled the empty bucket, then crept upstairs again. When she went back into the bedroom the pixies were still there. She could not see them, for it was too dark. But she could hear their shrill little voices quite clearly.

" How shall we punish that lazy girl ? " asked one.

" Let's pinch her all over ! " suggested another.

" Let's nip her hard ! " cried a third.

" Let us tear to bits her new cherry-coloured bonnet and ribbons ! " suggested a fourth.

" Let's give her the toothache ! " said a fifth pixy.

" Let's give her a red nose ! " cried a sixth.

" Oh, she is too pretty for us to do that ! " cried a seventh little pixy who was rather kinder than the rest.

" I know ! " cried an eighth pixy. " We'll give her a lame leg ! "

" Not to last for always ! " said the kind one.

" No ! " replied the other. " It shall last for seven years. But then it shall only be cured if Molly finds this plant that grows on Dartmoor. Its name is . . ." and the pixy pronounced, very slowly and clearly, the name of a plant that had seven syllables.

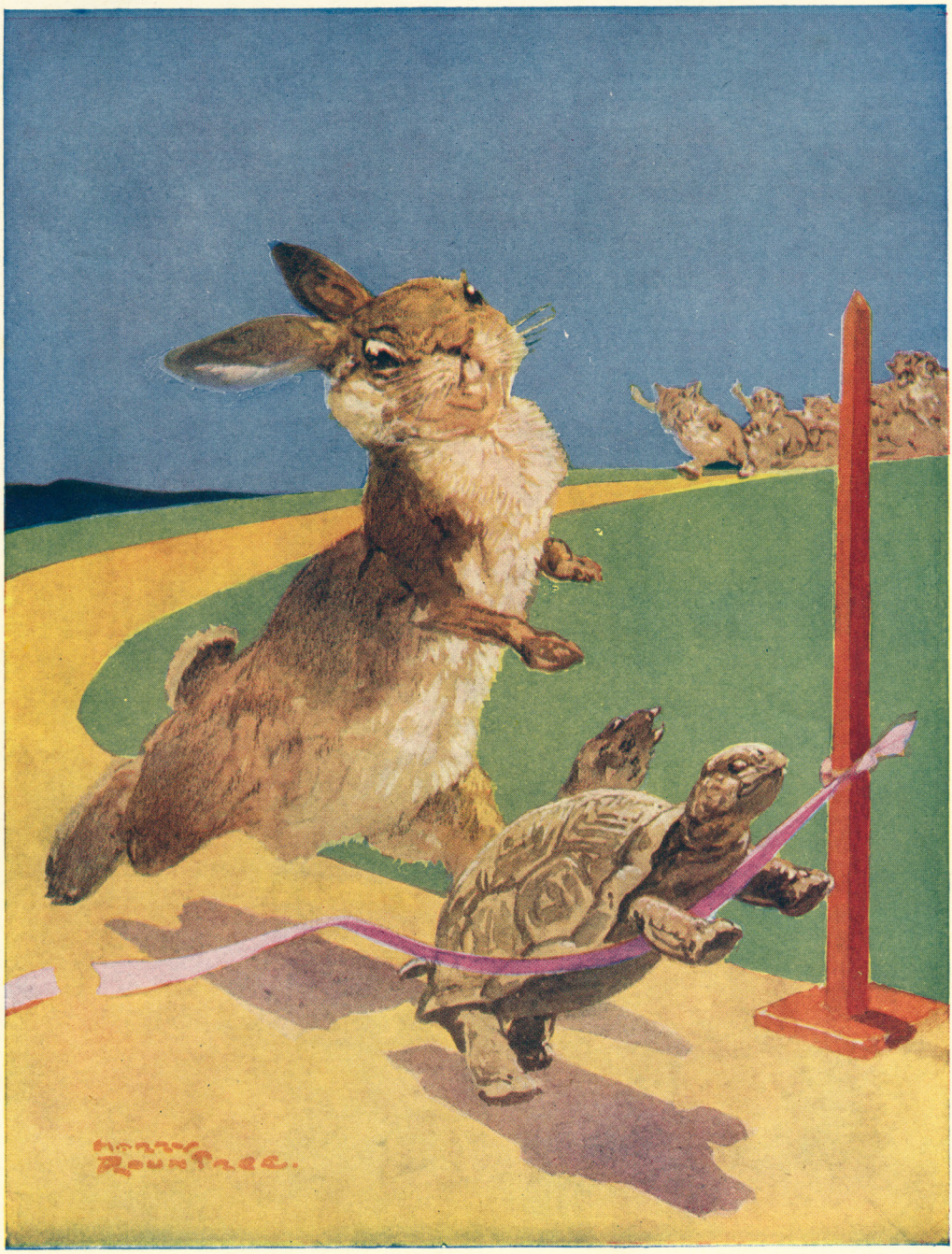
" Oh, how shall I remember it ! " cried Kate who had been listening to the pixies' debate. " It *is* a long word. Let me see, this is it," and she repeated the name over and over again to herself until she fell asleep.

The next morning, when she woke, the first thing she thought of was the long name. " Oh ! " she cried, sitting up in bed. " I have quite forgotten it," and although she tried her hardest to recall it to her mind not one syllable could she remember.

Then Molly woke, and jumped out of bed. " Oh, whatever *has* happened to me ? " she cried. " Oh, Kate, one of my legs is quite lame ! "

" That is the punishment the pixies have sent you for being lazy last night, and not getting up and going downstairs with me to fill their bucket with water," said Kate sadly.

" Oh, the horrid, nasty, unkind little creatures," cried Molly, stamping her good leg on the floor.



"Slow and steady wins the race"

"Hush!" cried Kate. "Do be careful what you are saying. If the pixies hear you they may send you a worse punishment." Then she told Molly all that she had heard them saying, and how in seven years' time she would be cured of her lameness if she could find a certain plant that grew on Dartmoor.

"What is its name?" asked Molly.

"I have forgotten it," said Kate. "All I know is that it is a very long name, but I cannot remember a single syllable."

"Oh, how *stupid* of you!" cried Molly, and she stamped her foot again. But it was not the slightest use her being cross and angry. Lame she was, and lame she continued to be in her right leg for nearly seven years.

Then one day, when the seven years were drawing to an end, Molly said, "I am going on to the Moor to gather mushrooms. Come with me, Kate. Perhaps we may find the plant the pixies spoke of." Molly was not cross about her lameness any longer, and had grown quite cheerful and patient. But each time she went on to Dartmoor she hoped she might find the plant the name of which had seven syllables.

"I am tired of looking for it!" said Kate. "We have been looking for nearly seven years now, and all we can find are plants with short and simple names that we know quite well."

"Perhaps the pixies have not allowed us to find it yet," said Molly. "They said I was to be lame for seven years. But now that time is nearly over, perhaps we shall be able to discover it."

"I cannot come to-day, anyway," said Kate. "I have some work to finish."

So Molly took her basket, and climbed up on to Dartmoor by herself. She knew where the best mushrooms were always to be found, and sure enough, there were more than ever about, and such beauties they were this bright sunny morning.

Molly was stooping down to pluck a mushroom, when a short distance away she saw a strange little boy, with a very merry face, suddenly start up from the ground and come tumbling head over heels towards her. In his hand he was holding a plant.

"Who are you?" asked Molly, standing up.

The boy did not answer, but he tumbled right up to Molly, and struck her lame leg with the plant. And the next moment her lameness had gone!

The boy had gone too, so Molly could not thank him. She filled her basket with mushrooms, then hastened home. Kate was standing at the door of the house watching for her. "Why, Molly," she cried as Molly came skipping gaily up the path, "whatever *has* happened? Why, you are not lame any longer!"

"No!" cried Molly in a very joyful voice. "I am *not*." Then she told Kate about the strange boy and his plant.

"That must have been the plant the pixies mentioned," said Kate. "I don't expect, as you said, that they ever meant us to find it for ourselves in case you should have been cured too soon. But, oh, Molly," she added, "now you are cured *do* be careful never to annoy the pixies again."

"You need have no fear of that," cried Molly. "It is much too nasty

and tiresome being lame for me to forget. Dear little pixies ! I *do* thank you for sending that plant to make me well again."

" I expect the pixies have heard you," said Kate.

" I hope they have," said Molly. " For I *am* grateful."

After that Molly found that her dancing had very much improved. She could now dance much more gracefully than before she became lame. And on May Day, when the festivities and frolics were held on the village green, the best dancer of all who were there dancing round the Maypole was lazy Molly.

THE TALE OF ST. PIRAN

A Cornish Legend by Cecily M. Rutley



MANY saints or holy men and women lived and worked in Cornwall long ago, and there are numbers of interesting and beautiful legends about them.

The chief of them, and the one who may be called the patron saint of Cornwall, is St. Piran. He is first heard of in Ireland, where he taught the people and performed many marvellous acts. He is said to have brought to life soldiers who had been killed in battle, and dogs which had been killed while hunting the wild boar ! But, in spite of all that he did for them, the kings of Ireland grew tired of St. Piran, and one day commanded that he should be thrown into the sea.

So the unfortunate saint was put into chains, and taken to the top of a steep precipice overlooking the sea. A crowd of wild Irish followed him, and some of them pushed a huge millstone to the top of the hill, where poor St. Piran was fastened to it.

Then one of the kings gave a signal, and St. Piran and the millstone were rolled over the edge of the cliff. Far below the angry waves were dashing over the rocks, and the sky was dull and overcast. But as soon as the saint had been pushed over the cliff the sun shone forth brilliantly, the wind, which a moment before had been blowing tempestuously, died down, and the sea became smooth and calm. Sitting quietly and happily upon the large stone, St. Piran landed upon the water, and went floating away.

When the crowd of wild Irish folk, who were watching from the cliff top, beheld the wonder that had happened, it is said that many of them became Christians from that moment. But St. Piran did not return to them. He floated on over the water, until he reached the north coast of Cornwall.

On March 5th, the millstone floated up on to that glorious stretch of golden sands which lies between Newquay and Perranporth, and which is now known as Perran Beach after St. Piran. The saint then left the great stone which had borne him safely over the water. He went ashore, and built himself a little chapel upon the sands, and began to work amongst and teach the Cornish people, who loved and honoured him far more than the Irish had done. They came to services in the lovely little church with its altar decorated with the most beautiful flowers that St. Piran could find, or which he had given to him, and when any of them were in trouble or difficulty

they went to see him in his little cell which he made bright and gay with crystals that he collected from the rocks around. The vast sands of Perranporth are edged with wonderful arched rocks which are very large and tall, and there is one great mass of rock known as Chapel Rock that can only be reached on foot at low tide. At high tide it stands up out of the sea. No doubt at some time or another a little chapel stood upon it. It *might* have been the one St. Piran built. All these you will see if you visit Perranporth to-day, and wander over the sands where St. Piran wandered long ago.

In his wanderings St. Piran often looked up at the slate rocks of which the cliffs at this part of Cornwall are formed, and noticed the lines or veins of different minerals running through them. He made a collection of as many different kinds as he could find.

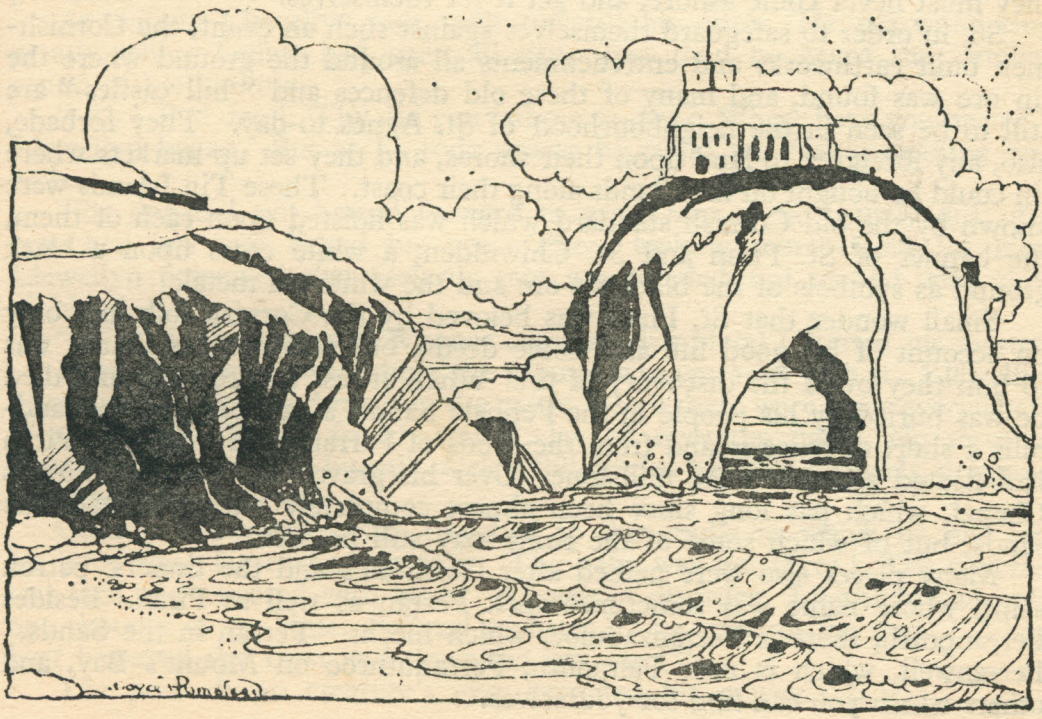
One day he took a heavy black stone to form part of the fireplace he was building on the sands. When his fire was lighted to cook his meal it burned with greater strength and intensity than usual, and presently St. Piran saw a stream of beautiful white metal flowing out from it upon the sand.

"Oh!" cried St. Piran in great joy. "Praise be to God, Who, indeed, is Great and Good. He has allowed me to discover something which will surely be of great use to man."

St. Piran wished to tell some one about his great discovery. So he sought out another saint, St. Chiwidden, who lived nearby. "Come and see what is flowing out of my fire!" he cried.

"'Tis surely a great discovery!" St. Chiwidden exclaimed, when he had been shown the wondrous sight. "That black rock is being melted by the fire, and changed into the beautiful white metal."

Now St. Chiwidden was a learned man. He soon found out a way of



obtaining the metal in large quantities. Perhaps he built the first smelting house, and gave his name to it. That, for certain, we do not know. But *chi-wadden* is the Cornish word for a " white house," and in a smelting or blowing-house the black ore of tin is changed into the white metal!

Then, as there were large quantities of the black ore in the rocks and cliffs, St. Piran and St. Chiwidden called on all the Cornishmen who lived thereabouts, and told them of their great discoveries. They taught them how to dig the ore out of the earth, and then how to obtain the metal. The Cornish folk were greatly rejoiced, and celebrated the discovery of tin by many days of feasting and merrymaking. And for years afterwards two days were always kept apart by them for such rejoicings. One was the 5th of March, the day on which St. Piran arrived on their shores, and the other was the second Thursday before Christmas. White Thursday, they called it, in memory of the day when St. Chiwidden first showed their forefathers how to change the black tin ore into the white tin metal.

After the first days of rejoicing were over the men of Perranporth, and of St. Agnes too, set to work with a will. They dug up large quantities of the tin ore, and smelted it into the white metal which they then took down to the southern coasts of their county, where it was bought by merchants from Gaul as in those days France was called.

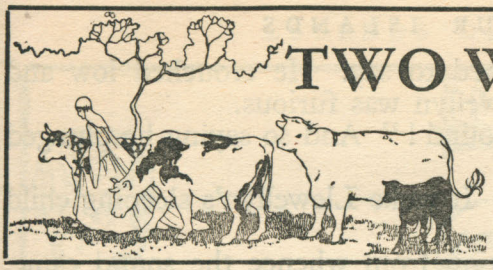
The news of the discovery of tin soon spread far and wide, and when it reached the ears of the rich merchants of Tyre, that great city of the East, Phœnician sailors set sail for Cornwall to seek the precious metal.

" Whatever happens," the Cornish folk then said amongst themselves, " none of these foreigners must ever find out whence we obtain the ore. We are willing to sell them the tin, and as much of it as they want. But they must never come ashore, and get it for themselves."

So, in order to safeguard themselves against such an event, the Cornishmen built earthworks and entrenchments all around the ground where the tin ore was found, and many of these old defences and " hill castles " are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of St. Agnes to-day. They forbade, also, any foreigner to land upon their shores, and they set up markets where tin could be bought on the islands along their coast. These Tin Islands were known by the old Cornish standard which was hoisted upon each of them, the banner of St. Piran and St. Chiwidden, a white cross upon a black ground as symbols of the black tin ore and the white tin metal.

Small wonder that St. Piran was beloved by the Cornish folk, not only on account of his good life and noble deeds, but also because that it was to him they owed the discovery of tin. When at last he grew old and died he was buried by his people in the Penhale Sands, a number of large sand-hills a short distance inland from the sands of Perranporth where St. Piran had floated ashore on the millstone. Over his grave they built St. Piran's Chapel, which has long since been almost completely buried beneath the sands, but of which some of the ruins may still be seen.

Many places also were named after Cornwall's and the tinners' patron saint, whose name was sometimes spelt Perran as well as Piran. Besides Perranporth, there is Perranzabuloe, which means " Perran in the Sands," Perranwell, which is near Falmouth, Perranuthroe on Mount's Bay, and others which you can find for yourselves.



TWO WELSH LEGENDS

by HILDA A. E. ROBERTS

THE LEGEND OF BEDDGELERT

BEDDGELERT lies near the mighty Snowdon in Carnarvonshire, about eight miles inland from the sea. " Bedd " is the Welsh word for " grave," so Beddgelert means the " Grave of Gelert."

This is the story of how it came to be so called.

Many years ago there lived a brave chieftain, called Llewellyn, in Snowdonia. Now Llewellyn had a faithful hound which had been presented to him by King John of England, and this hound was the leader of all Llewellyn's pack. At home he was as gentle as a lamb but in the hunt there was not another to compare with him.

One day when Llewellyn and his men had assembled on the mountain-side ready for hunting the hare, the huntsman blew a loud blast on his horn to rally the pack of hounds. To the huntsman's surprise, Gelert, the leader of the pack, was not there. So he blew again upon his horn. Still Gelert did not come. " It seems very strange that Gelert does not come in answer to my call," said the hunstman.

But they could not wait for him any longer and the huntsmen and the rest of the pack went on without him.

But somehow or other things went wrong that day. The chase was poor, the hounds failed to run their quarry to earth.

At twilight Llewellyn rode sadly towards his castle. He was wondering greatly where Gelert had been all day. Just then he heard the familiar sound of his barking.

" Ah ! Bad dog ! Why did you fail me to-day ? Where have you been ? " Llewellyn began. But as he rode nearer he could see that something was amiss.

The dog did not bound forward to greet him as he usually did. He crouched low and licked his lips. Then, looking more closely at him, Llewellyn perceived that Gelert's coat was tangled and matted with clots of blood.

" What is the matter ? Whence came all this blood ? " cried his master.

Here, there and everywhere the ground was smeared with it. Llewellyn dismounted hastily and ran into the castle. Here there were signs everywhere of a struggle. Blood, freshly-spilled, lay all over the floor. No servants were there to answer to his call. Gelert followed at his master's heels, dragging his hind legs somewhat.

Quickly Llewellyn's gaze travelled to the cradle in which he had left his baby son. He rushed up to it. The baby was not there ! The coverlet was torn and smeared with blood. All was in disorder. Llewellyn had only one thought at the time. " Cruel monster ! " he cried to the dog. " Thou hast betrayed thy trust and devoured my son ! "

The poor dumb creature's eyes searched his master's face.

" If only I could speak ! " he seemed to say. He crouched low and tried to lick his master's feet. But Llewellyn was furious.

" Thou, too, shalt die, treacherous hound ! " And so saying he plunged his sword into Gelert's side.

His dying yelp was heard from afar. It woke Llewellyn's sleeping child who murmured and cried out.

The chieftain searched in the direction from whence the sound came. There, in another room, quite safe and sound, beneath a heap of blood-stained clothes, lay the child.

At his side, torn and mangled, but quite dead, lay an enormous wolf !

Now the truth was made clear to Llewellyn. The gallant hound had fought with the wolf and had killed him, in order to save the life of the child he so jealously guarded.

Llewellyn's grief was pitiful to behold. " The frantic deed which laid thee low, this heart shall ever rue," said he.

So Gelert was buried with ceremony and there beneath a mound of stones, his grave can still be seen to this day.

" The grey old man in the chimney corner
Of his father heard this story,
Which from his father he had heard
And after them have I remembered."
So now I tell it unto you !

THE LADY OF LLYN Y FAN FACH



MANY years ago, some folks say during the twelfth century, there lived a poor widow, near Llanddeusant, in Carmarthenshire.

She had an only son, well-favoured and good to look upon, and each day this son drove his mother's cows up the side of the Black Mountain, to graze.

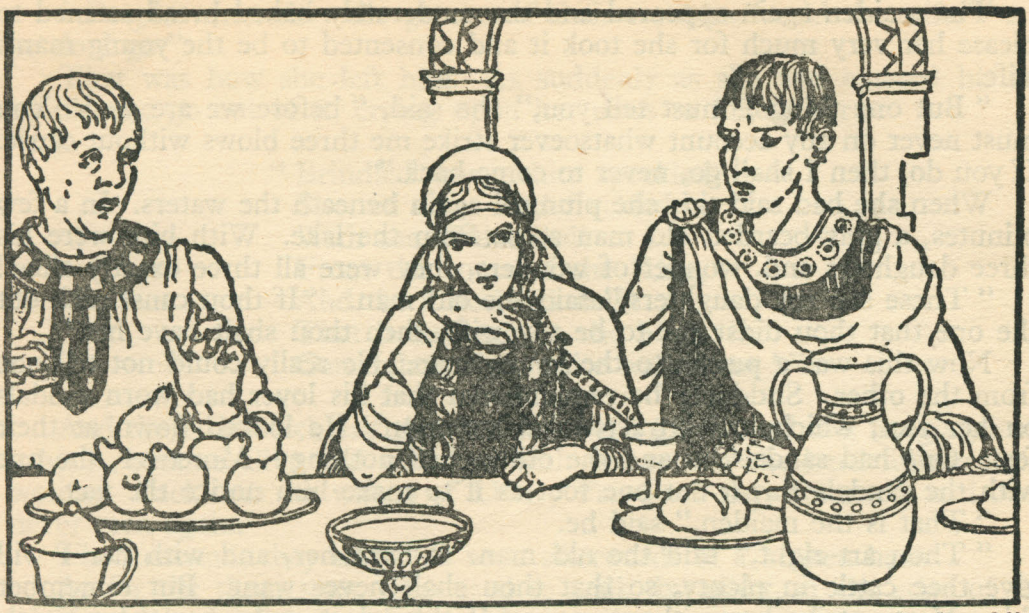
One day they came in their wanderings to the edge of a deep lake called Llyn y Fan Fach. Imagine the youth's surprise when he saw, standing on the calm surface of the water, a beautiful maiden. She was singing softly to herself and arranging her golden, curling locks.

Shyly the young man held out to her a piece of his barley bread, hoping that she would take it from him. She came to the edge of the lake but no farther, saying as she came :

" Cras dy fara
Nid hawdd fy nala ! "

which meant,

" Hard baked is thy bread,
Hard it is to catch me."



" This is the second time you have given me a blow without cause, husband," she sighed. " The third time, remember, I shall leave you."

With these words she dived away out of sight. The young man was overcome with love for her. That night when he had brought his cattle safely home and he was sitting by the fireside with his mother, he told her all about the beautiful maiden.

" She must be one of the ' Tylwyth-Teg ' (the fairies), my boy," said his mother. " Take with you some unbaked dough to-morrow and see if that will tempt her."

The youth set out early on the following morning and again he drove his cows up to the lake.

All day long he waited but the maiden did not appear. Just as he was giving up all hope, however, one of the cows strayed rather too close to the edge, slipped into some soft mud and fell.

The youth rushed to help the cow, and as he did so, he saw the lady appear again in the lake.

With shining eyes he held out his bread, unbaked this time. Again the maiden refused it, saying :

" Llaith dy fara
Ti ni fynna ! "

which means,

" Too moist is thy bread,
I will not come to thee."

Again she plunged into the lake. Early next morning the boy visited the lake once more, taking with him, this time, bread that was neither too moist nor too hard.

The maiden again appeared and the moderately baked bread seemed to please her very much for she took it and consented to be the young man's wife.

" But one thing I must tell you," she said, " before we are wed. You must never on any account whatsoever strike me three blows without cause. If you do, then I shall go, never to come back."

When she had said this she plunged again beneath the waters. In a few minutes, a gray-bearded old man arose from the lake. With him were his three daughters and, wonder of wonders, they were all three exactly alike!

" These are my daughters," said the old man. " If thou canst pick out the one that thou didst ask to be thy wife, then thou shalt have her."

Now this was a puzzle to the young man. He really could not tell one from the other. Suddenly he remembered that his lover had worn sandals on her feet, which had attracted his attention. He looked down at their feet. One had sandals on and the others had nothing! Moreover, the one with the sandals thrust out one foot as if to make him notice the fact.

" That is the maiden," said he.

" Thou art right," said the old man. " Take her, and with her I will give thee cattle in plenty, so that thou shalt never want. But remember this. Never strike her without cause. If thou dost strike her three times, on the third time she will leave thee."

As the young couple went down the slope of the hill, so did the herds of cattle come from out the waters of the lake, walking five by five.

For a long time all went well. One day the young couple were invited to attend a christening, some distance away. So the husband fetched a horse that they might ride, and as he helped her on to the horse's back, he tapped her playfully with his glove upon her shoulder, saying, " Dos! Dos! " which meant " Hurry! "

She gazed at him with sadness in her eyes. That was the first of the three blows!

As time passed three sons were born to them. They were very handsome and very clever too.

One day the man and his wife were present at a wedding. In the midst of all the rejoicings, the wife began to cry loudly.

Her husband, greatly wondering, tapped her gently on the shoulder, saying :

" Wife! Wife! Why do you cry? "

" That is the second time you have given me a blow without cause, husband," she sighed. " The third time, remember, I shall leave you."

Her husband felt very cross with himself for having been so thoughtless, but as time wore on, he almost forgot about it.

Then one day, years afterwards, the man and his wife were present at a funeral in the house of another neighbour.

Without a word of warning, the wife indulged in a fit of hearty laughter.

" Wife! Wife! Why do you laugh when every one else is crying? " asked her husband.

As she did not stop laughing, her husband went to her and again patted her on the shoulder, asking her what was the matter.

Now this was the third blow!

" People when they die go out of their troubles," said the wife, " and so do I go."

That was how she left him. As suddenly as she had entered his life so did she go out of it, crying upon her cows to follow her :

" Brindled cow, white speckled,
Spotted cow, bold freckled,
With the White Bull
From the court of the King,
And the little black calf
That is hanging on the hook,
Come thou also, quite well home ! "

And the little black calf that had just been killed, and was hanging from a hook, became alive and well and with the rest of the herd followed the woman. Back into the waters of Llyn y Fan Fach they returned, and were never seen again.

The husband, they say, died soon afterwards of a broken heart.

As for the three sons, they used to walk, by night, at the edge of the lake in the hope of seeing their mother again.

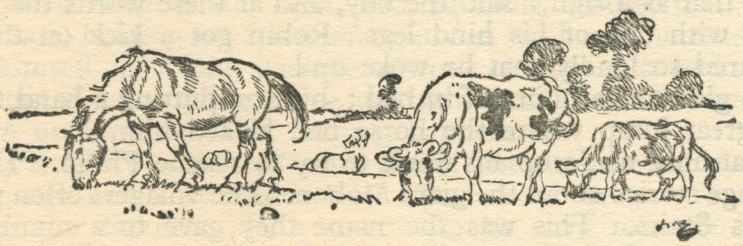
One night she appeared to them near what is now called " Llidiad-y-Meddygion," the " Doctors' Gate," and bade her sons take up the study of healing the sick.

Later on, she appeared again, this time at " Pant-y-Meddygion," the " Doctors' Dingle," and there she pointed out to them certain plants and herbs well known for their powers of healing.

Be all this as it may, the fame of those three sons, as physicians, spread through the length and breadth of the land. The graves of the Physicians of Myddfai can still be seen in the little churchyard.

[1] " The grey old man in the chimney-corner
Of his father heard this story
Which from his father he had heard
And after them have I remembered."
So now I tell it unto you.

[1] Trans. Old Welsh Pennill.



Two Irish Fairy Tales

Adapted from Thomas Crofton Croker

THE GIANT'S STAIRS



ON the road between Cork and Kinsale, stands a great house, where a noble lord and his lady lived many years ago.

They had a little son about seven years old, who was called Philip, after no less a person than the King of Spain.

Philip was a bright little fellow, with big blue eyes and curly brown hair. He was very clever at his books too. No wonder his father and mother were proud of him.

He must have felt very lonely with no brothers to play with; for often he would go away for hours, to chase butterflies in the beautiful gardens. The butterflies and the flowers, you see, were his only playmates.

One afternoon, however, Philip was missing, and no one could think what had become of him. Servants were sent, on horseback and on foot, along all the roads; but they came home without hearing anything of the little boy. His father offered a large sum of money to any one who would bring back his son, but the years passed and Philip was never heard of again.

Now, at this time, there lived in the village a blacksmith called Robin Kelly—a merry fellow who could shoe a horse better than any man in Ireland. One night Robin had a strange dream. He dreamed that Philip came to him in the middle of the night and spoke to him. The lost boy was mounted on a beautiful white horse, but his voice was very sad, and his eyes were full of tears. He told Robin how he had been carried off many years ago by the giant Mahon, and had been forced to work in his forge.

"All the little boys who are stolen are kept for seven years in his palace, among the rocks near the village," said Philip. "After that they are sent far away to another of the giant's castles. "My seven years of service end to-night, and, if you can rescue me before morning, I will see that you get plenty of money." "But how am I to know," said Robin—cunning enough, even in his sleep, "that this is not a silly dream?"

"Take that as a sign," said the boy, and at these words the white horse struck out with one of his hind legs. Robin got a kick on the forehead, and he roared so loudly that he woke up!

He was glad to find himself in bed; but, on putting a hand to his brow, he felt a great lump where the horse had kicked him.

Robin at once made up his mind to try to rescue Philip. He had often heard strange stories about the giant Mahon. The villagers often talked about the Giant's Stairs. This was the name they gave to a number of great rocks which rose from the sea like a flight of stairs, and led to the top of the cliffs. Robin had heard too that sometimes the giants had really been seen climbing up these stairs; but no one knew where they went.



The lost boy was mounted on a beautiful white horse, but his voice was very sad, and his eyes were full of tears.

The blacksmith was not long in getting ready for his visit. At the last moment, he thought he would take his big hammer with him.

" The giants may give up Philip more readily if they see this," he said to himself.

A few minutes later he was rowing towards the great rocks. It was a beautiful, calm night; the little boat glided swiftly along, and was soon under the dark shadows of the steps.

Robin looked for the door of the Giant's Castle. This, it was said, may be found by any one seeking it at midnight; but nothing could be seen in the darkness.

" I wonder if I am too late," he said. At the moment he spoke, he saw a little light on the rock. It grew larger and larger, and a door slowly opened in the cliff, just on the edge of the water.

Robin rowed towards the light, and, jumping ashore, tied his boat to the rock. Then, holding his hammer tightly in his hand, he entered boldly. He found himself in a long passage cut out of the solid rock. All of a sudden he heard a rumbling noise, and felt as if the rocks were going to swallow him up for ever. But nothing happened.

" Robin, Robin," said he, " why didn't you stay at home, and forget all about giants and lost children? " Just then he saw a small light twinkling in the darkness like a star. On he went towards it, until he came at last to a great hall, lit by the lamp whose light he had seen. Robin, peeping through the door, could see several giants seated in silence round a great stone table. At the head of the table sat the great Mahon

himself. The giant had sat there so long that his beard had taken root and grown into the table; while the table itself was thickly covered with dust. Indeed, there was dust everywhere, and some of it must have got into Robin's nose, for he suddenly sneezed loudly, "Atchoo! Atchoo!"

Robin had no time to slip out of sight. The giant sat up with such a jerk that half his beard was torn away. For he had slept so long that he did not know his beard had taken root in the table. Of course, this made him very angry. "What are you doing here?" he roared in a voice of thunder.

"I have come," replied Robin, "to claim young Philip, whose time of service ends to-night. You are not going to be so unfair as to keep him longer."

"Ho-ho! you speak very boldly," said the giant, with a laugh that made the whole room shake. "If that is what you have come for, then you must pick him out from among my pages; but, if you fix on the wrong one, you shall die. Follow me."

He led Robin into another great hall. Along each side were rows of children, all about seven years old. Every one was dressed in green, and they all looked so much alike that Robin saw it would not be easy to pick out Philip.

"Here," said Mahon, "you are free to take Philip if you will; but remember, I give you only one chance."

Robin was puzzled, for there were hundreds of children to choose from; and he was afraid he might miss Philip. He walked slowly down the hall by the side of Mahon. They had nearly reached the end without speaking, when Robin thought he would try to make friends with the giant.

"If I speak to him nicely," he thought, "he might help me to pick out the right boy."

"Well, the children all look nice and healthy," he said to the giant, "although they have had no fresh air for such a long time. You must have taken good care of them."

"Ay, you speak truth," said the giant, showing his yellow teeth in a horrible smile. "Give me your hand, for you are a very honest fellow for a blacksmith."

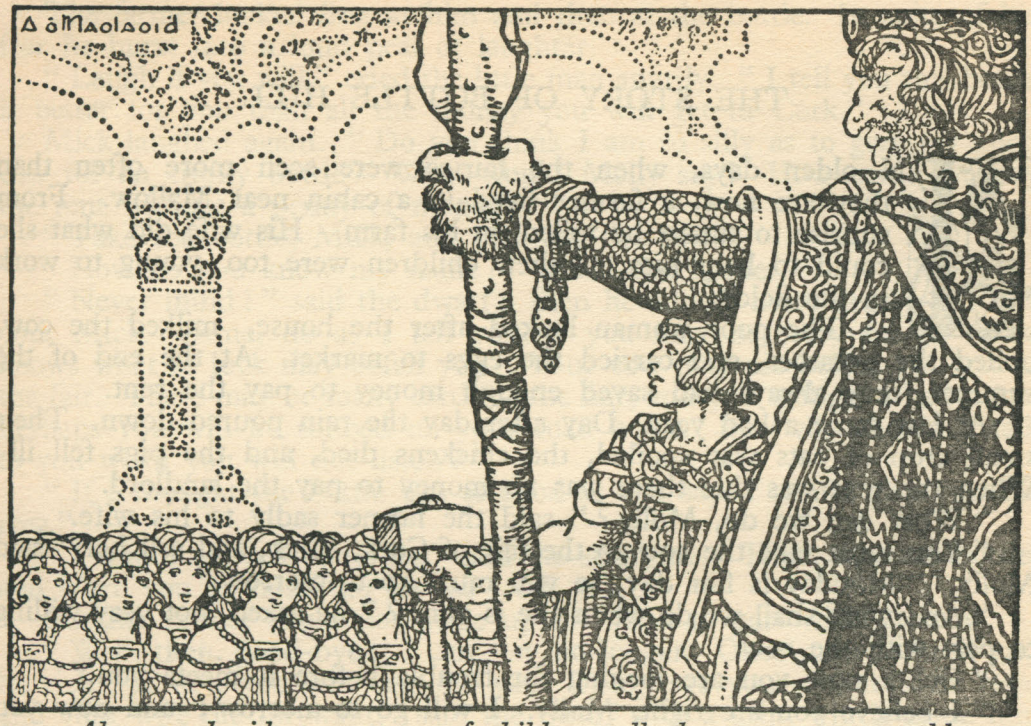
At the first glance, Robin did not care to trust his hand in the giant's great paw; so he handed him his hammer instead. The giant took it, and broke it as if it had been a potato stalk. On seeing this, all the children burst into laughter. In the midst of their mirth, Robin thought he heard his name called softly.

He put his hand on the boy whom he thought had spoken, and cried out, "Let me live or die for it, but this is young Philip."

"It is Philip—happy Philip," cried the other children; and in a moment the hall became dark.

Loud crashes were heard on all sides, as tables and chairs were upset in the darkness; but Robin held fast to his prize, and rushed out of the hall and down the passage with the young boy in his arms.

When he got outside, dawn was breaking. He soon stepped safely into the boat and started on his way back to the village. The joyful news spread, and a crowd quickly gathered to hear Robin's wonderful story.



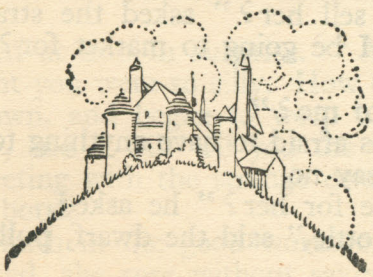
Along each side were rows of children, all about seven years old.

"Are you quite sure it is young Philip you have brought back with you?" cried an old woman.

"Am I sure? why, that's a queer question," replied Robin. "Look at the boy! He has the blue eyes of his mother and the brown hair of his father; and look, there is a mark on the side of his little nose."

"Take me to my father and mother and they will know their son," smiled Philip.

So off they went, as quickly as horses could take them, to the big house. You may be sure there was great joy, when the long-lost child was safely brought home again. Philip's father, of course, gave Robin a large sum of money, so there was no need for him to toil in the smithy. He bought a little cottage near the big house, and Philip would often visit his brave friend for a talk about the Giant's Stairs.



THE STORY OF BOTTLE HILL



IN olden days, when the fairies were seen more often than they are now, a farmer lived in a cabin near Mallow. From sunrise to sunset he toiled on his farm. His wife did what she could to help him, as their children were too young to work in the fields.

The poor woman looked after the house, milked the cow, boiled the potatoes, and carried the eggs to market. At the end of the summer, they always had saved enough money to pay the rent.

At last came a bad year. Day after day the rain poured down. Their small crop of oats was spoiled, the chickens died, and the pigs fell ill! When the rent was due there was no money to pay the landlord.

"What can we do, Molly?" said the farmer sadly to his wife.

"You must take the cow to the fair of Cork, Mick, and sell her," said Molly. "Monday is fair day, so you must go to-morrow."

"And what shall we do when she is gone?" he asked, not very willing to part with the cow.

"Och! now you are looking for trouble before it meets you."

"I believe you are right, Molly. I will go to-morrow; and now you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for it is torn under the arm."

Early next morning he took his stick in his hand, and drove his cow slowly along the road. It was a fine day and the sun shone brightly on the fields. After six long miles the farmer came to the top of a hill—Bottle Hill it is called now, but that was not the name of it then. Just then a man overtook him.

"Good-morning," said he.

"Good-morning," said the farmer, looking at the stranger, who was a very little man. His face was yellow, his nose sharp as a bird's beak, and his eyes were bright and piercing.

Mick did not like the look of the little man. He drove his cow faster along the road, but the dwarf kept up with him, gliding along like a shadow, without noise. The farmer was wishing he had not come out that day, but had stayed in his cottage, when the dwarf asked:

"Where are you going with the cow, my honest man?"

"To the fair of Cork," said Mick, trembling at the shrill tone of his voice.

"Are you going to sell her?" asked the stranger.

"Why, what would I be going to market for? Of course I am going to sell her."

"Will you sell her to me?"

Mick started. He was afraid to have anything to do with the little man, and yet more afraid to say no.

"What will you give for her?" he asked.

"I'll give you this bottle," said the dwarf, pulling a bottle from under his coat.

The farmer looked first at him and then at the bottle. In spite of his fear he burst into a loud peal of laughter.

"Laugh if you will," cried the little man angrily. "I tell you this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get in Cork."

Mick laughed again. "Do you think I am so silly as to give my good cow for an empty bottle? What would Molly say? How could we pay the rent without a penny of money?"

"Take the bottle, Mick, and give me the cow."

"How do you know my name?" asked the farmer.

"Never mind!" said the dwarf; then he added, more gently, "I like you, Mick. Come, do as I tell you, or you may be sorry for it. Who knows what ill luck may befall you! Your cow may die before you get to the fair. There may be many cattle at the fair, and you will get a bad price. Perhaps you will be robbed on your road home. But why should I talk to you when you will not listen?"

"If I thought the bottle was as good as you say, I would give you the cow."

"I would not tell you a lie," said the stranger. "Here, take the bottle, and when you go home do just as I tell you."

But the farmer could not make up his mind to part with the cow.

"Well, then, good-bye! I can stay no longer. Once more, take it and be rich. If not, you will beg for your living, see your children in rags, and your wife die for want," said the dwarf with a grin, which made him look ten time more ugly.

At length Mick took the bottle. "Take the cow," said he; "but if you are telling a lie——"

"You will find I have spoken the truth, if you do what I tell you. When you go home, ask your wife to sweep the floor clean, and spread a clean cloth on the table. Then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words, 'Bottle, do your duty,' and see what happens."

"Is that all?" asked Mick.

"No more," said the stranger. "Good-bye; you are a rich man!"

As the dwarf led away the cow, Mick turned back towards the cabin, fearing what his wife would say to him for his foolishness.

Towards night, he reached home again. As he entered the cabin, Molly rose from her seat by the turf fire.

"You have come back very quickly," she said; "what has happened? Did you sell the cow? How much money did you get for her?"

"Why, Molly, if you will give me time I will tell you all about it," he cried, placing the bottle on the table. "I did sell the cow, and—and that's all I got for her."

His poor wife looked at him in surprise. "All you got! What good is that? I never thought you were so silly. How can we pay the rent with that?" and she sat down, and began to weep bitterly.

"Now listen, Molly, and I will tell you the whole story." Then and there he told of his meeting with the strange dwarf, and how he had sold the cow for an empty bottle.

Now, his wife had faith in the good works of the fairies.

When he had finished, she rose without saying a word, and began to

sweep the earthen floor with her broom. Then she spread a clean cloth on the table, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, cried, " Bottle, do your duty ! "

" Look there ! Look there, mammy ! " cried his chubby little son, who was barely five years old. He ran to his mother's side, as two tiny fairies rose from the bottle and climbed upon the table.

In a few moments they had covered the table with dishes, and plates of gold and silver, full of the richest food. When all was ready the fairies went back into the bottle again.

The farmer and his wife looked at each other. Never had they seen such splendid dishes.

" Well, Molly, the little man spoke the truth after all."

" Oh, what beautiful plates ! " cried Molly, with a happy laugh. " Come and sit down. You must be hungry after such a good day's work."

They all sat down at the table and made a hearty meal, though they could not eat half the food that the good fairies had brought.

" Now," said Molly, when they had finished, " I wonder if the fairies will carry away these fine things again."

They waited, but no one came; so Molly put away the dishes and plates very carefully. After the children had been put to bed, the farmer and his wife sat by the fire, planning how they would sell the gold dishes and buy more land.

Next day Mick went to Cork, sold a gold dish, and bought a horse and cart. Molly and he kept their secret closely. Often they called forth the fairies, had a splendid meal, and in this way added to their store of dishes.

One day, however, the landlord asked Mick how he had become so rich, and the farmer told him about the fairies and the magic bottle. The landlord offered him a large sum of money for the bottle, but Mick would not give it up. At last, he offered to give him his farm for ever, in exchange for the bottle. Mick, being a kind-hearted man, and thinking he would never want any more money, agreed.

But, alas ! he spent his money very quickly. He became poorer and poorer, till at last he had nothing left but one poor cow.

One morning before daybreak, he set out again with his cow for the fair at Cork. He hoped that he would meet the dwarf and get another bottle.

He walked at a good pace till he reached the big hill. The mist was lying in the valley, and curling like smoke upon the brown heath around him. As he reached the top of the hill, he stopped to watch the sunrise, and listen to the sweet song of the lark.

" Well, Mick," said a voice behind him. " I told you, you would be a rich man."

The farmer looked round and, sure enough, there was the dwarf.

" Indeed, I was rich, but now I am poor again," he said. " If you have another bottle, sir, here is the cow."

" And here is the bottle," said the old man, smiling; " you know what to do with it. And now good-bye. I said that you would be a rich man."

" Good-bye to you, sir," said the farmer joyfully, as he turned back. " Good luck to you ! Good luck to the big hill. It lacks a name, so we will call it Bottle Hill ! "

He went home, not daring to look back at the little man and the cow, so eager was he to make the bottle work.

He reached his cabin safely, and as soon as he saw Molly, cried, " Hurrah ! I have another bottle ! "

In a moment she put a clean cloth on the table. Mick, looking at the bottle, cried, " Bottle, do you duty ! "

At once two big men, armed with stout sticks, came out. (Only the fairies knew how they found room in the bottle.) They beat poor Mick and his wife, and even the children, till they fell on their knees and begged for mercy. Then they hid in the bottle again.

Slowly the farmer rose to his feet and looked about him. He gave poor Molly and the children what comfort he could. Then, taking up the bottle, he ran off to his landlord.

Now that night the old gentleman had a number of people at supper. When he heard that the farmer wanted to see him, he came to the door in none too good a temper.

" Well, what do you want now ? "

" Nothing, sir," said Mick ; " only I have another bottle."

" Oh, ho ! is it as good as the first ? "

" Better, sir, better ! If you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen."

" Come along, then," and he led Mick into the hall. At once the farmer caught sight of his old bottle standing high on a shelf. " Ah, ha ! " he thought to himself, " I will have you before long ! "

" Now," said the landlord, " show us your bottle."

Mick set it on the floor and spoke the proper words.

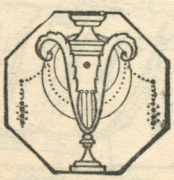
The next moment out jumped the men with the sticks. The landlord was thrown to the floor ; ladies and gentlemen, servants, and every one were running and roaring and sprawling ! Wine glasses and plates and dishes were thrown about the room, until the landlord cried out, " Stop these two men, Mick, or I'll have you hanged."

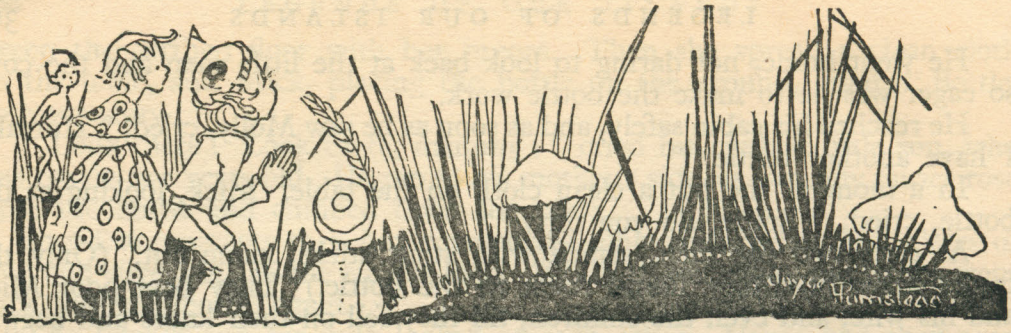
" Not until I get my own bottle back," he cried.

" Give it to him—quickly—before we are all killed," gasped the landlord.

Mick took his precious bottle, while the two men jumped into their bottle again. Quickly he ran home with his burden.

Little more remains to be told. The farmer became richer than ever. Having learned his lesson, he did not spend his money foolishly. When he died he left the biggest farm in County Cork to his eldest son. At his wake the bottle at last was broken, and was of no further use to any one ; but the hill, where the farmer first met the strange little man, is called Bottle Hill even to this day.





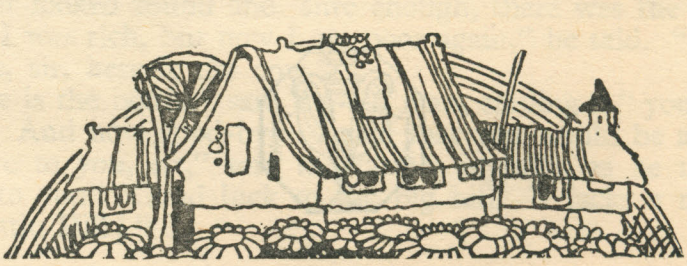
FAIRIES

by ROSE FYLEMAN

THERE are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead—
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry-making there—
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and *very* handsome;
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?
Well—it's Me!





LONGSHANKS, GIRTH, AND KEEN

A Czechoslovak Fairy Tale
retold by
PARKER FILLMORE

THERE was once an aged king who had an only son. One day he called the prince to him and said: "My dear son, you know that ripe fruit falls in order to make room for other fruit. This my old head is like ripe fruit, and soon the sun will no longer shine upon it. Now, before I die, I should like to see you happily married. Get you a wife, my son."

"I would, my father, that I could please you in this," the prince answered, "but I know of no one who would make you a worthy daughter-in-law."

The old king reached into his pocket, drew out a golden key, and handed it to the prince. He said:

"Go up into the tower to the very top. There look about you, and when you have decided what you like best of all you see, come back and tell me."

The prince took the key and at once mounted the tower. He had never before gone to the very top, and he had never heard what was there. He went up and up until at last he saw a small iron door in the ceiling. He opened this with the golden key, pushed it back, and entered a large circular hall. The ceiling was blue and silver, like the heavens on a bright night when the stars shine, and the floor was covered with a green silken carpet. There were twelve tall windows set in gold frames, and on the crystal glass of each window a beautiful young girl was pictured in glowing colours. Every one of them was a princess, with a royal crown upon her head. As the prince looked at them, it seemed to him that each was more lovely than the last, and for the life of him he knew not which was the loveliest. Then they began to move as if alive, and they smiled at the prince and nodded, and looked as if they were about to speak.

Suddenly the prince noticed that one of the twelve windows was covered with a white curtain. He pulled the curtain aside, and there, without any question, was the most beautiful princess of them all, clothed in pure white, with a silver girdle and a crown of pearls. Her face was deathly pale, and sad as the grave.

For a long time the prince stood before this picture in utter amazement, and as he looked at it a pain seemed to enter his heart.

" This one I want for my bride," he said aloud, " this one and no other."

At these words the maiden bowed, flushed like a rose, and then instantly all the pictures disappeared.

When the prince told his father what he had seen and which maiden he had chosen, the old king was greatly troubled.

" My son," he said, " you did ill to uncover what was covered, and in declaring this your choice you have exposed yourself to a great danger. This maiden is in the power of a black magician, who holds her captive in an iron castle. Of all who have gone to rescue her not one has ever returned. However, what's done is done, and you have given your word. Go, then, try what fortune has in store for you, and may Heaven bring you back safe and sound."

So the prince bade his father farewell, mounted his horse, and rode forth to find his bride. His first adventure was to lose his way in a deep forest. He wandered about for some time not knowing where to turn, when suddenly he was hailed from behind with these words :

" Hey, there, master, a minute ! "

He looked round and saw a tall man running toward him.

" Take me into your service, master," the tall man said. " If you do you won't regret it."

" What is your name," the prince asked, " and what can you do ? "

" People call me Longshanks, because I can stretch myself out. I'll show you. Do you see a bird's nest in the top of that tall fir ? I'll get it down for you, and not by climbing the tree either."

So saying, he began to stretch out, and his body shot up and up until he was as tall as the fir tree. He reached over and got the nest, and then, in a shorter time than it had taken him to stretch out, he reduced himself to his natural size.

" You do your trick very well," the prince said, " but just now a bird's nest isn't of much use to me. What I need is some one to show me the way out of this forest."

" H'm," Longshanks said, " that's an easy enough matter."

Again he began to stretch himself, up and up and up until he was three times as tall as the highest pine in the forest. He looked around and said : " Over there, in that direction, is the nearest way out."

Then he made himself small again, took the horse by the bridle, walked ahead, and in a short time they emerged from the forest.

A broad plain stretched out before them, and beyond it they could see tall, gray rocks that looked like the walls of a great city, and mountains overgrown with forests.

Longshanks pointed across the plain, and said : " There, master, goes a comrade of mine who would be very useful to you. You ought to take him into your service too."

" Very well," said the prince, " call him here that I may find out what sort of fellow he is."

" He is too far away to call," Longshanks said. " He wouldn't hear my voice, and if he did he would be a long time in reaching us, for he has much to carry. I had better step over and get him myself."

As he said this, Longshanks stretched out and out until his head was lost in the clouds. He took two or three strides, reached his comrade, set him on his shoulder, and brought him back to the prince.

The new man was heavily built and round as a barrel.

"Who are you?" the prince asked. "And what can you do?"

"I am called Girth," the man said. "I can widen myself."

"Let me see you do it," the prince said.

"Very well, master," said Girth, beginning to puff out, "I will. But take care! Ride off into the forest as fast as you can!"

The prince did not understand the warning, but he saw that Longshanks was in full flight, so he spurred his horse and galloped after him.

It was just as well he did, for in another moment Girth would have crushed both him and his horse, so fast did he spread out, so huge did he become. In a short time he filled the whole plain, until it looked as though a mountain had fallen upon it.

When the plain was entirely covered, he stopped expanding, heaved a deep breath that shook the forest trees, and returned to his natural size.

"You made me run for my life!" the prince said. "I tell you, I don't meet a fellow like you every day! By all means join me."

They went across the plain, and as they neared the rocks they met a man whose eyes were bandaged with a handkerchief.

"Master," said Longshanks, "there is my other comrade. Take him into your service, too, and I can tell you you won't regret the bread he eats."

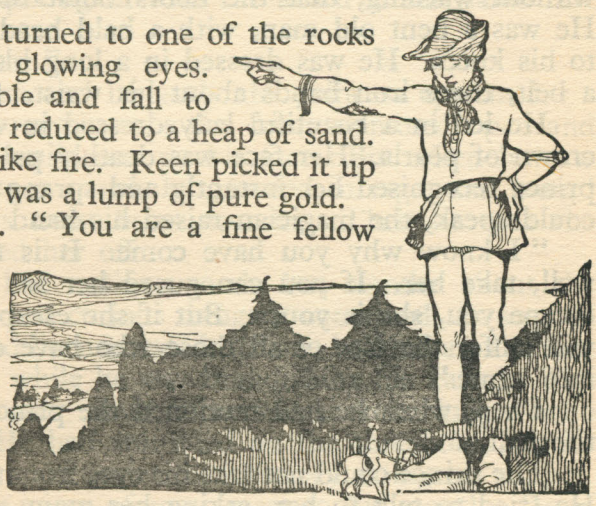
"Who are you?" the prince asked. "And why do you keep your eyes bandaged? You can't see where you're going."

"On the contrary, master, it is just because I see too well that I have to bandage my eyes. With bandaged eyes I see as well as other people whose eyes are uncovered. When I take the handkerchief off, my sight is so keen it goes straight through everything. When I look at anything intently it catches fire, and if it can't burn, it crumbles to pieces. On account of my sight I'm called Keen."

He untied the handkerchief, turned to one of the rocks opposite, and gazed at it with glowing eyes. Soon the rock began to crumble and fall to pieces. In a few moments it was reduced to a heap of sand. In the sand something gleamed like fire. Keen picked it up and handed it to the prince. It was a lump of pure gold.

"Ha, ha!" said the prince. "You are a fine fellow and worth more than wages! I should be a fool not to take you into my service. Since you have such keen eyes, look and tell me how much farther it is to the Iron Castle and what is happening there now."

"If you rode there alone," Keen answered, "you might get there within a year; but with us to help you, you will arrive this



He looked around, and said: "Over there in that direction, is the nearest way out!"

very day. Our coming is not unexpected, either, for at this very moment they are preparing supper for us."

"What is the captive princess doing?"

"She is sitting on a high tower behind an iron grating. The magician stands on guard."

"If you are real men," the prince cried, "you will all help me to free her."

The three comrades promised they would.

They led the prince straight through the gray rocks by a defile which Keen made with his eyes, and on and on through high mountains and deep forests. Whatever obstacle was in the way, one or another of the three comrades was able to remove it.

By late afternoon they had crossed the last mountain, had left behind them the last stretch of dark forest, and they saw looming up ahead of them the Iron Castle.

Just as the sun sank, the prince and his followers crossed the drawbridge and entered the courtyard gate. Instantly the drawbridge lifted and the gate clanged shut.

They went through the courtyard, and the prince put his horse in the stable, where he found a place all in readiness. Then the four of them marched boldly into the castle.

Everywhere—in the courtyard, in the stables, and now in the various rooms of the castle—they saw great numbers of richly-clad men, all of whom, masters and servants alike, had been turned to stone.

They went on from one room to another until they reached the banquet hall. This was brilliantly lighted, and the table, with food and drink in abundance, was set for four persons. They waited, expecting some one to appear, but no one came. At last, overpowered by hunger, they sat down and ate and drank most heartily.

After supper, they began to look about for a place to sleep. It was then, without warning, that the doors burst open and the magician appeared. He was a bent old man, with a bald head, and a gray beard that reached to his knees. He was dressed in a long black robe, and he had, instead of a belt, three iron bands about his waist.

He led in a beautiful lady dressed in white, with a silver girdle and a crown of pearls. Her face was deathly pale, and as sad as the grave. The prince recognised her instantly and sprang forward to meet her. Before he could speak, the magician raised his hand and said:

"I know why you have come. It is to carry off this princess. Very well, take her. If you can guard her for three nights, so that she won't escape you, she is yours. But if she escapes you, then you and your men will suffer the fate of all those who have come before you, and be turned into stone."

Then, when he had motioned the princess to a seat, he turned and left the hall.

The prince could not take his eyes from the princess, she was so beautiful. He tried to talk to her, asking her many questions, but she made him no answer. She might have been marble, the way she never smiled and never looked at any of them.

He seated himself beside her, determined to stay all night on guard in order to prevent her escape. For greater security, Longshanks stretched himself out on the floor like a strap, and wound himself around the room the whole length of the wall. Girth sat in the doorway, and puffed himself out until he filled that space so completely that not even a mouse could slip through. Keen took his place by a pillar in the middle of the hall.



He led in a beautiful lady dressed in white, with a silver girdle.

But, alas, in a few moments they all grew heavy with drowsiness, and in the end slept soundly all night long.

In the morning, in the early dawn, the prince awoke, and with a pain in his heart that was like a blow from a dagger, he saw that the princess was gone. Instantly he aroused his men and asked them what was to be done.

"It's all right, master, don't worry," said Keen, as he took a long look through the window. "I see her now. A hundred miles from here is a forest, in the midst of the forest an ancient oak, on the top of the oak an acorn. The princess is that acorn. Let Longshanks take me on his shoulders and we'll go to get her."

Longshanks picked Keen up, stretched himself out, and set forth. He took ten miles at a stride, and in the time it would take you or me to run around a cottage, here he was back again with the acorn in his hand. He gave it to the prince.

"Drop it, master, on the floor."

The prince dropped the acorn and instantly the princess appeared.

As the sun came over the mountain tops the doors slammed open and the magician entered. A crafty smile was on his face. But when he saw the princess the smile changed to a scowl, he growled in rage, and bang! one of the iron bands about his waist burst asunder. Then he took the princess by the hand and dragged her off.

That whole day the prince had nothing to do but wander about the castle and look at all the strange and curious things it contained. It seemed as if at some one instant all life had been arrested. In one hall he saw a prince who had been turned into stone while he was brandishing his sword. The sword was still uplifted. In another room there was a stone knight who was taken in the act of flight. He had stumbled on the threshold, but he had not yet fallen. A serving man sat under the chimney eating his supper. With one hand he was putting a piece of roast meat to his mouth. Days, months, perhaps years had gone by, but the meat had not yet touched his lips. There were many others, all of them still in whatever position they

happened to be when the magician had cried: "Be ye turned into stone!"

In the courtyard and the stables the prince found many fine horses overtaken by the same fate.

Outside the castle everything was equally dead and silent. There were trees, but they had no leaves, there was a river but it didn't flow, and no fish could live in its waters. There wasn't a singing bird anywhere, and there wasn't even one tiny flower.

In the morning, at noon, and at supper-time the prince and his companions found a rich feast prepared for them. Unseen hands served them food and poured them wine.

Then, after supper, as on the preceding night, the doors burst open and the magician led in the princess, whom he handed over to the prince to guard for the second night.

Of course, the prince and his men determined to fight off drowsiness this time with all their strength. But in spite of this determination, again they fell asleep. At dawn the prince awoke and saw that the princess was gone.

He jumped up and shook Keen by the shoulder.

"Wake up, Keen, wake up! Where is the princess?"

Keen rubbed his eyes, took one look out of the window, and said:

"There, I see her. Two hundred miles from here is a mountain, in the mountain is a rock, in the rock a precious stone. That stone is the princess. If Longshanks will carry me over there we'll get her."

Longshanks put Keen on his shoulder, stretched himself out until he was able to go twenty miles at a stride, and off he went. Keen fixed his glowing eyes on the mountain and the mountain crumbled. Then the rock that was inside the mountain broke into a thousand pieces.

They picked up the precious stone and carried it back to the prince. As soon as he dropped it on the floor the princess reappeared.

When the magician came in and found her there, his eyes sparkled with anger, and bang! the second of his iron bands cracked and burst asunder. Rumbling and growling, he led the princess away.

That day passed as the day before. After supper the magician brought back the princess, and, looking fiercely at the prince, he sneered and said: "Now we'll see who wins, you or I."

This night the prince and his men tried harder than ever to stay awake. They didn't even allow themselves to sit down, but kept walking. All in vain. One after another they fell asleep on their feet, and again the princess escaped.

In the morning the prince, as usual, was the first to awake. When he saw the princess was gone he aroused Keen.

"Wake up, Keen!" he cried. "Look out and tell me where the princess is."

This time Keen had to look long before he saw her.

"Master, she is far away. Three hundred miles from here there is a black sea. At the bottom of that sea is a shell. In that shell is a golden ring. That ring is the princess. But don't be worried, master, we'll get her. This time let Longshanks take Girth as well as me, for we may need him."

So Longshanks put Keen on one shoulder and Girth on the other. Then he stretched himself out until he was able to cover thirty miles at a stride. When they reached the black sea Keen showed Longshanks where to reach down in the water for the shell. Longshanks reached down as far as he could, but not far enough to touch bottom.

"Wait, comrades, wait a bit," said Girth. "Now it's my turn to help."

With that he puffed himself out and out as far as he could. Then he lay down on the beach and began drinking up the sea. He drank it in such great gulps that soon Longshanks took out the ring, and then, putting his comrades on his shoulders, started back for the castle. He was not able to go fast, for Girth, with half the sea in his stomach, was very heavy. At last, in desperation, Longshanks turned Girth upside down and shook him, and instantly the great plain upon which he emptied him turned into a huge lake. It was all poor Girth could do to scramble out of the water and back to Longshanks's shoulder.

Meanwhile, at the castle the prince was awaiting his men in great anxiety. Morning was breaking and still they did not come. As the first rays of the sun shot over the mountain tops, the doors slammed open and the magician stood on the threshold. He glanced around, and when he saw that the princess was not there, he gave a mocking laugh and entered.

But at that very instant there was the crash of a breaking window, a golden ring struck the floor, and lo! the princess! Keen had seen in time the danger that was threatening the prince, and Longshanks had hurled the ring through the window.

The magician bellowed with rage until the castle shook, and then, bang! the third iron band burst asunder, and from what had once been the magician a black crow arose and flew out of the broken window and was never seen again.

Instantly the beautiful princess blushed like a rose, and was able to speak and to thank the prince for delivering her.

Everything in the castle came to life. The prince, with the uplifted sword, finished his stroke and put the sword into its scabbard. The knight who was stumbling fell, and jumped up holding his nose, to see whether he still had it. The serving man under the chimney put the meat into his mouth and kept on eating. And so every one finished what he had been doing at the moment of enchantment. The horses, too, came to life and stamped and neighed.

Around the castle the trees burst into leaf. Flowers covered the meadows. High in the heavens the larks sang, and in the flowing river there were shoals of tiny fish. Everything was alive again, everything happy.

The knights who had been restored to life gathered in the hall to thank the prince for their deliverance. But the prince said to them:

"You have nothing to thank me for. If it had not been for these, my three trusty servants, Longshanks, Girth, and Keen, I should have met the same fate as you."

The prince set out at once on his journey home with his bride and his three serving men. When he reached home the old king, who had given him up for lost, wept for joy at his unexpected return.

All the knights whom the prince had rescued were invited to the wedding, which took place at once and lasted for three weeks.

When it was over, Longshanks, Girth, and Keen presented themselves to the young king and told him that they were again going out into the world to look for work. The young king urged them to stay.

"I will give you everything you need as long as you live," he promised them, "and you won't have to exert yourselves at all."

But such an idle life was not to their liking. So they took their leave and started out again, and to this day they are still busy somewhere.

The Harper

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL



ON the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away:
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.



Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never return with my poor dog Tray.



Old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

by

CHARLES DICKENS

(*Abridged*)

STAVE ONE

MARLEY'S GHOST

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into

doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew—"Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"



"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge.

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—— Yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good-afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

" Good-afternoon," said Scrooge.

" I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends? "

" Good-afternoon," said Scrooge.

" I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle! "

" Good-afternoon! " said Scrooge.

" And A Happy New Year! "

" Good-afternoon! " said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

" There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; " my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

" Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. " Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley? "

" Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. " He died seven years ago, this very night."

" We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word " liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

" At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, " it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

" Are there no prisons? " asked Scrooge.

" Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

" And the union workhouses? " demanded Scrooge. " Are they still in operation? "

" They are. Still," returned the gentleman, " I wish I could say they were not."

" The treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then? " said Scrooge.

" Both very busy, sir."

" Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. " I'm very glad to hear it."

" Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitiude," returned the gentleman, " a few of us are

endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good-afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good St. Dunstan had but nipped the evil spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of—

"God bless you, merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honour of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands.

Now, it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock to the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look, with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly, too; trimming his candle as he went.

He closed his door, and locked himself in—double-locked himself in,

which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly at the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.



Scrooge saw . . . Marley's face.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His colour changed, though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's ghost!" and fell again.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

The ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels were still agitated as by the hot vapour from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge. "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind," replied the ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the ghost returned, "that the spirit

within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why!"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you*?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"



"*You will be haunted,*" *resumed the ghost,* "*by three spirits.*"

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And travelling all the time?"

"The whole time," said the ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

" At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, " I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me*? "

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

" Hear me ! " cried the ghost. " My time is nearly gone."

" I will," said Scrooge. " But don't be hard upon me ! Don't be flowery, Jacob ! Pray ! "

" How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

" That is no light part of my penance," pursued the ghost. " I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

" You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. " Thank'ee."

" You will be haunted, " resumed the ghost, " by three spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the ghost's had done.

" Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob? " he demanded, in a faltering voice.

" It is."

" I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

" Without their visits," said the ghost, " you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls one."

" Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob? " hinted Scrooge.

" Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us ! "

STAVE TWO

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

WHEN Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavouring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve !

He touched the spring of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

Scrooge lay until the chime had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.



"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor, who drew them: as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the

tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright, clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if, instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge, observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him, but he had a special desire to see the spirit in his cap; and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend, or any knowledge of having wilfully "bonneted" the spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately—

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odours floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge, with fervour; "I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road—Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree—until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river.

"The school is not quite deserted," said the ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high-road, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weather-cock-surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass.

They went, the ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

The spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments—wonderfully real and distinct to look at—stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading by the bridle an ass laden with wood.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the gate of Damascus, don't you see him? And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serve him right! I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess?"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and



A lonely boy was reading by a feeble fire.

to see his heightened and excited face, would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the parrot," cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Hollo! Hoop! Hollo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff—"but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

The ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk, that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement—

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice—

"Yo, ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

" Dick Wilkins, to be sure ! " said Scrooge to the ghost. " Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick ! Dear, dear ! "

" Yo ho, my boys ! " said Fezziwig. " No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer ! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, " before a man can say Jack Robinson ! "

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it ! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like racehorses.

" Hilli-ho ! " cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. " Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here ! Hilli-ho, Dick ! Chirrup, Ebenezer ! "

Clear away ! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore ; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire ; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Misses Fezziwig, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way. In they all came, one after another ; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling ; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once ; hands half round and back



" Yo ho, my boys ! " said Fezziwig. " No more work to-night. It's Christmas Eve."

again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four-and-twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her A Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burned very clear.

"A small matter," said the ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so, said—

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up—what then? The happiness he gives us is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge. "No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE THREE

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

AWAKING in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of one.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the bell struck one, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time, he lay upon his bed, the very core and centre of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it.

At last, however, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. He got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrifaction of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple, deep-green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark-brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.



"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the spirit. "Look upon me!"

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for!" muttered Scrooge.

The ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn,

meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant, kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet there was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball, laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence.

There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown; there were Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons; and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper-bags and eaten after dinner.

The grocers'! oh, the grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious.

Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress. But the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, crashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humour possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might

have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

Perhaps it was the pleasure the good spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Crachit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's, they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits;

for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. " Not coming upon Christmas Day ! "

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke ; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

" And how did little Tim behave ? " asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

" As good as gold," said Bob, " and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire ; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer ; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.



In came little Bob . . . and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds ; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot ; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour ; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce ; Martha dusted the hot plates ; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table ; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard

upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered —flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

" God bless us every one ! " said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

" Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, " tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

" I see a vacant seat," replied the ghost, " in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die."

" No, no," said Scrooge. " Oh, no, kind spirit ! say he will be spared."

" If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race," returned the ghost, " will find him here. What then ? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

" Man," said the ghost ; " if man you be in heart, not adamant—forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die ? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. O God ! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust ! "

Scrooge bent before the ghost's rebuke, and, trembling, cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

" Mr. Scrooge ! " said Bob ; " I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast ! "

" The founder of the feast indeed ! " cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. " I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

" My dear," said Bob, " the children ! Christmas Day."

" It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, " on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert ! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow ! "

" My dear," was Bob's mild answer, " Christmas Day."

" I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, " not for his. Long life to him ! A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year ! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt ! "

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

They were not a handsome family ; they were not well dressed ; their shoes were far from being waterproof ; their clothes were scanty ; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time ; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright

sprinklings of the spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

The spirit then led Scrooge to see how Christmas was being spent deep in the coal mines, up in the lighthouses and away on the high seas. Every one was making merry as best he could.

At last they reached the home of Scrooge's nephew.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability!

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blessed in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humour. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way—holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions—Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least, you always tell *me* so."

"What of that, my dear?" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew; "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters,

for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker; not the one with the roses—blushed.

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off—though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar—his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, Uncle Scrooge, how are you? If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him, yesterday."

After tea, they had some music, and after a while played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed, elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes"; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.



At every fresh question Scrooge's nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter.

"A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In alms-house, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at the spirit as they stood together in an open space he noticed that its hair was grey.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the ghost. "It ends to-night."

"To-night!" cried Scrooge.

"To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about for the ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him.

STAVE FOUR

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

THE phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep-black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" said Scrooge.

The spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, spirit!"

The phantom moved away as it had come towards him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

The phantom showed the future, and Scrooge heard what people were saying of a much disliked man who had recently died. He even saw how the man's home, his furnishings and belongings were stolen even while his body lay cold in the house. No one cared a rap about this friendless, unfortunate man.

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him, as before



The spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

—though at a different time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one. He advanced towards it, trembling. The phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they the shadows of the things that may be, only?"

Still the ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, spirit! Oh, no no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me. I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present, and the future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

STAVE FIVE

THE END OF IT

YES! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the past, the present, and the future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The spirits of all three shall strive within me. O Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the spirit, and his face was wet with tears.



"No, spirit! Oh, no, no!"

His hands were busy with his garments; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, as happy as an angel, as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Hallo, here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There's the door, by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo, here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"EH?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?"

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? —Not the little prize turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it, as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face. It's a wonderful knocker. Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird.

He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless, and chuckled till he cried.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humoured fellows said, "Good-morning, sir. A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness——" here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it. Will you do me that favour?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munifi——"



"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge.

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started!

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge; "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again; "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year. I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"



"I am about to raise your salary."

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived upon the total abstinence principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one!

PRAYERS

by H. C. BEECHING

GOD who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:

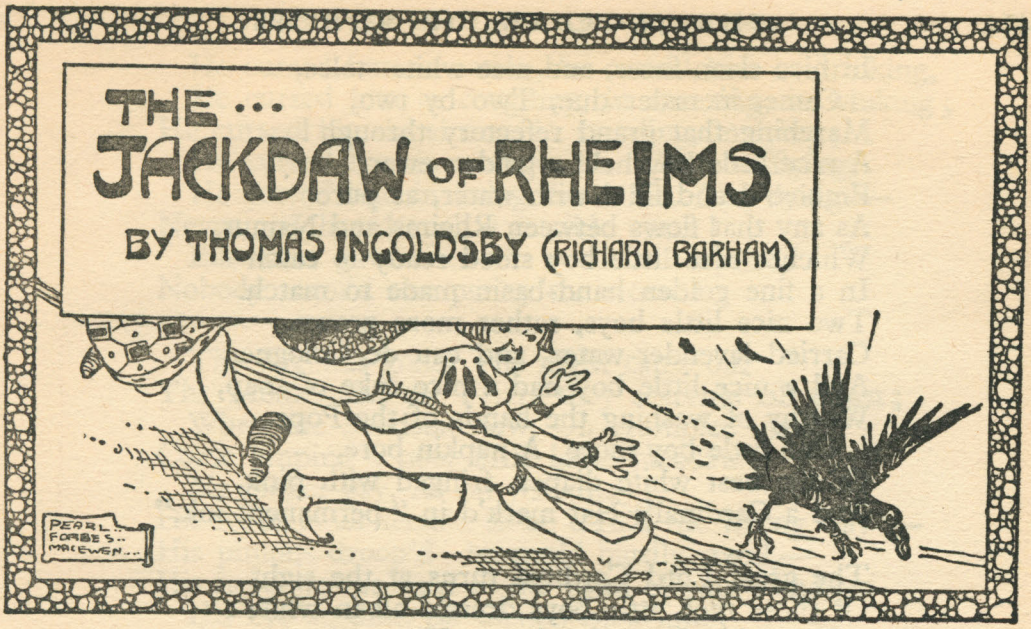
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
Swift and sharp and bright.

Thee would I serve if I might;
And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and truth,
Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,

Wisdom in strength's decay;
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray,
Take my spirit to Thee.



THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there, Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and hall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air, He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!

In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view:
He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs, They examine the mugs—
But, no!—no such thing;—They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—

That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say;
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard, That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair
He hopp'd now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride Of that country-side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow!



The Lake Isle of Innisfree

by W. B. YEATS

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

by LEWIS CARROLL

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

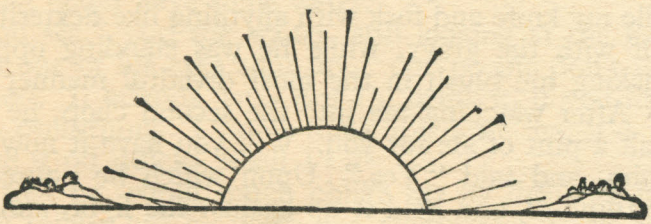
"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathise."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again!"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.



THE HELPFUL WAITER

from "David Copperfield"

by CHARLES DICKENS



HE coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this, and wondering what would ultimately become of my box, which Mr. Barkis had put down on the yard-pavement by the pole (he having driven up the yard to turn his cart), and also what would ultimately become of me, when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said:

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What name?" inquired the lady.

"Copperfield, ma'am," I said.

"That won't do," returned the lady. "Nobody's dinner is paid for here, in that name."

"Is it Murdstone, ma'am?" I said.

"If you're Master Murdstone," said the lady, "why do you go and give another name, first?"

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell, and called out, "William! show the coffee-room!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large, long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of castors on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops, and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying, very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

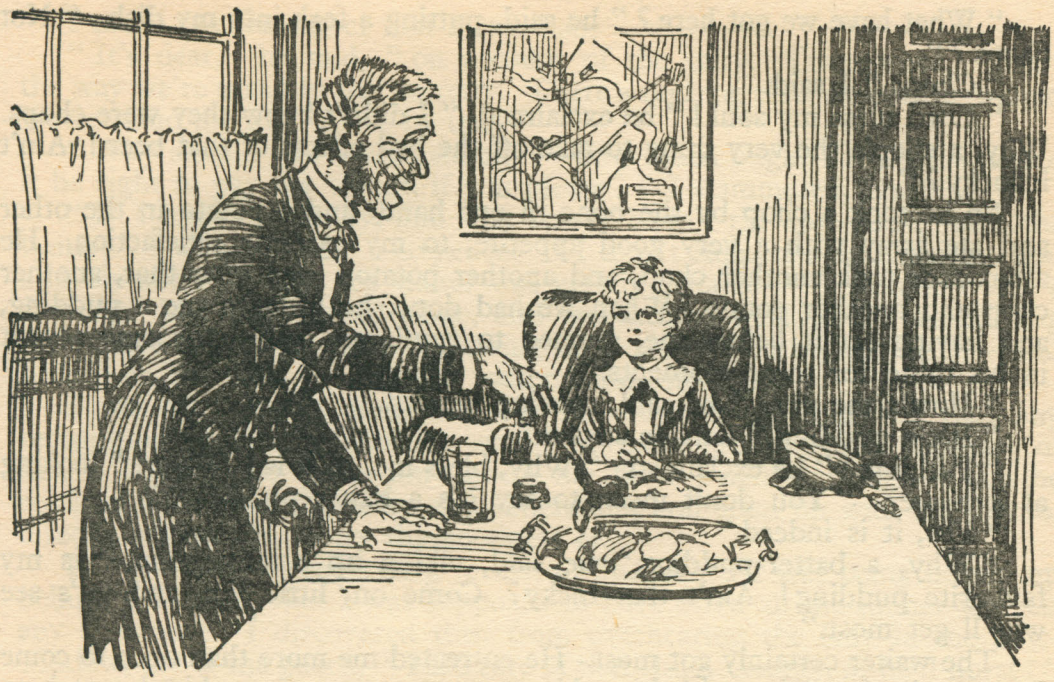
I thanked him and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him, and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered, with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me, to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-



" What have we got here ? " he said. " Hot chops ? "

faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm akimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

" There was a gentleman here, yesterday," he said, " a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him ! "

" No," I said, " I don't think——"

" In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, gray coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

" No," I said, bashfully, " I haven't the pleasure——"

" He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, " ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

" Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, " our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But *I'll* drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I ? "

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Lord bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know they were chops. Why, a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that, another chop and another potato. When we had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding!"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, taking up a tablespoon, "is my favourite pudding! Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his tablespoon to my teaspoon, his despatch to my despatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, it was then that I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggotty. He not only brought it immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "Near London," which was all I knew.

"Oh, my eye!" he said, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh, Lord!" he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs—two ribs—a little boy he was. I should say he was —let me see—how old are you, about?"

I told him between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His answer was not cheering, for it consisted of two dismal words, "With whopping."

The blowing of the coach-horn in the yard was a seasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there were anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

" It's dear," he said, " on account of the duty. Threepence. That's the way we're taxed in this country. There's nothing else, except the waiter. Never mind the ink. *I* lose by that."

" Why should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please ? " I stammered, blushing.

" If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cow-pock," said the waiter, " I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support a aged pairint, and a lovely sister "—here the waiter was greatly agitated—" I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place, and was treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking it. But I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on the coals "—here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me, to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this, from overhearing the lady in the bow-window, say to the guard, " Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst ! " and from observing that the women-servants who were about the place came out to look and giggle at me as a young phenomenon. My unfortunate friend the waiter, who had quite recovered his spirits, did not appear to be disturbed by this, but joined in the general admiration without being at all confused. If I had any doubt of him, I suppose this half-awakened it ; but I am inclined to believe that with the simple confidence of a child, and the natural reliance of a child upon superior years, I had no serious mistrust of him on the whole, even then.

I felt it rather hard, I must own, to be made, without deserving it, the subject of jokes between the coachman and guard as to the coach drawing heavy behind, on account of my sitting there, and as to the greater expediency of my travelling by wagon. The story of my supposed appetite getting wind among the outside passengers, they were merry upon it likewise ; and asked me whether I was going to be paid for, at school, as two brothers or three, and whether I was contracted for, or went upon the regular terms ; with other pleasant questions. But the worst of it was, that I knew I should be ashamed to eat anything, when an opportunity offered, and that, after a rather light dinner, I should remain hungry all night—for I had left my cakes behind, at the hotel, in my hurry. My apprehensions were realised. When we stopped for supper I couldn't muster courage to take any, though I should have liked it very much, but sat by the fire and said I didn't want anything. This did not save me from more jokes, either ; for a husky-voiced gentleman with a rough face, who had been eating out of a sandwich-box all the way, except when he had been drinking out of a bottle, said I was like a boa constrictor who took enough at one meal to last him a long time ; after which, he actually brought a rash out upon himself with boiled beef.

BLOTTO

by H. MORTIMER BATTEN



OF all the wild animal pets I have known, Jimmy Standing's bear cub, Blotto, was the most amusing little cuss I ever came across. I met Jimmy when forest ranging in the Kootenays. We considered ours a pretty lonely job, but at any rate the rangers live in pairs, whereas the outpost railway men endure one-man loneliness the year round, save for their visitors, which may be many or none at all, according to the locality. And not all of their visitors are a cinch, for in those regions the railways are the only highways, and all sorts of human riff-raff, unable to pay the price of a fare, come and go by them, ever on the look-out for a gratis grub ticket and a night between blankets.

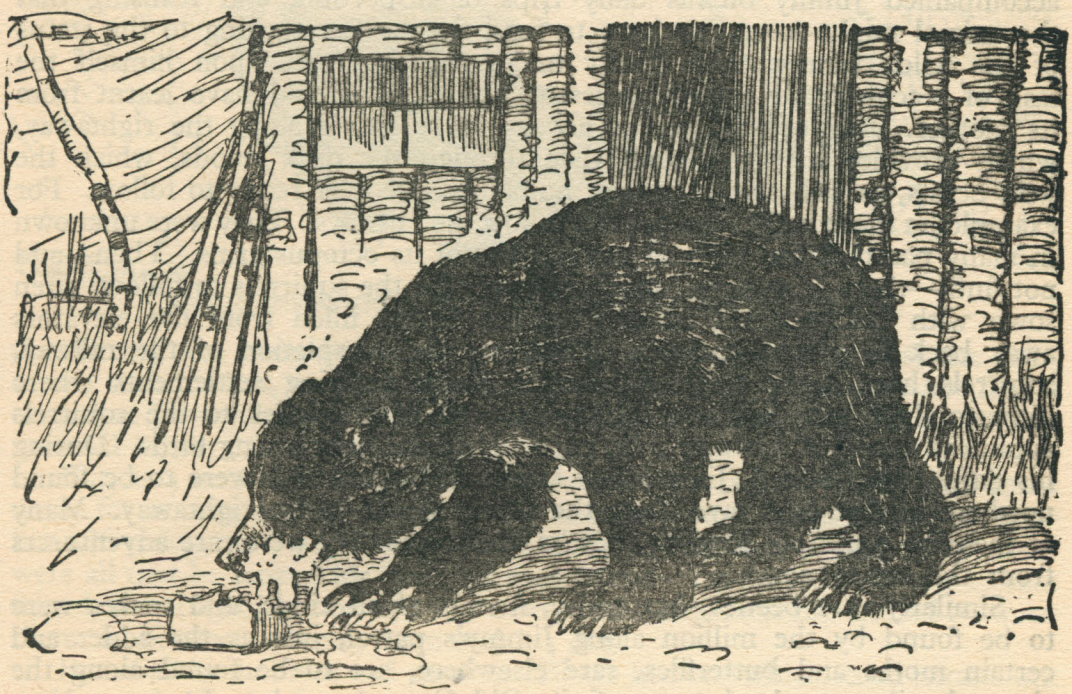
Jimmy had charge of a long stretch of railway extending on either side of his cabin. He had no signals to mind, but it was up to him to keep the wire warm with all sorts of information concerning passing trains—about three per day—how many coaches they pulled—to make sure none had dropped off during the ascent of the mountains—and so on. Also he had to keep the line in order, to repair any defects, and to report exactly how he had made the same good, particularly to look out for smouldering sleepers, for in dry, hot weather, a sleeper will smoulder for weeks till there is nothing left of it but a hollow shell. His work was, therefore, of a kind which kept him pretty closely to his own patrol, but the railway people provide their men with the best of grub and blankets and the best kind of cabin any one could wish for. The relief train came through once a week, bringing mails, papers, food and all necessities, and this was the only train which ever stopped at Jimmy's depot. As a matter of fact, a shunt siding was provided just below the cabin, into which the old relief train was backed on each arrival to leave the line clear for the midday regular. Remember that shunt line, gentle reader, because it has an important bearing on what happened eventually.

Among Jimmy's visitors early that summer was a ragged half-breed who possessed a wicked squint, and who carried under his arm a black-bear cub—so young as still to need its mother. When asked how he had caught the little creature, the man explained that he had seen the mother drinking, and creeping up behind her had suddenly uttered a ringing whoop. Thereupon the mother bear fell head first into the river, and proceeded at once to swim across, so alarmed that she seemed for the moment to have forgotten her cub. And he, having lost sight of her owing to her sudden immersion, ran straight to the half-breed, who, giving the little creature a finger to suck made off with him down the railway metals.

All this may sound rather foolhardy to any one who does not know the black-bear, which is a very different beast from the grizzly. I have seen Indian children run in a mob after a mother black-bear and steal her cubs, and I have seen my own partner boost one on the seat of the trousers

for muddling around our camp and getting in the way. That was after a big forest fire, when the bears were half-starved and came round in bands like hungry children. Still, I have heard of black-bears acting unexpectedly, and there is a great deal of truth in the woodsman's saying that there is never any telling what a bear *will* do.

To return to Jimmy and the half-breed—Jimmy could see that the man had no adequate means of looking after the little creature, nor had he the food necessary for its existence. Jimmy was a sympathetic fellow, and his heart was touched by the little creature's pretty, child-like ways, and its obvious pleadings for food. So he gave the breed a pound of railway tobacco, a can of railway tomatoes, and a few other things, and sent him on his way rejoicing. And Jimmy retained the cub.



He only ate the soap once.

Blotto was evidently a hardy little beast, for from that day on he never looked behind him. His main support at first was evaporated milk and water, sugar, bread, and scraps of bacon fat. He had an insatiable thirst. He would drink warm milk and water till he was blown out like a balloon, and his centre of gravity became so high that he could neither sit nor stand. Then he would whimper because he could not drink more.

Every day he improved, and as he became more active, no roguish puppy could have been more amusing. At first he could not tolerate the passing of the trains which shook the whole mountain side, and every time he heard one coming he would dash frenziedly into the cabin and get under the wolf skin which served Jimmy as a hearthrug. This phase, however, soon wore off, and sitting at the door, begging like a rabbit, Blotto would boldly watch the trains pass. But they moved so fast that he could not keep

his gaze focused upon them, and when the train had passed you would see him looking for it where it had been five seconds previously.

Day after day Blotto blundered into the same mischief, and was spanked for it, but he was an astute little bear in that there were certain things which he never did twice. Only once did he eat the soap, crying and lathering all the time as he munched steadily through it, for it was a large piece of soap. Only once did he amuse himself by cuffing the pepper pot all round the cabin, only once did he hit the kettle because it spat at him. Indeed, when he was specially hilarious, Jimmy had only to show him the pepper-pot or offer him the soap or point to the kettle, and Blotto would suddenly remember an appointment outside.

As was only natural with forest-marooned companions, the cub accompanied Jimmy on his daily trips of inspection, and realising that the animal might some day have to fend for itself, returning to the status of the wild, Jimmy, with kindly understanding, took upon himself the task of teaching the cub those lessons which it should have learnt from its mother. Life of all kinds is always to be found along the rightaway, which provides a sunny, open vista through the dark woods, which the wild beasts, as well as the drift of humanity, are ever ready to follow. For example, in those lands the squirrels follow the railways. They were unknown in many parts till the railroad ran out one of its octopus arms. Then—and not until—there is an open, sunny pathway for the squirrels to follow, often sown with golden grain fallen from the trucks filled from the elevators away back in prairie country. Thus, on the completion of the railway, squirrels have made their appearance about outlying settlements where hitherto their race has been unknown, and what applies to the squirrels applies to many of the wild folk, particularly the light-loving birds. During his daily trips, indeed, Jimmy saw scores of birds which were to be found nowhere in that land save along the sunny slopes of the rightaway. Many of them he could not identify, but he knew that they were rare adventurers from the sunny south.

Similarly rare beetles, butterflies, insects of all kinds, and snakes were to be found by the million along Jimmy's patrol, just as the adder and certain moths and butterflies, rare elsewhere, are to be found along the elevated railway embankments of the Old Country, and so Jimmy, a born naturalist, never felt his loneliness. He had a thousand interests, and now, with the cub as companion, he was a king in his own setting.

So Jimmy taught Blotto how to hunt ants by turning over the stones, how to hunt beetles by nosing up the moss; he taught him, by example, that it was best to step back from certain small and brightly-coloured snakes, which moved like greased lightning, but that it was safe to place one's foot on the large and slow-moving brown snakes, which were by far the most numerous. And one day Jimmy, hammer in hand, found a wild bee's nest, and with his hammer he split open the tree trunk, then ran for his life, leaving Blotto to nose out the honey. And Blotto nosed it out, though he was stung on the nose a dozen times, and never in his life did he enjoy a feast so much as that luscious, dripping globe of honey.

Thereafter Blotto spent most of his time hunting for honey, and when he found a nest which he could not obtain, he would set up such a caterwaul



Blotto would swing back and forth for minutes on end.

that Jimmy was immediately attracted to the place. And after dusk the man, armed with his axe, would go forth and steal the honey, and since not Blotto only, but Jimmy himself, loved honey, the little cub at least did something material to pay his way.

But, as a matter of fact, Blotto's maintenance was a very light item these days, for accompanying Jimmy every day he found enough food to keep himself going, and such scraps as Jimmy tossed him during meal-times were all that he looked for from his man friend. Yet he stuck closely to that friend, and truly may it be said that a very real companionship existed between them, as between a lonely man and his dog.

But of all his hobbies and pastimes, Blotto had one which stood paramount and most beloved. Just beyond the cabin a single sun-dried branch stood up from the sun-baked earth, in which its parent limb was buried. It was strong as wire and just about as hard, and holding it between his forepaws, Blotto, grunting in time with his movements, would swing back and forth for minutes on end. Thus he worked off his superfluous energy, and Jimmy, passing the place, would point to the branch and cry: "Pump, Blotto! Pump!" And the louder Jimmy urged the harder Blotto pumped, till often they finished up with Jimmy leaping wildly into the air in time with Blotto's pumping. And Blotto, finally losing his grip, would somersault half a dozen paces while the branch sprang back, trembling, to the vertical; then wiping the sweat out of his eyes, Jimmy would repair to his cabin, leaving poor Blotto regretfully rubbing his scalp and regarding the stump with a reproachful eye.

One day, however, Jimmy obtained an inkling as to how this strange craze of Blotto's had come to be, for Blotto was a born mimic, and often

Jimmy found in his clumsy humour a faint echo of some act of his own. One week when the relief train arrived, and Jimmy, having secured his stores, gave orders to the driver to reverse into the siding, he ran as usual to the point control, and shifting the locking pin, threw his weight on the long lever to move over the points. So the goods train sidled in, but scarcely had it come to rest when Blotto was seen to clutch the lever and to throw his weight upon it, just as he did with his own beloved tree stump.

The driver, rather a surly individual, looked at Jimmy and nodded gravely. " You want to watch that cub," said he. " Some day you'll forget to put the pin back, and he'll shunt over the points, throwing one of the regular trains into the siding. And that will be a pretty mess ! "

Certainly the idea gave Jimmy a start. Nothing of the kind had even previously occurred to him. " It's the first time I've seen him touch the points," said he. " And, anyway, I aren't likely to forget to put the pin back. What d'you think I'm paid for ? "

That evening Jimmy, accompanied by Blotto, went down to the point lever, and treated it to a shower-bath of Cayenne pepper. And Blotto, looking on, also received a dose of Cayenne pepper, at which he fled homewards, while Jimmy bawled after him : " Now, then ! Just you leave that ding-dong lever alone ! "

Arriving back at the cabin nearly an hour later, Jimmy found Blotto pumping wildly, and sneezing wildly while he pumped, the tears streaming down his face to mingle with the trodden dust.

It was about this time that the two rangers arrived, and one of them asked : " What do you intend to do with the bear eventually ? He will grow too big and strong to remain a safe pet, for a wild animal never knows its strength. There is, indeed, no wild animal more dangerous to man than one which has become tame."

Jimmy did not know. He had never thought about it. He hoped something would turn up for Blotto, because he had formed a very real affection for the little beast. But exactly what—he did not know.

" I suppose something *will* turn up for him," said one of the rangers rather sadly. " A strong collar and a chain, most likely. Haven't we seen scores of them about the northern trading posts ?—the darlings of all, fondled by every one, during their cubhood. Then, as through no fault of their own, they grow old, there is nothing for it but the indignity of a chain and collar. Old friends forget them, only the cookee, whose job it is, finds grub for them. Mangy, neglected captives, that's what most of them become ! What are you going to do with your cub, Jimmy Standing, when he grows up ? " added the ranger significantly.

" I don't know," Jimmy answered. Then after a pause he added : " I hope Blotto will take to the wild when autumn comes. I hope he will return to his own people. I shall do my best to make him, but—he's been a good pet, and I shall be sorry to lose him."

The ranger nodded sympathetically. " If you take my tip, Jimmy," said he, " you'll buy a cat or a dog. It's the best plan. We cannot interfere with the wild beasts without bringing loss and sorrow to them. Their roads and ours are far apart, and sad as it seems, their sorrows generally begin with and end with their associations with man."

"I have spoken!" remarked the other ranger.

But Jimmy was still grave. "Thanks for bringing that to mind," said he. "I know it all, but life is not made up of what we know, but of what we remember at the right time. As for Blotto—I hope he will be the happy exception which proves the rule. Kindly pass the Blue Nose."

Blue Nose being, gentle reader, a species of salt butter served out in tins, and very excellent butter too!

So the rangers plied their paddles again, waving to the railway man and to the black fur-clad blob which sat beside him till the heavily laden canoe disappeared round the bend of the river—the river which, for many a winding league, the railway follows. Perhaps they would return by this route when the snows lay white upon the land, perhaps they would not, for the wilderness has many ways though no highways, and the day takes what fortune offers.

Thereafter Jimmy watched the growth of his cub with an apprehensive rather than an approving eye, and one evening Blotto carried a huge boulder into the cabin in order to lick three minute ants from the underside of it—a boulder so large that Jimmy had to bring in the crowbar in order to get it out. Blotto had evidently expected him to share the feast, to eat at least one of the ants, and he was much offended when Jimmy insisted on depositing the rock outside.

Another evening, hunting for a mouse inside the cabin, Blotto lent enthusiastic assistance, and once, when the mouse dashed across the floor, Blotto aimed a blow at it which would have felled an ox. Incidentally the blow missed the mouse by at least two yards, but it knocked Jimmy's legs clean from under him and sent him spinning, half-stunned, into a corner. Also it broke Jimmy's only chair, and brought down a veritable avalanche of culinary goods from behind the stove. But, while Jimmy was slowly recovering, Blotto sat on the mouse in one corner while smelling for it in another, and finally he ambled out to do his pumping with the mouse stuck to the seat of his trousers.

Quite clearly Blotto was already too big and strong for a household pet, but he was so good-natured, so well-meaning, that save for his size and strength he had everything to recommend him. The first rush of summer was over now, and much as Jimmy would miss Blotto, he wished very heartily that he would find a mate and amble off into the woods.

But fate ever plays her cards with a judicious hand, and she had still the deuce to deal. One evening Jimmy decided that the points of the shunt line needed oiling, so out he went with his oil-can, leaving Blotto looking for bees. But when Jimmy came to oil the points he decided that the whole thing needed attention, so taking his spanner he set to work.

There was one bolt he could not shift. He applied his weight to the end of the long-handled spanner, when suddenly the bolt broke. So Jimmy careered backwards, caught his heels on the second line, and ere he knew where he was, he was crashing backwards down the steep embankment towards the river.

For sixty feet Jimmy fell, and when he tried to rise he could not. His right hip seemed to be out of place, he felt paralysed from the hips downwards, and taking hold of the joint, he felt the horrible grating of fractured bones!

Well, this was a nice mess if you like! Jimmy's hip was broken, and there was no shifting himself from his present position. On the whole, however, he might have been worse off. The men down line, finding the wire dead, would in due course send some one along to see what was the matter with him or with the wire. That would be—yes, to-morrow morning. The next train came down the mountain from the west within an hour. Yes, within an hour! Jimmy drew out his watch. Within twenty minutes, indeed! He must have been unconscious!

Turning these points slowly over in his mind, a dreadful realisation suddenly dawned upon Jimmy. He had left the points in such a position that the next train due, heading down the mountain face, would be switched into the siding, to crash over the single log which served as a buffer, and thence down the rocky embankment to the river seventy feet below!

No need to enlarge upon the terribleness of that realisation. It fell upon Jimmy like an icy blanket. His eyes stared, as though he were looking into the bruised and shattered faces of those who, very shortly, would be hurled to their doom through his own foolish misadventure. He writhed and struggled, and by a superhuman effort gained a boulder near. He could now just see the top of the long lever, and assuredly it was leaning in the wrong direction. So his fears were confirmed. Within twenty-five minutes from now a Trans-Continental railway smash would occur which would shock the civilised world, and which the Government which paid him would gladly lay down thousands to divert. Jimmy groaned, and impotently covered his face, but do anything he could not. Ruin, disgrace, and something a thousand times worse stared him in the face.

But, just then, he heard a high-pitched "Kia-wa-wa!" echoing along the slope. Blotto had discovered a bee's nest out of reach, and had, of course, been stung on the nose by the queen of all the bees. Blotto—but of what use was Blotto?

Then, of a sudden, a wild idea occurred to Jimmy. "Blotto!" he shouted. "Hi! Come here, Blotto!"

Again and again he shouted, but it seemed an eternity ere Blotto came, waddling on his hind legs and searching every bush. But presently, his woolly head appearing from the rightaway above, he looked down at Jimmy with his little pig eyes.

"Pump, Blotto! Pump!" cried Jimmy.

Blotto looked round and saw the big lever. He clutched it between his forepaws, and began to rock back and forth, while the points engaged and disengaged in time with Blotto's pumping. At length he looked down to inquire of Jimmy if that were enough, but Jimmy saw that he had left the lever as he had found it—in the wrong position.

"Pump, Blotto! Pump!" he fairly shrieked, for now he could hear the thunder of the night train approaching down the slope. Nearer and nearer it drew, then again Blotto clutched the lever and threw his weight upon it. He gave it an odd jerk or two, clearly fearful of Cayenne pepper, then paused to rub his nose, and Jimmy, looking up, saw that the lever was where it should be.

"Ants, Blotto!" he howled. "Ants—honey—slugs—soap—come here, Blotto!" And as Jimmy lapsed off into unconsciousness Blotto came tumbling

down the slope in his eagerness, and that same moment there was a thunder of wheels as the night train passed safely above.

. . . . . .

Next morning they found Jimmy and loaded him aboard the train which was to convey him to a distant hospital. Blotto, of course, helped, and when the train started away with Jimmy aboard, Blotto fell in behind it.

Two hours later another outpost railwayman saw a large bear cub go ambling past his cabin, still in pursuit of the train, now fifty miles ahead. The men at Cracardo Sawmills also saw him, late in the afternoon, still doggedly pursuing the train, which was then heading down the opposite slopes of the Rockies. They saw him go to the stream and drink gallons and gallons, after which he proceeded at a more leisurely speed, looking like an animated beer barrel, a cloud of flies enveloping his head. And when dusk settled with the plaintive call of the moose herds, Blotto was seen yet again, this time at Korora Landing, where the railway line ceases and where the whole train is hunted aboard the river steamer. They said that Blotto's tongue hung out at least a foot, and he had run so far that he had evidently forgotten how to stop, with the result that, coming to the end of the line, he fell over the edge and flopped into the lake, twelve feet below. And, nothing daunted, he then struck out for the opposite shore, over a mile away, and beyond that shore lay the unending wilderness, dim, wild, and untrodden—the home of Blotto's people.

So Jimmy's hopes were realised. So Blotto proved the exception which proves the rule, for he had returned to the wild, with only honour attached to his name.





THE CHRISTMAS-TREE

by ELEANOR FARJEON

I set a little Christmas-tree
In my workroom just for me,
Hung with many a gleaming thing—
With lines of tinsel shimmering,
And ruby balls and gold were seen,
A trumpet, and two blue-and-green
Glass peacocks, silver nuts as well,
A Father Christmas, and a bell.

Then Twelfth Night came. And I took down
The ivy-trails, the holly-crown,
The bunch of pearly mistletoe—
The time was come for all to go.
But looking at my Christmas-tree
I thought, " It seems a shame to me
To put the pretty thing away
When it will yet last many a day."

And so I took the little pot
Between my hands, and when I got
Outside I went to Perrin's Court
Where little children play and sport.
Tinkling and twinkling on my way
I went, and they all stopped their play
To gaze at my bright Christmas-tree,
And " Oo ! " they cried, " Oo ! Ooo ! " at me.

So I know how a rocket feels
When in the midst of wondering squeals
Upon its glittering way it goes
And stars upon the heavens sows.
But rockets vanish in the air,
While still my little tree somewhere
Bestows its shining joys on two
Small children who are saying " Oo ! "



SAGRIMAH THE CHARMER

by STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD

IN India to this day they tell the quaint story of Sagrimah the snake-charmer.

In all India none had such fame as Sagrimah. His boast was that about the world there crawled no snake that he could not charm. And the more poisonous were their bitter fangs the better did Sagrimah like them.

And so his fame spread throughout India, and wonderful were the stories told of his magical skill. He grew rich, and built himself a big house. He grew fat, and covered his plump body with silks and satins and costly jewelled broideries. He grew proud, and looked down his long nose at lesser men. He grew pompous, and sneered at the poor and lowly.

But most of all did he look down his long nose and sneer at Ali his neighbour. Ali was also a snake-charmer, but a very poor one. Ali lived in a tiny house next door to Sagrimah's mansion. And with Ali lived Gunga, his only son, a boy of ten.

Now the Rajah of the country decided to hold a great snake-charming contest; and offered as a prize a bag of gold as large as the winner could carry away upon his back.

Now, although Sagrimah had more money than he could count, and more fame than was good for him, he made up his mind to enter the contest. And although Ali was so unsuccessful a charmer, and was quite unknown to fame, he also decided to enter.

"Why not, my son?" said Ali to Gunga; "who knows but what I may be lucky and carry off the bag of gold. After all, I'm nearly as good as Sagrimah."

"I think you're much better, father," said Gunga. "Sagrimah's not half as clever as he used to be. He's so fat now that he can't squat properly, and if you can't squat you can't charm; can you, father?"

" Certainly not, my son," said Ali, " squatting is the most important thing of all, and if there's any man who can squat better than I can I should like to see him."

But when Sagrimah heard that Ali was entering for the contest, he called round to his little house, and asked him if it were true.

" Certainly, it's true," said Ali.

" Ha ! ha ! " laughed Sagrimah.

" I beg your pardon," said Ali.

" Ho ! ho ! " laughed Sagrimah.

" What is the matter ? " asked Ali.

" Tee-hee ! " giggled Sagrimah.

" Tell me the joke," said Ali.

" Ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! tee-hee ! " roared Sagrimah.

" It must be funny," said Ali.

" I shall die," giggled Sagrimah.

" Please yourself," said Ali.

" But you're not, surely, hey, now ? " asked Sagrimah.

" Not what, you hyena ? " snapped Ali, who was getting cross.

" Why, entering for the contest," replied Sagrimah.

" I am for sure," said Ali, " and I'm winning it, too, am I not, Gunga ? "

" You're carrying off the bag of gold, father," chuckled Gunga.

" You're daft," said Sagrimah.

" Indeed," said Ali.

" The people will die of laughter," said Sagrimah.

" Will they then ? Dear ! dear ! " said Ali.

" The funniest thing I've ever heard," cried Sagrimah.

" Shut the door ! " snapped Ali.

" Eh ? " replied Sagrimah.

" Behind you ! " growled Ali.

" Do you mean——" began Sagrimah.

" Go home ! " roared Ali, " or I'll——" and he clenched his fists, rolled his eyes, punched the air, and kicked a cushion through the window.

Sagrimah withdrew hastily.

" That's right," called Gunga after him, " go home, you roly-poly ! "

But on the day of the contest, when Ali and Gunga entered the gardens of the Rajah's palace, and saw the forty-six charmers from all over India gathered there, Ali looked a little nervous. And as he watched the vast crowd pouring into the gardens to see the contest, he gave a little shiver. " I doubt if I'll win it, after all," he said very softly. But it was not too softly for Gunga to hear.

" Cheer up, father," he laughed, " I'm sure you'll get the bag of gold, and I'm sure Sagrimah thinks so too ; that's why he was so afraid when he came to visit us."

" Do you think he *was* afraid, my son ? " asked Ali anxiously.

" Of course, father," went on Gunga ; " don't you remember he tee-heed ? People always tee-hee when they're afraid."

But as soon as the contest began Ali quickly saw that the bag of gold would not be his. He had never seen such wonderful charming. One after

another the charmers squatted down and with their pipes charmed their snakes to amazing performances.

Sagrimah, as the most famous of them all, was left to the last, while Ali was the one before him. And when Ali's turn came, only one of his snakes would get out of the basket at all, and that one just hissed in his face, and returning quickly to the basket, coiled round and went to sleep. And as Ali sadly closed his basket and went back to his place, the vast crowd roared with laughter. Poor Ali hung his head with shame, but Gunga clutched his hand tightly and said, " Never mind, father, perhaps Sagrimah's snakes will be just as stubborn."

But when Sagrimah, dressed in his silks and satins and jewelled broideries, with difficulty squatted down beside his basket of snakes, Gunga knew in his heart that the contest was already won : Sagrimah looked a victor.

And then Sagrimah gave such an amazing display of charming, that although the crowd disliked his pride and pomposity, they rose to their feet and clapped and cheered. Even the Rajah tapped his thumb-nails together.

And when Sagrimah had finished, and the cheering had died away, the Rajah gave to Sagrimah a great bag of gold, so heavy that the conqueror could scarcely lift it from the ground.

And then Sagrimah made a little speech. He pushed one ringed hand into his bosom and with the other he gesticulated to the sky. Looking down his long nose at Ali and the other charmers, he took a deep breath, coughed proudly and pompously, and then said, " This is the sixty-sixth contest I have won."

The crowd cheered.

" Clever-dick ! " called out Gunga.

" I am the greatest charmer in all the world," went on Sagrimah.

Again the crowd cheered.

" Piffle ! " giggled Gunga loudly.

" There is no snake that I cannot charm, big or little," continued Sagrimah.

" Wonderful ! " roared the crowd.

" Bosh ! " cried Gunga.

" If," went on Sagrimah, glaring haughtily at Gunga, " if there be any one here who has a snake I cannot charm, let him produce it, and if I fail I will give to him this bag of gold."

No one moved. And then Gunga took a little wooden box from his pocket, and springing towards Sagrimah, opened the box and cried, " Charm this one then ! " And held up a worm.

Ali chuckled.

The crowd screamed with laughter.

The Rajah smiled and tapped his nails.

But Sagrimah sneered a dreadful sneer and roared, " Take it away, brat ! It's a worm."

" A worm's a snake," giggled Gunga. " Go on, roly-poly, charm it, or else give me the gold."

" Charm it ! " roared the people.

" Charm it, Sagrimah," said the Rajah pleasantly ; " it's a snake, a very little one, but you said little or big."

" It's a worm, most noble Rajah," stammered Sagrimah, flushing furiously and grinding his teeth.

" Well," went on the Rajah, " if a worm's not a snake, what is it, eh? Ha! ha! What is it?" And he chuckled royally, and tapped his thumb-nails.

And so Sagrimah squatted down upon the ground, frowning hideously, but not daring to contradict the Rajah. Gunga placed the wooden box with the worm inside in front of the angry charmer, and then sat down beside it. " Go on, wind-bag," he whispered with a little chuckle.

Then Sagrimah began to play upon his pipe. He played as craftily and as cunningly as he knew, but for all the notice the worm took, Sagrimah might as well have been blowing bubbles.

On and on Sagrimah played; and snug in the little wooden box stayed the worm.

At last Sagrimah rose to his feet, thrust his pipe in his bosom, snarled at Gunga, and then bowing low to the Rajah said, " I am beaten; the boy takes the gold." And turning away he strode from the gardens.

The crowd roared delightedly. The Rajah smiled pleasantly. Ali advanced, and with Gunga's help, lifted the sack upon his strong shoulders.

And as they slowly plodded home, slowly but so joyfully, Gunga said happily, " I knew you'd get the gold, father."

" And the first thing we'll do with it," chuckled Ali breathlessly, " is to build a house twice as large as Sagrimah's."

And when the house was built, Sagrimah was so consumed with fury and envy, that he ran away to the jungle and was never seen again.

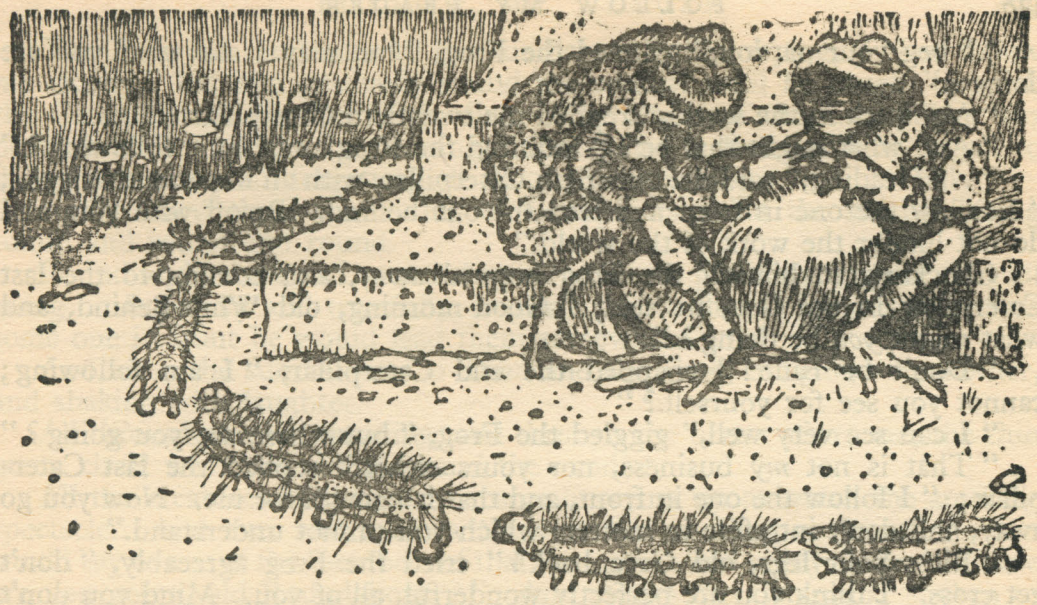
But Ali and Gunga, in their big house, lived happily to the end of their long lives.

The Story-Teller

by ROBERT GRAVES

KING STEPHEN had a story-teller and gave him princely pay
To tell him stories after supper, a new one every day:
But when the stories failed him, as Andrew did agree,
The King would call his merry men all, and hang him to a tree.

Andrew had told five hundred tales and found no more to tell:
He started from the first once more, and Stephen knew it well.
" Old friends are best," the monarch cried, " and old yarns spun again.
Tell me that story of Jackabinory every night of my reign."



FOLLOW MY LEADER

by STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD

(With fullest acknowledgment to Henri Fabre).

DAY after day a long line of Caterpillars would come creeping over the beds of the great garden to the cabbage-patch. Whence they came no one knew, but every morning just after daybreak, when the young sun scattered his first joyous beams, the line would appear.

It was always a line of Caterpillars, one behind the other, following their leader, noses touching tails in one wriggling stretch of unbroken green.

A Frog had watched their daily journey for a long while; and at last one morning he sat upon a garden-bed, and as the leader of the long thin line approached him, the Frog said affably, "Good-morning, Captain, where are you going?"

"Don't talk to me," said the leading Caterpillar; "my work is too important: I have no time to stay talking with idlers. I lead my fellows onward, onward, onward, to the rich pastures."

The Frog smiled, but said nothing; and hopping along the line, he stopped beside the tenth Caterpillar, and said, "Good-morning, Wriggler; where are *you* off to?"

"Away with you!" cried the tenth Caterpillar, "I have work to do."

"What work?" giggled the Frog.

"I have to follow the fellow in front, and have no time for chatter."

Away hopped the Frog, and coming to the twentieth Caterpillar, he said with a chuckle, "Good-morning, old Half-Way; and do you follow the fellow in front?"

"Do I *what*?" snapped the twentieth Caterpillar.

"I beg your pardon," grinned the Frog, "but may I ask what you are doing?"

"My work in the world," replied the twentieth Caterpillar.

"And what might that be?" inquired the Frog amiably, "following?"

"*And* leading," said the twentieth Caterpillar, with an impatient wriggle; "I follow the one in front and lead the one behind. Be off with you, and do not hinder the work of the world."

Chuckling to himself the Frog hopped away, and coming to the last Caterpillar in the line, he said, "Good-morning, old Whip-Behind, and what might *you* be doing?"

"Don't be rude!" snapped the end Caterpillar, "I am following; cannot you see for yourself?"

"I can see very well," giggled the Frog, "but where are you going?"

"That is not *my* business, nor yours either," replied the last Caterpillar; "I follow the one in front, and that is enough for me. Now you go away, and don't interfere in matters which you cannot understand."

"Bless your legs, old Greenback!" cried the Frog agreeably, "don't get cross. I think you are perfectly wonderful, all of you. Mind you don't get lost." And away hopped the Frog to think over the curious and quaint spectacle.

He thought and thought and thought about it all through the day. And then, toward evening, he hurried off to find a wise old Toad who lived in a hole under the sundial in the middle of the garden.

When the Toad had heard the story he laughed and croaked and chuckled so much that he nearly choked. And then he whispered for a long while to the Frog. And then both the Toad and the Frog laughed and croaked and chuckled together so much that they both nearly choked, and had to pat each other upon the back.

The next morning the Frog awaited the line of Caterpillars; and when the leader drew near, the Frog hopped up to him, made a low bow, and said, "Most noble Captain, I have news for you."

"Out with it then," said the leader of the Caterpillars; "for I have no time to waste."

"I wonder," went on the Frog, "that you should go to that old cabbage-patch——"

"Who told *you* where we went?" interrupted the leader of the Caterpillars, continuing on his way.

"My dear old friend, the kind-hearted Toad," replied the Frog, taking little hops to keep pace with the leader's slow progress.

"I see nothing to wonder at," said the Caterpillar; "I go where the food is best."

"Oh, most noble Captain," said the Frog gravely, "I assure you there are finer cabbages than in that old patch."

"Where?" asked the leader, half pausing and moving his head from side to side.

"Follow me!" cried the Frog eagerly; "and you shall have the feast of your lives."

The Frog set off with little slow hops, the Caterpillar leader followed him, and all the long line came wriggling after.

The Frog led the leader to the sundial, and then saying, " Now follow me closely," led him gradually round the sundial until he caught up with the Caterpillar at the end of the line. The leader of the Caterpillars was puzzled for a moment, but finding a Caterpillar in front of him, began to follow it nose to tail, forgetting all about his leadership.

And so now there was a ring of Caterpillars about the sundial, going round and round and round.

Round and round and round they went, never getting anywhere, but all going on hopefully and trustfully, in perfect faith that as long as there was some one in front he would lead them somewhere.

And upon the sundial sat the Toad and the Frog, hugging one another, and shaking with laughter.

All through the hot morning, and through the hotter afternoon, the thin green circle went round and round the sundial.

All the creatures of the garden came hurrying up to watch the amazing spectacle. And ever and again a Snail or Bee or Frog or Lizard or Ant would say to one of the members of that thin, green and giddy circle, " Where are you going, old Roundabouts ? " And always the Caterpillar spoken to would reply, " That's none of *your* business—I follow my leader."

At last the creatures of the garden grew weary of watching, and even the Frog and the Toad tired of the joke. And so, as twilight fell, the Caterpillars remained there alone, ever going round and round and round.

Whether they are still going round in that endless line, or whether (as the Frog said afterward) they went on and on till they died from starvation, I do not know. But certainly if they follow their leader, and do not die, they will go on for ever and ever and ever.



THE THIRD LAMP-POST

by STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD



SEBASTIAN RENNET was a little old man who lived in the village of Quaddle. Every morning he left his little cottage, and walked straight down the village street to Farmer Oates, to buy a pennyworth of milk and an egg. Sebastian went with a limping gait, and it was because of this that the children called him Limpy Rennet. To help him along he carried a big stick.

Now in the village street there were three lamp-posts, all on the right-hand side; and each morning when Sebastian reached the third lamp-post, he gave it a great bang with his stick. He did not know why he did this; it was just a habit he had.

But presently the morning bangs began to knock the paint off the lamp-post; and it was then that the only policeman in the village, Constable Dogberry, thought it was time to interfere.

And so one fine April morning, just as Sebastian had reached the third lamp-post, and banged it lustily, Policeman Dogberry popped out from behind a corner and shouted:

"Hi, hi! don't do that!"

"Don't do what?" asked Sebastian gently, for he had really forgotten what he had done, so much a habit had it become.

"Don't you be an old fule, *you* know what you've done!" went on the Constable; "a-knocking of the nice green paint all off of the nice iron lamp-post."

"I'm so sorry," said Sebastian; "I really meant no harm; it's just a habit."

"And a very bad one it is," continued Constable Dogberry. "Three lamp-posties we have in Quaddle, and we can't have them knocked about, not even *one* of them. So you stop it, while you're safe."

"Yes, yes, to be sure," replied Sebastian; "it shan't happen again; dear, dear, dear, it was most stupid of me. Thank you so much for pointing it out. Good-day to you, Constable."

Policeman Dogberry only grunted, and with a warning shake of his finger and a surly nod, walked off.

But upon the very next morning Sebastian had forgotten all about his promise, and as he passed the third lamp-post, he gave it his habitual bang.

Policeman Dogberry sprang from behind his corner like a tiger.

"What do you mean by it, hey?" he roared. "Didn't you promise me only yesterday that you'd never do it again?"

"I'm so very sorry," stammered Sebastian; "but I honestly forgot."

"Forgot, you prize poop, you penny peep-show!" bawled the angry Constable. "I'll teach you to forget; I'll report you to the Parish Council." And off hurried Policeman Dogberry to fulfil his threat.

And so Sebastian was summoned before the Parish Council. The Mayor

of Quaddle sat in his big chair, with a gold chain round his neck to show he was no common man. And round about him in their polished chairs sat the councillors; Mr. Dinney, the grocer; Mr. Wopple the chimney-sweep; Mr. Scrake, the thatcher; Mr. Ogle, the apothecary; Mr. Duffy, the schoolmaster; Mr. Ullage, the inn-keeper; and Mr. Ruddy, the horse-leech.

"Now, my man," said the Mayor to Sebastian, "what's all this, hey?"

"What's all this, hey?" said all the Councillors together, blowing their noses and looking very rich.

The Mayor banged upon the table and rattled his gold chain. "Damaging the property of Quaddle, *that's* what you've been doing!" he roared before Sebastian could speak.

"Knocking off the paint of the third lamp-post of the village of Quaddle!" cried all the Councillors together, blowing out their cheeks and looking richer than before.

"I'm so sorry," began Sebastian, "but it's just a habit and——"

"Habit!" snapped the Mayor, clinking his chain and rolling his blood-shot eyes, "habit, you naughty yahoo! Why, where are your manners? Who taught you to behave like that?"

"Low little oaf," barked the Councillors, jingling the money in their pockets and looking like generals.

"It shan't happen again," pleaded Sebastian very humbly. "I promise you that."

"Then be off with you, and mind it doesn't," cried the Mayor, dismissing Sebastian with a wave of his fat, red, hairy hand.

But upon the morrow Sebastian forgot his promise; and as he passed the third lamp-post he gave it his customary bang.

Policeman Dogberry, who was on the watch, was speechless with rage. He could only stand with clenched fists raised to the sky, his eyes goggling, his mouth agape, and the hairs of his moustache poking out like the bristles of a brush. Then with a snorting gobble he hurried away to inform the Council.

And when Sebastian once more stood before the Council and the Mayor, they were all so flushed with righteous anger, that the room felt as hot as a baker's oven.

And then they all began to shout at once, so that no one could be heard. But the Mayor, who owned a fruit and vegetable stall, suddenly raised his voice in such a stupendous bellow that the voices of the Councillors seemed no more than whispers.

"Rascal!" howled the Mayor.

Sebastian hung his head.

"Beggarly vagabond!" screamed the Mayor.

Sebastian hung his head lower.

"Limping little lout!" roared the Mayor.

Sebastian raised his head and looked the Mayor in the eyes. "I'm so sorry," he said.

"Sorry!" snapped the Mayor; "sorry! What do you mean by it?"

"I was born like it," said Sebastian.

"Born like it," gasped the Mayor; "what, born banging lamp-posts? You must be daft."

"No, born with a bad leg that makes me limp," replied Sebastian.

The Mayor looked a little chapfallen. "It's got to stop," he murmured.

"I can't stop it," went on Sebastian; "the doctor said——"

"Boil the doctor!" roared the Mayor. "I mean your lamp-post banging."

"I forget," said Sebastian; "I don't mean to do it, but I just forget."

The Mayor and the Council sat and looked at him in dumb disgust.

Suddenly the Mayor's face brightened. "Why don't you walk down the other side of the road where there are no lamp-posts?" he asked.

Sebastian smiled. "I'd never thought of it. Why, of course, that's the way to stop it; that was very clever of you, my Lord Mayor."

"Not Lord, yet," answered the Mayor with a pleased giggle; "but one never knows; Quaddle will grow, hem! hem!" And he coughed proudly.

And so the next morning, which was the 1st of May, Sebastian set off for the farm of Farmer Oates. But now he walked upon the left side of the village street, where no lamp-posts were.

As he walked along he looked away over the fields of green corn. He saw a little path, which he had never noticed before, as it could not be seen from the other side of the street. It seemed to lead across the fields up over a little hill and far, far away. Sebastian looked at the little path. The sun shone warmly from a blue, blue sky. Red poppies glowed amongst the young green corn. Somewhere overhead a lark sang.

"Why should I stay in this stupid village?" whispered Sebastian to himself. "I will follow the little path, and see where it leads me." Then, throwing away his milk jug, he climbed through the low hedge, and began to hurry along the little path through the cornfield.

Presently the path led him out upon a great high-road, and turning to the left, Sebastian marched gaily on upon the broad road that led he knew not, nor cared not, where.

The hot sun climbed slowly up the sky; noon came; the afternoon wore on, and presently the shadows of the trees by the roadside lay like giants over the fields.

Sebastian was getting tired. He was hungry and thirsty and footsore. Suddenly behind him he heard the clot! clot! of hoofs, and the noise of wheels.

"Hallo!" cried a pleasant voice; "d'you want a lift?"

Sebastian turned, and saw that a smart horse and trap had pulled up behind him. In the trap sat a jolly, stout, rich-looking man. "Want a lift?" said the jolly man again.

Sebastian nodded gratefully, and, climbing into the trap, they were soon bowling merrily along the dusty high-road.

"What's your name?" asked the jolly man.

"Sebastian Rennet."

"Sebastian Rennet, hey? Well, mine's Joe Hokey, but you can call me Joe. Where do you come from?"

"From Quaddle," replied Sebastian.

"And where are you going?"

"I really don't know," replied Sebastian, with a smile; "but anywhere will do to get away from Quaddle." And then he told Joe Hokey the tale

of the third lamp-post, and the Policeman, the Mayor, and the Council.

When the tale was done, Joe Hokey laughed aloud.

" Splendid idea," he roared, " to bang lamp-posts. Stupid things they are. Why, my old mare ran into one only yesterday, and nearly shot me out of the trap. I'd knock 'em all down if I had my way. D'you like work ? "

The question was so sudden that Sebastian stammered as he replied shyly : " Oh, yes ; of course, some kinds."

" Some kinds, hey ? " chuckled Joe Hokey. " Could you look after a shop ? "

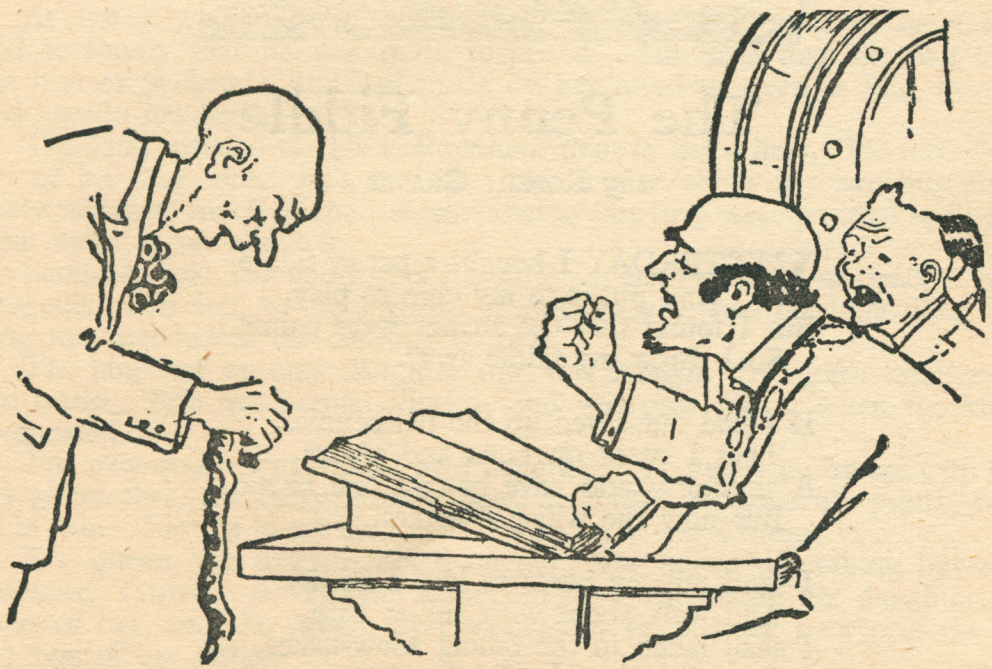
" Splendidly," cried Sebastian joyfully.

" Well," went on Joe Hokey, " I've sixty shops, and you shall look after one of them for me."

And that was how Sebastian became a shopkeeper and worked for jolly Joe Hokey. And so well did Sebastian work, and so finely did he and Joe get on together, that when, two years later, Joe Hokey died, he left all his sixty shops to Sebastian.

Sebastian was now a very rich man. But he did not wish to be a shopkeeper all his days, and so he sold the sixty shops for an enormous sum of money, and made up his mind to return to Quaddle to spend there in comfort the rest of his days.

When he returned to Quaddle, he built a great house of thirty-six rooms. All about the fine house was a beautiful garden ; and in this garden Sebastian erected one hundred tall iron lamp-posts. And every morning as soon as he had breakfasted, and his servants had cleared away, Sebastian took a thick stick, and going into the garden, banged each one of the hundred lamp-posts with all his might.



" Rascal ! " howled the Mayor. Sebastian hung his head lower.

"*That* will liven Quaddle up, and the Policeman, and the Council *and* the Mayor!" he chuckled, giving the lamp-posts more and more hearty bangs.

All the village children each morning gathered at the garden gate to watch Sebastian; and their laughter made Sebastian laugh too. And when he handed round apples and oranges and doughnuts, their laughter might have been heard at the other end of the village.

"I wonder what Policeman Dogberry and the Council and the Mayor will say now?" Sebastian chuckled to himself.

But, strangely enough, all Policeman Dogberry said was: "I *do* like to see nice, kind old gentlemen enjoying themselves."

And the Mayor said: "Ah, ha! my dear Mr. Rennet, taking your morning exercise, eh? Splendid, splendid, so good for the joints."

And the Council said: "How kind and noble is Mr. Rennet. The children love him. May he live long and happily, and the saints keep him strong and hale."

Which was all most queer.



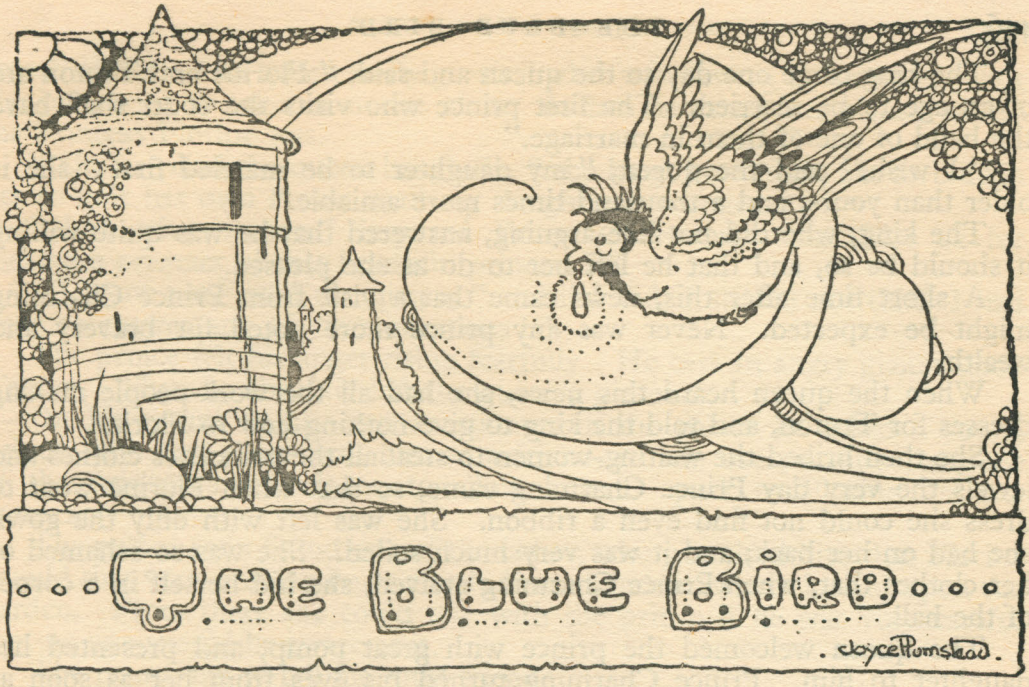
The Penny Fiddle

by ROBERT GRAVES

YESTERDAY I bought a penny fiddle
And put it to my chin to play,
But I found that the strings were painted,
So I threw my fiddle away.

If I had but saved up the halfpennies
That I spent on buns and plums,
A shilling would have bought real music,
But now the whisper comes.

I shall sell my boots to buy a fiddle,
And walk about with ankles bare,
I shall laugh in the falling snow-flakes,
For what should a fiddler care.



by COUNTESS D'AULNOY

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was very rich both in lands and money. His wife died, and he was in great grief.

All his subjects agreed amongst themselves that they would try to calm his grief. Some made speeches, while others tried pleasant talk, but he was so sad he scarcely heard a word they said to him.

At last a woman came before him, weeping and sobbing so much and so loudly that he was quite surprised. She said that she had lost the best of husbands, and had made up her mind to weep as long as she had eyes in her head.

The king listened to this visitor more than to the others. He talked to her of his dear, dead wife, and she told him all about her late husband. They talked so much of their sorrow that at last they were puzzled to know what more to say about it.

Soon he spoke less and less of his wife : at last he ceased to speak of her altogether. In fact, to the surprise of everybody, it was not long until the king was married to the cunning widow.

The king had an only daughter who was thought the eighth wonder of the world. She was named Florine, and was only fifteen when the king re-married.

The new queen sent for her own daughter, who had been brought up by her godmother, the Fairy Souci. Souci had tried to make her pretty, but all in vain. Yet she loved her dearly. Her name was Truton.

The queen, her mother, doted on her ; she talked of nothing but the charming Truton. As Florine looked so beautiful beside her daughter, it annoyed her, and she sought by every means to hurt the poor princess in the eyes of her father.

The king came one day to the queen and said, " Florine and Truton are of an age to be married. The first prince who visits the court shall have the hand of one of them in marriage."

" I wish," said the queen, " my daughter to be married first; she is older than yours, and a thousand times more amiable."

The king, who did not like arguing, answered that he was quite willing it should be so, and that he left her to do as she pleased.

A short time after this, news came that a visit from Prince Charming might be expected. Never was any prince more noted for bravery and wealth.

When the queen heard this news, she had all the work-people making dresses for Truton, and told the king to give nothing new to Florine.

She then bribed the waiting-women to steal all the princess's clothes and jewels the very day Prince Charming came, so that when Florine went to dress she could not find even a ribbon. She was left with only the gown she had on her back, and it was very much soiled. She was so ashamed of her clothes that, when Prince Charming arrived, she hid herself in a corner of the hall.

The queen welcomed the prince with great pomp, and presented her daughter to him. Prince Charming turned his eyes from her as soon as possible.

He asked if there was not another princess named Florine. " Yes," said Truton, pointing to her with her finger; " there she is, hiding herself, because she is not finely dressed."

Florine blushed and looked so lovely that Prince Charming was quite dazzled. He rose at once and made a deep bow to the princess.

" Madam," said he, " your beauty does not need the help of fine clothes." Then he went and talked with her for three whole hours.

The queen was in despair, and Truton could not believe that the princess could be thus preferred to her.

They went to the king and made him agree that, during the visit of Prince Charming, Florine should be shut up in a tower. No sooner had Florine retired to her rooms than four men in masks seized and carried her to a room at the top of the tower.

The prince awaited impatiently the hour when he hoped to meet her again. He talked of her to the gentlemen whom the king had placed about his person to do him honour, but, as they had been ordered by the queen, they said all the ill of her they could think of.

The queen, anxious to learn if Prince Charming was much annoyed at not seeing the princess, sent for the courtiers she had placed with him. Everything they told showed that the prince was in love with Florine.

But how shall I describe to you the wretched state of that poor princess? She lay stretched on the floor in the keep of that terrible tower.

" I should have borne it easier," said she, " if I had been put in prison before I had seen that amiable prince."

She then began to weep so bitterly that her worst enemy would have pitied her. Thus passed the night.

Prince Charming visited the king and queen as often as he could in hopes of meeting Florine in the royal apartments. His eyes were everywhere in

search of her. The queen easily guessed what was passing in his mind; but she pretended to take no notice of it. At last he asked her plainly where the Princess Florine was.

"Sir," replied the queen haughtily, "the king, her father, has forbidden her to quit her own rooms until my daughter is married."

"And what reason," inquired Prince Charming, "can there be for making a prisoner of that beautiful princess?"

"I know not," said the queen, "and if I did, I should not think I had need to answer any of your questions!"

The prince felt his anger rising fearfully. He cast an angry glance upon Truton. Then he abruptly left the queen's presence.

On his return to his own apartments in the palace he asked a young prince, who had come with him as a friend, to win over, at any cost, one of the princess's attendants, to allow him to speak to Florine for one moment.

The prince soon found one of the ladies, who promised him that Florine should that very evening be at a little lower window, which looked upon the garden. From there she could talk with the prince if he was very careful that no one should be aware of it.

The prince ran to tell his royal friend.

But the false attendant in the meantime went and told the queen all about the secret meeting.

The queen decided to place her daughter at the little window instead of Florine.

The night was so dark that it was impossible for Prince Charming to know that a trick was being played on him, and when he drew near to the window he poured forth to Truton all the tender things he would have said to Florine.

The prince vowed to her, that if she would accept him for her husband, he would be delighted to share with her his heart and crown. He thereupon drew his ring from his finger, and placing it on one of Truton's, begged her to take it as a sign of his faith, and added that she had only to fix the hour for their flight.

The queen felt happy that her plans were going so well.

So Prince Charming prepared to carry off his beloved in a flying chariot, drawn by winged frogs, a present which had been made to him by a friend who was a magician. The night fixed for the flight was very dark. Truton stole out by a little door, and the prince, who was waiting for her, led her into the chariot.

As he was anxious to marry his beloved princess at once, he asked her where she would like their wedding to be held. She answered that she had a godmother, named Souci, who was a very famous fairy, and she thought they should go at once to her castle.

Truton asked to see her godmother alone. Then she told her how she had entrapped the prince, and pleaded on the fairy to win him for her.

"Ah! my child," said the fairy; "the task will not be an easy one: he is too fond of Florine. I feel certain he will give us a great deal of trouble."

In the meantime the prince was awaiting them in a saloon, the walls of which were of diamonds so clear that through them he could see Souci and

Truton talking together. At first he thought he must be dreaming. But soon he saw he had been tricked.

Souci then entered the saloon and said, "Prince Charming, here is the Princess Truton, whom you have promised to marry; she is my god daughter, and I wish you to marry her at once."

"I!" exclaimed he, "I have made no promise to her."

"Am not I your princess, faithless one?" said Truton, showing him his ring. "To whom didst thou give this ring as a pledge of thy truth?"

"How then!" he cried; "have I been cheated? I would away instantly!"

"Oho, it is not in your power to go away," exclaimed Souci.

She touched him, and his feet were fixed to the floor as if they had been nailed to it.

"You may stone me to death," cried the prince, "but I will marry no one but Florine. You may use your power upon me as you please!"

Souci and Truton tried in turn every means but in vain. The prince did not say another word, looking on them both with an air of great scorn.

Twenty days and twenty nights passed without their ceasing to talk. They did not sleep or sit down. At length Souci, quite tired out, said to the prince, "Well, since you will not listen to reason, choose at once whether you will marry my god daughter, or do penance for seven years as a punishment for breaking your word."

The prince, who up to this time had been silent, suddenly said, "Do what you will with me, but I will not marry this wretch."

"You are a wretch yourself," said Truton, in a passion.

"No, no, she shall not be your wife," said Souci angrily; "you may fly out of that window if you like, for you shall be a Blue Bird for the next seven years!"

At the same moment the prince's person became quite changed. He saw his body had shrunk, and indeed he had the form of a bird with blue plumage. When he beheld himself in this state, he gave a cry and flew from the fatal palace of Souci as fast as his wings could carry him.

The Fairy Souci sent Truton back to the queen. When she saw her daughter, and heard from her lips all that had happened, she got into a terrible passion, and blamed the poor Florine.

She went up to the tower with Truton, whom she had dressed in her richest clothes.

"My daughter has come to show you the wedding presents," said the queen. "Prince Charming and she are married. He loves her to distraction." Thereupon they showed the princess heaps of costly dresses, jewels, lace, and ribbons. Truton took care to show Florine Prince Charming's brilliant ring.

The pretty little princess fainted with grief, and the cruel queen, pleased to see this, would not let any one help her. The queen also asked the king that great care should be taken to keep her from leaving the tower, and the king told her to do as she pleased.

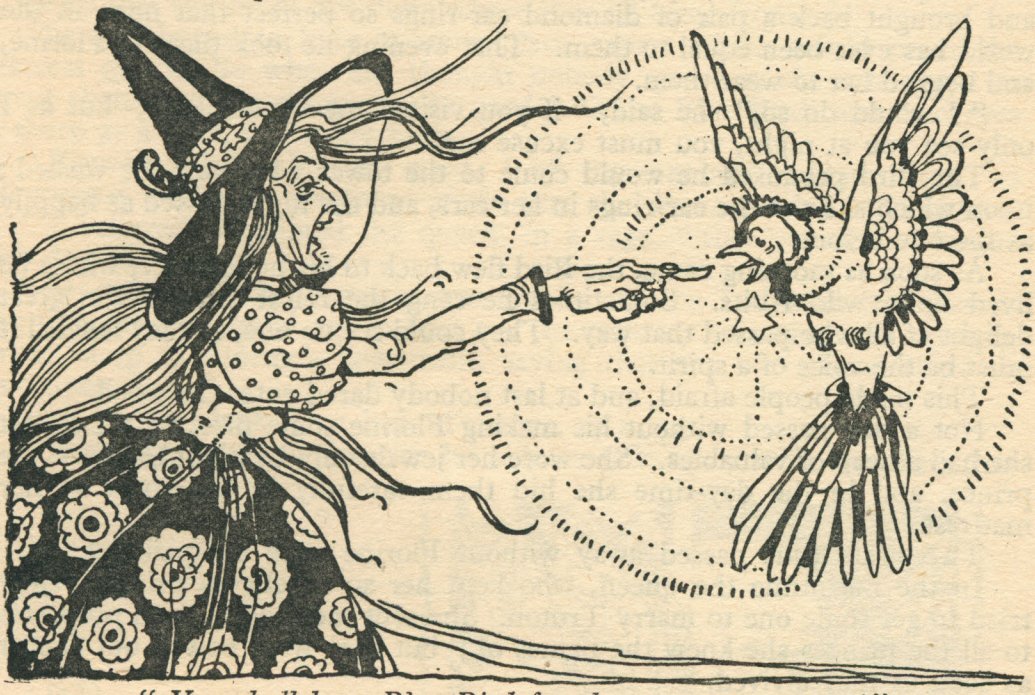
The princess sat at an open window and wept the whole night long. When day began to break she shut the window, but kept on weeping. The next night she again opened the window. At dawn she hid herself in the corner of her chamber.

In the meanwhile Prince Charming, or, to speak more correctly, the beautiful Blue Bird, never ceased flying round the palace. He believed his dear princess was in prison there. He came as near the windows as he could to look into the rooms, but he was afraid of being seen by Truton.

The Blue Bird perched upon a high cypress, and had scarcely done so when he heard some one moaning. " How much longer shall I suffer ? " said the mourner. " Will not death kindly come to my aid ? "

The Blue Bird had not lost one word of this. He longed for daylight to see the lady, but before the morning dawned she had closed her window.

The Bird came again the next night. It was moonlight, and he saw a girl at an open window of the tower. She was weeping bitterly. The Blue Bird flew to the top of a tree near the window.



" You shall be a Blue Bird for the next seven years ! "

" Adorable Florine," he cried, " I can help you in your misfortunes."

" Ah ! who speaks to me," she cried, " in such kind words ? "

" An unhappy prince," replied the Bird, " who loves you, and will never love any other than you."

" A prince who loves me ! " rejoined Florine ; " is this a snare set for me by my enemy ? "

" No, my princess," replied the Bird ; " the lover who addresses you could not betray you," and, as he said these words, he flew to the window.

Florine was at first much alarmed at the sight of so strange a bird, who spoke with so much sense, and yet in the sweet voice of a nightingale. The beauty of his plumage, however, and his kind words soon drove away her fear.

" Can I once more look upon you, my Princess ! " he exclaimed. " Can I have such happiness ! But alas ! how troubled I am because you are a

captive and because I am changed into a bird by the wicked Souci for seven years ! "

" And who are you, charming Bird ? " asked the princess, caressing him.

" You have said my name," said the prince.

" How ! the greatest prince in the world, Prince Charming ! " cried the princess ; " can the little bird I hold in my hand be he ? "

Then the Blue Bird told Florine what had really happened.

Florine felt so happy in listening to the explanation of her lover that she quite forgot how unhappy she had been. Day dawned, and it cost them a thousand pangs to part, after agreeing that they would meet every night in the same way.

As he was anxious to pay Florine a favour, the Bird flew to his palace and brought back a pair of diamond ear-rings so perfect that none in the world has ever been equal to them. That evening he took them to Florine, and begged her to wear them.

" I would do so," she said, " if you visited me by daylight ; but as I only see you at night, you must excuse me."

The Bird promised he would come to the tower whenever she wished ; upon which she put the ear-rings in her ears, and the night passed as happily as the one before.

As soon as morning came, the Bird flew back to his hollow tree, where he lived upon wild fruits. Sometimes he sang the finest airs, to the great delight of all who passed that way. They could see no one, so they fancied it must be the voice of a spirit.

This made people afraid, and at last nobody dared enter the wood.

Not a day passed without his making Florine some present, till at last she had a heap of valuables. She wore her jewels only by night to please the prince, and in the day-time she hid them carefully in the straw of her mattress.

Two years thus passed away without Florine once complaining.

In the meantime the queen, who kept her so cruelly in prison, vainly tried to get some one to marry Truton. She sent messengers with proposals to all the princes she knew the names of ; but they were bowed out almost as soon as they arrived.

" If your message had to do with the Princess Florine, you would be received with joy," was the answer.

These tidings made both mother and daughter furious against the innocent princess. They said Florine must be secretly plotting with foreign lands. They sat very late talking over these things, and it was past midnight when they made up their minds to go up to the tower to question Florine.

She was at the window with the Blue Bird, with all her jewels on. The queen listened at the door. She fancied she heard an air sung by two persons.

" Ah, my Truton ! we are betrayed," exclaimed the queen, suddenly opening the door and rushing into the room. Fancy the alarm of Florine at this ! She quickly pushed open the casement to give the Royal Bird a chance to fly off without being seen. But he felt he had not the power to fly. He had noticed the danger the princess was in.

" Your plots against the state are found out," cried the queen.

"Plots with whom, madam?" inquired the princess. "Have you not been my jailer these two years?" Whilst she spoke, the queen and her daughter looked about in surprise.

"And where did you get, madam," said the queen, "these jewels that outshine the sun?"

"I have found them," said Florine, "that is all I know about it."

Ths queen fixed her eyes upon Florine. "You think you can deceive us!" she cried, "but, princess, we are aware of what you do from morning till night. These jewels have been given to you with the sole object of getting you to sell your father's kingdom." She began to hunt everywhere, and coming to the mattress she emptied it, and found such a great quantity of jewels that she could not think where they all came from.

She had hoped to hide in some place papers which would prove the princess guilty. So when she thought nobody saw her, she was about to thrust them into the chimney. By good luck the Blue Bird, who had eyes as sharp as a lynx, saw everything.

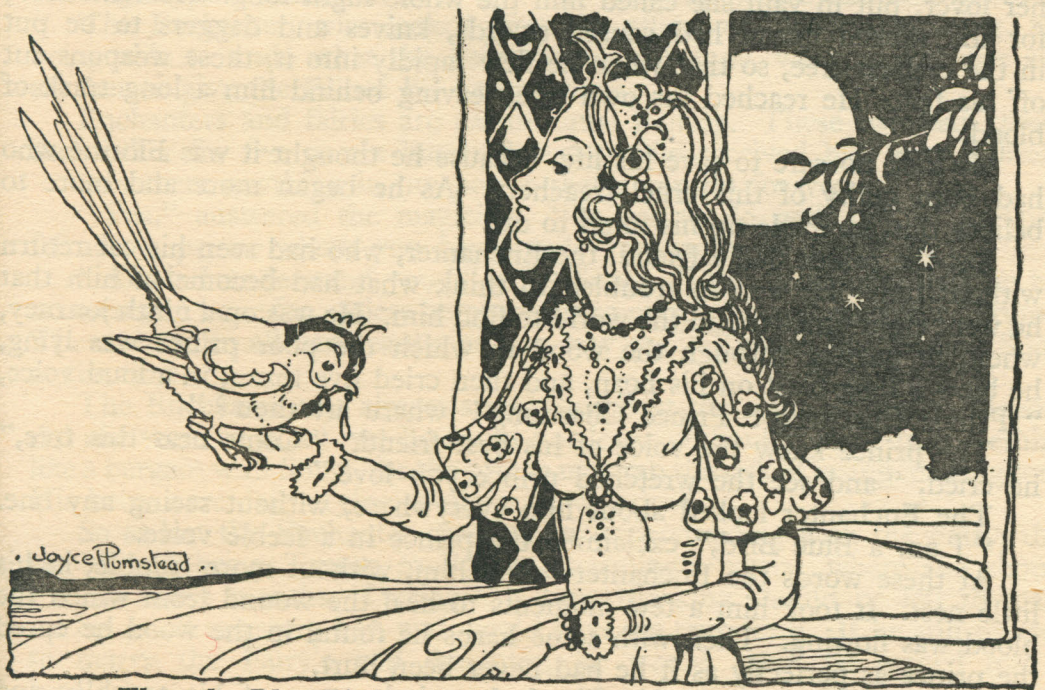
"Beware, Florine!" he cried, "of thy enemy." This voice, so unexpected, made the queen so afraid that she dared not hide the papers.

"I believe," exclaimed the queen, in a rage, "that you are in league with demons."

The queen left her, greatly worried by all she had seen and heard. She thought she would try to find out the mystery. So she sent a young girl to sleep in Florine's apartment, saying that she was placed there to wait upon her.

The princess looked on her, of course, as a spy.

"What, then! shall I never be able to talk again with the Bird that



Then the Blue Bird told Florine what had really happened.

is so dear to me!" thought she. "Our affection was everything to us! What will become of him?" What will become of me?" Thinking of all these things, she shed rivers of tears.

She no longer dared go to the little window, though she heard the Bird fluttering around it. She was dying to open it; but she feared what might happen to her dear lover. She passed a whole month without seeing the prince.

The spy, who had watched day and night, felt quite overcome with drowsiness, and at last sank into a sound slumber. Florine saw it. She opened her little window and called on the Blue Bird.

The Bird was at the window in an instant. What delight once more to see and talk to each other! At last the hour of parting arrived, without the spy awaking, and they bade each other farewell in the most touching manner.

They thought the spy found so much pleasure in sleeping that she would do so every night. But on the third night, the sleeper, being awakened by some noise, listened, without seeming to be awake and, peeping as well as she could, saw by the light of the moon the most beautiful bird in the world talking to the princess. She overheard part of their talk and was much surprised.

The spy ran to the queen, and told her all she had seen and heard. The queen sent for Truton and her maids. They talked the matter over and became sure that the Blue Bird was Prince Charming.

The queen sent the spy back to the tower, ordering her to appear more sleepy than ever. She went to bed early, and snored as loudly as she could.

The poor princess, opening the little window, called once more on her lover, but in vain she called him the whole night long. He came not; for the wicked queen had caused swords, knives and daggers to be put in the cypress-tree, so that when he flew rapidly into it, these weapons cut off his feet. He reached his own tree, leaving behind him a long track of blood.

He took no care to save his life, because he thought it was Florine who had been guilty of this cruel treachery. As he began more and more to believe this, he made up his mind to die.

But the prince had a friend, the Enchanter, who had seen his car return without him. He was so troubled to think what had become of him that he went eight times round the world to find him. He was on a ninth journey, when, in passing through the wood in which the poor prince was lying, he blew a long blast on his horn, and then cried five times, in a loud voice, "Prince Charming! Prince Charming! where art thou?"

The prince knew the voice of his best friend. "Come near this tree," he cried, "and see the wretched prince you love."

The Enchanter looked about him everywhere, without seeing any one.

"I am a Blue Bird," exclaimed the prince in a feeble voice.

At these words the Enchanter found him, without more trouble, in his little nest. It took him a few moments to heal the wound from which the blood was flowing. Then with some herbs he found in the wood he cured the prince as perfectly as if he had never been hurt.

Prince Charming told his friend the whole story of his troubles and

asked to be taken back to his palace. The Enchanter took him home and put him in a cage out of danger.

Florine, in despair at no longer seeing her prince, passed her days and nights at the window in great grief. Although the girl was always with her in the room she did not care now and called aloud for her lover.

" What has become of you, Prince Charming ? " she would say. " Have our enemies made you suffer from their cruel rage ? " She felt sure that the prince had been killed.

The queen and Truton were glad. It gave them great pleasure that they had had their revenge on Florine.

But soon a change came over the affairs of the country. Florine's father, who had grown old, fell ill, and died. The wicked queen and her daughter were not liked by the people. They rose and ran in a body to the palace, demanding the Princess Florine, whom alone they wished to have as their ruler.

The angry queen tried to carry matters with a high hand ; she stepped out on a balcony and ordered them to go to their homes. But they would not listen to her. They broke into her rooms, and stoned her to death ! Truton fled for safety to her godmother, the Fairy Souci.

The leaders of the people went up to the tower, where the princess was lying very ill. She knew neither of the death of her father nor of the punishment of her enemy.

Her subjects, flinging themselves at her feet, told her of the happy change in her fortunes. They carried her to the palace and crowned her.

Florine soon got back her health, and she was able to choose a council to govern the kingdom during her absence. Then she set out on her journey one night quite alone, without any one knowing where she had gone.

The Enchanter, who looked after the affairs of Prince Charming, not being able to undo what the Fairy Souci had done, went to seek her and ask her to give the Prince his natural form.

Enchanters and fairies are on an equal footing. These two had known each other for five or six hundred years. She received him very politely.

" Is there anything in my power that I can do for you ? "

" Yes," answered the magician. " It has to do with one of my best friends, a prince whom you have made very unhappy."

" Aha ! I understand you ! " cried Souci. " I'm very sorry, but he has no mercy to hope for, unless he promises to marry my god daughter, Truton. There she is in all her beauty, as you may see." Truton was visiting Souci at the time.

The Enchanter was almost struck dumb at the sight of her, so hideous did she seem to him ; yet he could not leave without coming to something like a bargain with Souci, for the prince now ran the risk of losing his kingdom. His heirs were daily trying to prove he was dead.

So at last the Enchanter came to an understanding with the Fairy, that she should bring Truton to Prince Charming's palace, where she should live for some months. During this time the king should be left to make up his mind to marry her, and would have his true form. If he still refused to marry the Fairy's god daughter, he would again be turned into a bird.

In the meantime Queen Florine, disguised as a peasant, with a sack upon her shoulder, went on her long journey to find the prince. Sometimes she walked, sometimes rode, now by sea, now by land, going as quickly as she could.

One day she stopped to take a rest beside a fountain. A little woman, who, bent almost double and leaning on a stout stick, was passing that way, stopped and said to her :

" What are you doing there, my pretty girl, all alone ? "

" My good mother," answered the queen, " I have plenty of company, for I have my sorrows and troubles." At these words her eyes filled with tears.

" Ah, my child," said the good woman, " do not give way to sorrow ; tell me truly what is the matter, and I may be able to help you."

The queen willingly told her all her troubles, and how she was at present seeking the Blue Bird.

The little old woman changed suddenly into a lovely young lady, and smiling on the queen, said, " Good Florine, the prince you seek is no longer a bird ; my sister Souci has given him his former shape. He is in his own kingdom. Do not worry, you will reach it and get your reward. Here are four eggs ; break one of them whenever you are most in need of help, and you will find in it what will be useful."

As she ended these words, she disappeared.

Florine put the eggs in her sack, and hurried on towards the kingdom of Prince Charming.

After walking eight days and nights without stopping, she came to the foot of a very high mountain, all of ivory, and so steep that one could not keep one's footing upon it.

The queen tried a thousand times, stepping down every time. Suddenly she remembered the eggs the Fairy had given her.

She took one out of her sack and broke it. Joy ! She found inside some little golden cramps, which she fastened on her hands and feet.

By the aid of these she climbed up the ivory mountain without the least trouble, for the points of the cramps kept her from slipping.

When she got to the top, Florine found herself in as great trouble to get down the other side. She broke another egg, out of which came two pigeons yoked to a car, which at the same time became large enough for her to sit in with comfort. The pigeons then went slowly down the mountain with the queen, and got to the bottom without the least accident.

" My little friends," said she to them, " if you will just drive me to the spot where Prince Charming holds his court, you will oblige me."

The pigeons rested neither day nor night till they stopped at the gates of the city. Florine alighted, and gave each of them a sweet kiss.

Oh, how her heart beat as she walked into the city !

She stained her face that she might not be known. She asked some people where she could see the prince. Some of them began to laugh at her.

The queen said nothing, but passed on quietly. The next person she met she also asked about the prince.

" He is to go to the temple to-morrow with the Princess Truton, for he has at last agreed to be her husband," was the answer.

What tidings! Florine felt like dying! she had no longer power to speak or move. She sank down on a heap of stones under a gateway.

"Unhappy creature that I am!" cried she. "It was for her, then, the Blue Bird left me!"

When people are very sad they rarely have much appetite, so the poor queen found a lodging for the night, and went to bed without any supper.

She rose with the sun, and hurried to the temple. But the soldiers and attendants at the door would not let her in. She tried again and again, but in vain.

So she broke her third egg and out of it came a coach of polished steel, inlaid with gold, drawn by six green mice, and driven by a rose-coloured rat. In a moment the coach carried her through a hole below a window



A little woman, bent almost double, was passing that way.

at the back of the temple, and she found herself inside the temple at last.

There she saw the king's throne and that of Truton, whom the people already looked upon as queen.

How downcast Florine was! She leant against a marble pillar near the throne, wondering how she could make the prince believe she was Florine. Then the prince came in, looking more handsome than ever. He did not look towards her.

How could she get his attention? She broke her fourth and last egg, and there in her hands lay a pair of costly bracelets exactly like those Prince Charming had given her.

Florine had not thought of bringing her bracelets with her, and, as there was only one pair of the kind in the world, she knew that by some kind of magic they had been brought to her.

Just then Truton came to her throne richly dressed and ugly enough to frighten everybody. She frowned on seeing Florine.

"Who art thou," said she, "to dare come near our golden throne?"

"I am a poor woman," replied Florine; "I come from a great distance to sell you some curios," and so saying she took out of her sack the emerald bracelets.

"Aha!" said Truton, "these are pretty ornaments. Will you take a threepenny piece for them?"

"Show them, madame, to some one who knows the value of jewels," said the queen, "and then we will make our bargain."

Truton, who was as fond of the prince as such a creature could be, and liked to have a reason for talking to him, went to his throne and showed him the bracelets, asking what he thought of their value.

The sight of them at once brought to his mind those he had given to Florine. He turned pale, sighed, and stood for some time without speaking.

Then suddenly he turned to go towards the poor woman.

Every one in the temple looked towards her, but what was their surprise to see, not the poor woman, but a beautiful lady, dressed in a robe of light taffeta. Florine's coarse disguise had gone.

For a second the prince and Florine looked at each other, then he threw himself at her feet, bathing her hands with his tears, and felt ready to die with joy.

Florine was not less moved. Her heart seemed to stop beating; she could scarcely breathe. She looked earnestly at the prince without saying a word, and when she found strength to speak to him, she could not be angry with him.

At length they explained everything. Their love became stronger than ever, and all they feared was the Fairy Souci. But at this moment the Enchanter, who was so fond of the prince, appeared with a famous Fairy, no other than she who gave the four eggs to Florine. After the first compliments had passed between them, the Enchanter and the Fairy said their power was so great that Souci could do nothing against them, and that their marriage would take place without delay.

Truton was so astonished that she stood saying nothing. But when she heard the word "marriage," she got into a great rage and began to abuse Florine.

Florine shrank from her in fear, but at once the Enchanter and the Fairy stepped forward and changed Truton into a sow.

The sow danced about madly, and then rushed out of the temple and through the streets of the city.

Prince Charming and Queen Florine, now that they had got rid of so odious a person, thought only of their wedding, which was soon held in great splendour.

For many years they reigned together over Prince Charming's kingdom and were so happy that in time they forgot about the troubles they had suffered.



THE KING OF THE PEACOCKS

by

COUNTESS D'AULNOY

A KING and queen had two handsome boys of whom they were very fond. Then a baby girl was born, and the queen named her Rosette. She was a beautiful child, but the fairies, who had come to see her, were unwilling to talk about her future.

"Ah," said the queen, "that bodes me no good; you do not wish to hurt my feelings by foretelling some misfortune; but I entreat you to let me know all—hide nothing from me."

They made every sort of excuse, but that only further increased the queen's desire for information.

At last the principal fairy said: "We fear, madam, that Rosette will be the cause of some great misfortune to her brothers, and that through her they will lose their lives. That is all we can foresee respecting this beautiful little girl, and we are sorry we cannot tell you anything more agreeable."

After their departure, the queen remained so melancholy that the king, who could not help noticing her sadness, asked what was the matter. She replied that she had been sitting too near the fire and had burnt all the wool off her spindle.

"Is that all?" said the king, who instantly went up into the loft and brought down more wool than she could possibly spin in a thousand years.

The queen continued in low spirits, and the king again asked what the matter was. This time she replied that, while walking by the riverside, she had lost one of her green satin slippers.

"Is that all?" said the king, and immediately sent an order to all the shoemakers in the kingdom to furnish her Majesty with ten thousand green satin slippers.

The queen wished to keep her husband from becoming as miserable as herself, but at last she felt obliged to tell him the truth, and to ask what could be done. After much thought, the king replied that the only safe plan was to put Rosette to death; but to this, of course, the queen would not consent.

Later, a serving woman informed her that in a great forest near the city there lived an old hermit in a hollow tree, who was consulted by people from all parts of the world.

" I must seek him out," the queen declared ; " the fairies have told me the danger, perhaps this hermit will be able to show me the remedy."

She rose very early, and mounted a beautiful little white mule, shod with gold ; and two of her maids of honour, each on a handsome horse, rode with her. When they were near the wood, the queen and her ladies dismounted, out of respect for the hermit, and went on foot to the tree where he lived.

The hermit objected to the sight of women, but, when he saw the queen, he said, " You are welcome ; what is your will with me ? " Whereupon the queen repeated what the fairies had foretold about Rosette, and asked his advice.

To this he replied that the princess should be placed in a tower, out of which she should never be permitted to step. The queen thanked the old man for his advice, made him a handsome present, and returned with her information to the palace.

When the king heard this account, he ordered a great tower to be built as quickly as possible ; he put his daughter into it, and, in order that she might not feel dull, all the royal family went every day to visit her. The elder brother was called the Great Prince, the younger the Little Prince, and both were very fond of their sister, for she was the most beautiful and amiable creature ever seen.

When Rosette was about sixteen years old, her parents were taken very ill, and died almost on the same day as each other. Everybody was very sorry, there was general mourning, and the bells tolled throughout the city. Rosette grieved sadly for the loss of her loved mother and father.

After the funeral, the dukes and lords of the kingdom seated the Great Prince on a throne of gold and diamonds, with a crown on his head, and wearing robes of violet velvet covered all over with stars and moons. The whole court then shouted three times, " Long live the King ! " and nothing was thought of but rejoicing.

The very first thing that the new king and his brother said to each other was, " Now that we have the power we will remove our sister from the prison in which she has passed so many weary years." They had only to cross the garden to reach the tower, which had been built in a corner of it, as high as possible, for her parents had intended the princess to remain in it all her life.

Rosette was making a beautiful robe on a frame before her, but when she saw her brothers she rose, and took the king's hands, saying, " Good-morning, sire, you are now king and I am your little servant. I beseech you to take me out of this tower, where I am very dull," and with that she began to weep.

The king embraced her, and told her not to cry ; that he had come to set her free, and conduct her to a fine house. The prince had his pockets full of sweetmeats, which he gave to his sister, saying, " Come, let us quit this gloomy prison ; you shall not suffer any longer."

When Rosette saw the beautiful garden, all full of flowers, fruits, and fountains, she was so astonished that she could not utter a word, for she had never seen anything of the sort before. She gazed eagerly about her, now walking, now stopping, now gathering fruit from the trees, or flowers

from their beds. Her little dog, named Fretillon, who was as green as a parrot, had but one ear, and danced to perfection, ran barking before her, with a thousand jumps and capers.

Suddenly Fretillon ran into a little wood, and the princess followed quickly. Never was any one so astonished as she at seeing in the wood a great peacock, with his tail spread, and looking so beautiful, that she could not take her eyes off him. In answer to her questions, her brothers, who had now come up, replied that the peacock was a bird which was sometimes cooked in a pie.

"What," she exclaimed, "do they dare to kill and eat such a beautiful bird? I declare to you that I will never marry any one but the king of the peacocks, and when I am queen I will take good care that none shall be eaten."

"But, sister," cried the astonished king, "where would you that we should find the king of the peacocks?"

"Wherever you please, sire," was the answer, "but I certainly will marry no one else."

After she had made this resolve, the brothers conducted her to the palace, whither they were obliged to bring the peacock also, since it was her wish. All the ladies, who had never seen Rosette, hastened to salute her and pay their court to her. Some brought preserves, others sugar, others dresses of gold stuff, beautiful ribbons, dainty shoes, pearls and diamonds. She was entertained everywhere, and was so well-bred and polite, that not a lady or gentleman left her without being charmed.

Meanwhile, the two brothers resolved to find the king of the peacocks, if there was one in the world. They decided that a portrait of the princess should be taken, and had one painted so finely that it did all but speak. Then they said to her, "Since you will not marry any one but the king of the peacocks, we are about to set out together in search of him. If we find him, we shall be very happy. Take charge of the kingdom until we return."

Rosette thanked them prettily for all the trouble they were taking. She said she would govern the kingdom carefully, and that, while they were away, all her pleasure would consist in looking at the peacock, and making the dog dance. They could not keep from tears in bidding each other farewell.

Behold these two princes, then, on their journey, inquiring of every one, "Do you know the king of the peacocks?" Every one answered "No." They travelled on farther, and at last went so far that nobody has ever been such a distance.

They arrived at the Kingdom of Mayflies. Never before were seen so many; they made such a buzzing that the king was afraid he would never hear distinctly again. He asked one, who seemed the most sensible of them, if he knew where the king of the peacocks could be found.

"Sire," replied the mayfly, "his kingdom is very, very far from this place; you have come the longest road to it."

"How do you know that?" the king asked.

"Because," replied the mayfly, "we know you very well, and go every year to pass two or three months in your gardens."

The brothers became great friends with the mayfly, and dined with him.

They saw and admired all the sights of the kingdom, afterwards setting out again to finish their journey, and, as they had learned the way, they were not long about it. They saw all the trees laden with peacocks, and every part of the kingdom so full of them, that you could hear them scream a long distance off.

Both brothers now felt a little anxious. " It is a most unfortunate whim that our sister has got into her head," said the prince. " What could have made her believe there was a king of the peacocks in the world ? "

When they arrived at the principal city, they perceived it was full of men and women ; but that they were dressed in clothes made of peacocks' feathers, and wore a number of them as very fine ornaments. They met the king, who was driving out in a coach of gold and diamonds, drawn by twelve handsome peacocks.

This king of the peacocks was so handsome, that his visitors were charmed with him. He had long, curly, light hair and very fair skin, and he wore a crown of feathers from the tail of a peacock. On seeing the two brothers, he judged that, as their clothes were of a different fashion from those worn by the people of the country, they must be foreigners, so he stopped his coach and ordered them to be brought before him.

The travellers approached, and, making a deep bow, said, " Sire, we have come from a far distance to show you a beautiful portrait," at the same time handing him the portrait of their sister.

When the king of the peacocks had regarded it for some time, " I cannot believe," he said, with a sigh, " that there is such a beautiful maid in the world."

" She is a hundred times more beautiful," declared her elder brother.

" Oh, you are jesting," replied the king of the peacocks.

" Sire," said the prince, " there is my brother, who is a king as well as you. He is styled the king, and I am called the prince. Our sister, of whom this is the portrait, is the Princess Rosette. We came to ask if you will marry her. She is beautiful and very virtuous, and we will give her a bushel of golden crowns."

" Yes, truly," replied the king, " I will marry her with all my heart. She shall lack for nothing at my court ; I will devote myself to her ; but I declare to you that I expect her to be as handsome as her picture, and that if the picture flatter her in the slightest degree I will put you to death."

" We consent," said the brothers.

" You consent," replied the king ; " then to prison with you, and there you shall remain until the princess arrives."

He treated them well, and often went up to see them, keeping the picture in his own castle. They were quite happy, being perfectly certain that their sister was handsomer than her portrait. They wrote immediately to Rosette, asking her to come with all speed, as the king of the peacocks was awaiting her. They did not say that they were prisoners, for fear of alarming her.

When the letter arrived, the princess was overjoyed, and told every one that the king of the peacocks was found and desired to marry her. The people kindled bonfires, fired guns, and made feasts of sweetmeats and sugar throughout the country. The princess then left the charge of the kingdom in the hands of the wisest old men in the city, ordering them to take great

care of everything, to spend very little, and to save up money against their royal master's return. She begged them to preserve her peacock, and would have no one go with her but her nurse, her foster-sister, and her little green dog.

They put to sea in a boat, carrying with them the bushel of gold crowns, and clothes enough to change their dress twice a day for ten years. When they were nearing the end of their journey, the nurse seated herself beside the boatman and whispered, "If thou choosest, thou shalt be rich for ever."



"I will marry her with all my heart."

He answered, "I should like it much."

"Thou must help me to-night," the nurse continued; "when the princess is asleep, let us throw her into the sea. I will then dress my daughter in the fine clothes, and we will conduct her to the king of the peacocks, who will be happy to marry her; and for the reward we will load thee with diamonds."

Ths boatman was very much surprised by this speech. He said it was a pity to drown so beautiful a princess—that she aroused his pity. But the nurse produced a bottle of wine, and made him drink so much, that he could no longer refuse her anything.

As soon as it was dark, the princess lay down as she was wont; the little dog was snugly established at the bottom of the bed, moving neither foot nor paw. Rosette slept soundly, and the wicked nurse, who was wide-awake, fetched the boatman. She led him into the cabin, where without waking the sleeper, they took her up, with the feather-bed, mattress, sheets, and counterpane, and flung the whole into the sea, the princess being now so fast asleep that she never woke.

By good fortune the bed was stuffed with Phœnix feathers, which are very rare, and possess the property of never sinking in the water, so that Rosette floated on her bed just as if she had been in the boat. The water, however, soaked through and disturbed her, and she roused Fretillon.

The dog had an excellent nose, and smelt the soles and the codfish so close, that he began barking loudly, and so woke all the rest of the fish. They swam about, the great fish running their heads against the bed, which, having nothing to steady it, spun round and round like a whirligig.

The princess was very much surprised. "Has our boat taken to dancing on the water?" she said, "I have never been so uncomfortable as to-night," and still the dog kept on barking and making a loud pother.

The wicked nurse and the boatman heard the noise a long distance off, and said, "There is that little rogue of a dog drinking with his mistress to

our good health. Let us make haste to land," for they had now come in sight of the city.

His majesty had sent down to the beach a hundred coaches, drawn by all sorts of rare animals. There were lions, bears, stags, wolves, horses, oxen, asses, eagles, peacocks; and the coach intended to convey Rosette was drawn by six blue monkeys, who could jump and dance the tight-rope, and play all manner of amusing tricks. They had beautiful harness of crimson velvet plated with gold. There were also sixty young ladies, whom the king had chosen to entertain the princess. They were dressed in all sorts of colours: gold and silver were the meanest ornaments about them.

Ths nurse had taken great pains to deck out her daughter. She had covered her with diamonds from head to foot, and dressed her in the richest robes; but the girl, despite her finery, looked very ugly. When the servants saw her step from the boat, they were so surprised that they could not speak.

"What does this mean?" she said, "are you asleep? Come, bring me something to eat; you are a nice set of rascals; I will have you all hanged." All this while she played the mistress, giving slaps on the face and blows with her fist, for next to nothing, to everybody near her.

"What a vile creature!" said the servants, "she is as wicked as she is ugly! Here's a fine wife for our king! It surely was not worth while to send for her from the other end of the world!"

As her train was very numerous, the false princess proceeded slowly. She sat in her coach like a queen: but all the peacocks that had perched in the trees to salute her, and had resolved to cry, "Long live the beautiful Queen Rosette!" when they perceived her to be such a horrible fright, cried, "Fie! fie! how ugly she is!"

Very angry and mortified, she turned to her guards, saying, "Kill those rogues of peacocks who are insulting me!" but the birds flew off quickly and continued to make fun of her.

The boatman, who saw this, whispered to the nurse, "Gossip, all is not well with us. Your daughter should have been handsomer."

"Hold your tongue, stupid," she replied, "thou wilt bring some misfortune upon us."

When the king heard that the princess was coming, he said, "Well, have her brothers spoken the truth? Is she really more beautiful than her picture?"

"Sire," replied his courtiers, "it is quite enough for her to be as beautiful."

"Surely," the king agreed, "I shall be perfectly satisfied with that. Let us go to meet her," for he knew by the noise in the court that she had arrived, and he could not distinguish anything except, "Fie! fie! how ugly she is!" He thought the words were meant for some dwarf or animal she had brought, for it never could have entered his head that they were spoken about herself.

The wonderful portrait was carried at the end of a long staff, uncovered, and the king walked slowly after it, with all his barons and all his peacocks, followed by the great men from other kingdoms. He was impatient to see his bride. Mercy! when he did see her he was ready to die on the spot.

He flew into the greatest passion in the world. He rent his clothes, he would not go near her; she frightened him.

"How!" he cried, "the two scoundrels I hold in prison are bold, indeed, to have made sport of me, and to have proposed that I should marry such a woman. They shall die. Go! Lock up instantly that girl, her nurse, and the fellow who brought them hither. Fling them into the lowest cell of my great tower."

Meanwhile, the two brothers, who knew the day on which their sister ought to arrive, put on their best clothes to receive her. However, instead of opening their prison and setting them at liberty the jailer came with several soldiers and forced them to descend into a cell, perfectly dark and filled with horrid reptiles, where they stood up to their necks in water.

"Alas," they cried to each other, "this is a sad wedding for us. What can have brought so great a misfortune?"

They knew not what to think, except that they were doomed to die; and they were completely overcome with sorrow. Three days passed without their hearing a word, and then their captor came to mock at them.

"You have taken the titles of king and prince," said he, "in order to cheat me and engage me to marry your sister, but you are nothing better than vagabonds. I will find judges who will quickly sentence you to death. The rope is already twisting which shall hang you both."

"King of the peacocks," replied the elder brother, in great wrath, "be less hasty in this matter, for you may have cause to repent. I am a king as surely as you are. I have a kingdom, robes, crowns, and jewels. It is a fine joke truly for you to talk of hanging us. Have we stolen anything from you, pray?"

The king, hearing this bold speech, knew not what to think, and he was tempted at times to let them go with their sister; but his chief adviser talked to him, saying that, unless he punished them sharply, every one would laugh at him, and think him a mean, petty sovereign, not worth a groat. He declared that he would not forgive them, and ordered their trial to take place. This did not last long, as it was enough only to show the portrait of the real princess by the side of the person who had come to the city under that title.

The brothers were sentenced to die as false traitors, who had promised to give the king a beautiful princess in marriage, and had offered him only an ordinary and ill-looking girl. The court went in full state to the prison to read the sentence to the prisoners, who declared they had not been guilty of falsehood, and that their sister was fairer than the day. They insisted there was something going on which they could not understand, and demanded seven days' delay before they were put to death, as in that time their innocence would probably be proved. The king, who was very angry, granted them this favour very unwillingly.

While all this is passing at Court, we must say a word about the real princess. When day broke, she was greatly astonished to find herself in the middle of the sea, without boat or assistance. She began to cry so bitterly, that all the fishes pitied her. She knew not what to do, or what would become of her.

"Surely," she said, "I have been thrown into the sea by order of the



She began to cry so bitterly that all the fishes cried out.

king of the peacocks. He has repented his promise to marry me, and, to get rid of me, has ordered me to be drowned. What a strange man," she continued; "I should have been so proud of him, and we should have lived happily together," whereupon she wept still more bitterly.

She remained there for two days, floating on her little bed on the ocean, turning first on one side and then on the other, soaked to her bones, with a cold enough to kill her, and all but frozen. Had it not been for the dog, who imparted a little warmth to her heart, she would have died a hundred times over. She was also very hungry. She saw the oysters in their shells, and, taking as many as she chose, ate them. The dog had little liking for them, but he was obliged to eat something. When it grew dark, she became very frightened, and said to her dog, "Fretillon, keep on barking, for fear the soles should eat us."

The bed was now not far off the shore, where a good old man lived all alone, in a hut which no one ever came near. Early in the morning, he was surprised to hear a dog bark, for dogs rarely passed that way. He thought some travellers had lost their road, and came out to direct them. Suddenly he saw the bed floating on the water, and the princess, seeing him, stretched out her arms, crying, "Good old man, save me, for I am perishing here."

Hearing her speak so sorrowfully, he was filled with pity, and, returning to his dwelling, fetched a long boat-hook. He waded into the water up to his neck, and thought twice or thrice that he would be drowned. At length, however, he managed to pull the bed to the shore, and Rosette felt vastly glad to be upon dry land. She thanked the good man warmly, and, wrapping herself up in her counterpane, walked barefooted into the hut, where the old man made a small fire with dry leaves, and drew out of a box his dead wife's best gown, with stockings and shoes, which the princess put on. Though dressed as a peasant, she looked lovely as the day, and Fretillon danced around to amuse her.

The old man saw plainly that Rosette was a lady of rank, for the coverlet of her bed was of gold and silver, and the mattress of satin. He begged her to tell him her history, assuring her that he would keep it a secret if she wished. She recounted the whole of it, weeping very much, for she still believed that the king of the peacocks had ordered her to be drowned.

"What shall we do, my daughter?" asked the old man; "you are a great princess, used to all kinds of dainties, and I have nothing to offer but black bread and radishes. You will fare badly with me, and, if you take my advice, you will permit me to inform the king that you are here. I am sure that had he seen you he would have married you."

"Ah," exclaimed Rosette, "he is a wicked creature and will put me to death, but, if you have a little basket, let me tie it round my dog's neck, and it will be very unlucky if he does not bring back something to eat."

The old man handed the princess a basket, and she tied it round the dog's neck, saying, "Go to the best saucepan in the city and bring me what may be in it."



He was much surprised to see a little green dog.

Fretillon ran to the city, and there being no better saucepans than the king's, he entered the royal kitchen, took the lid off the largest, pulled out the contents, and returned with all speed to the hut.

"Now, go back to the buttery," said Rosette, "and bring me the best of everything."

Fretillon at once returned to the buttery and filled his basket with white bread, muscatel wine, and all sorts of fruits and preserves. He was so heavily laden that he could hardly make his way back.

When the king called for his dinner, there was nothing in the saucepan or in the buttery. The servants all stared at each other, and their royal master was in a fearful rage. "Very well," said he, "there is no dinner for me, but be careful that the spit is put down early this evening and that I have something extra nice roasted."

When evening arrived, the princess said to the dog, "Go to the city, enter the best kitchen, and bring back some nice roast meat."

Fretillon did as his mistress ordered, and, knowing no better kitchen than the king's, stole into it softly while the cooks' backs were turned, and took all the roast meat off the spit, so nicely done that the mere sight of it gave one an appetite. He brought his basket home quite full, and the princess at once sent him back to the buttery, where he filled his basket with all the royal preserves and sweetmeats.

The king, who had not dined, being very hungry, desired to sup early; there was, however, nothing to set before him. He put himself into an awful passion and went to bed supperless. Next day, at dinner and supper time, it was just the same, for, when his majesty was ready to sit down to table, it was discovered that everything had been carried off.

Now the king's chief adviser, being greatly disturbed, hid himself in a corner of the kitchen, and kept his eyes constantly on the pot that was boiling. Presently he was much surprised to see a little green dog, with one ear, enter softly, take off the cover, and put all the meat into his basket. He watched the animal go out of the city, and followed it to the hut on the shore. Then he returned to inform the king that all his boiled and roast meat was carried day and night to the hovel of a poor peasant.

The king, very much astonished, ordered the man to be brought before him, and his adviser resolved to go himself with the archers of the guard. They found the old man dining with his companion upon the king's boiled meat. The archers seized and bound them with strong cords, and secured the dog also.

As soon as they arrived at the palace, the king was informed. " Ah," he exclaimed, " to-morrow will be the seventh and last day granted to those impudent impostors. They shall die with these thieves who have stolen my dinner," and so saying he entered the hall.

The peasant fell on his knees and offered to confess everything. While he related his story, the king gazed on the beautiful girl and pitied her, but, when the speaker declared that she was the Princess Rosette, who had been thrown into the sea, the king, notwithstanding he was so weak and faint for want of food, jumped three times for joy, and hastily untied the cords with which she was bound.

At the same time the princes were sent for, and they, thinking it was for their execution, came sadly, hanging down their heads ; the nurse and her daughter were also brought out. With a cry of joy Rosette ran to embrace her brothers. The nurse, her daughter, and the boatman, flung themselves on their knees and prayed for mercy, and the general joy was so great that the king and the brothers forgave them. The good old man was richly rewarded, and lived all the rest of his days in the palace.

The king of the peacocks, in short, made every sort of amends to Rosette's brothers, proving his regret at having ill-treated them. The nurse gave back the rich robes and the bushel of gold crowns, and the wedding feast lasted fifteen days. Everybody was satisfied, down to Fretillon, who from that day never ate anything but the wings of partridges.

The Grasshopper and the Cricket

by JOHN KEATS

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
On a lone winter evening when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

AN ADVENTURE OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

by RUDOLPH ERICH RASPE



SOME years ago, when I was neither man nor boy, but between both, I expressed in repeated conversations a strong desire of seeing the world, from which I was discouraged by my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveller himself, as will appear before I have reached the end of my singular, and, I may add, interesting adventures. A cousin, by my mother's side, took a liking to me, often said I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine, for my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had resided as governor many years.

We sailed from Amsterdam with despatches from their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water. Some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high, that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth. However, as soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest.

This tree happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife upon its branches, gathering cucumbers. The weight of this couple, as the tree descended, over-balanced the trunk and brought it down in an horizontal position. It fell upon the chief man of the island, a man who oppressed and robbed the poor, and killed him on the spot.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber-gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventures may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion

he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcase.

What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me. However, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach. The report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed. I attempted to escape, but that only added to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me.

On my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind-legs, just in the act of seizing me. I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me.

I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment. After waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears. After listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprung at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! The head of the one was stuck in the throat of the other! and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my hunting knife, which was by my side. With this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt-end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries my companion arrived in search of me.

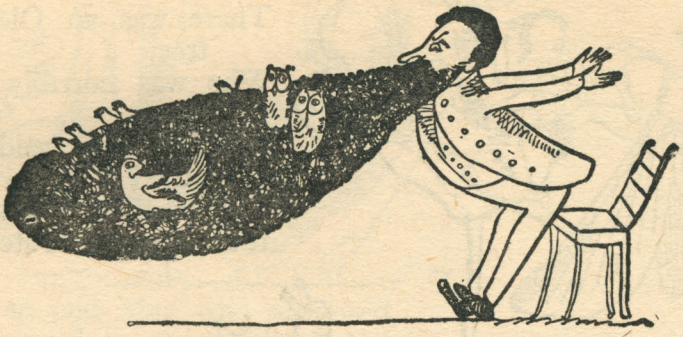
After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

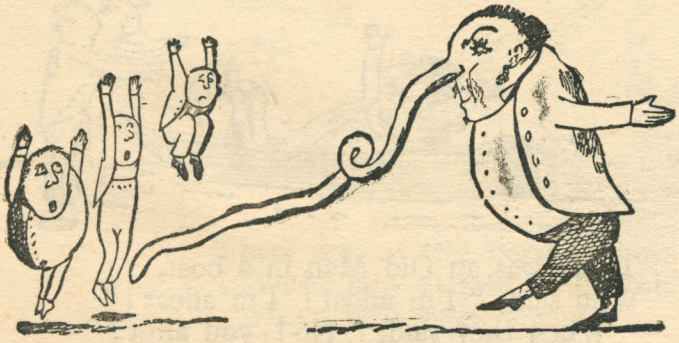
The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper.

NONSENSE RHYMES

by EDWARD LEAR



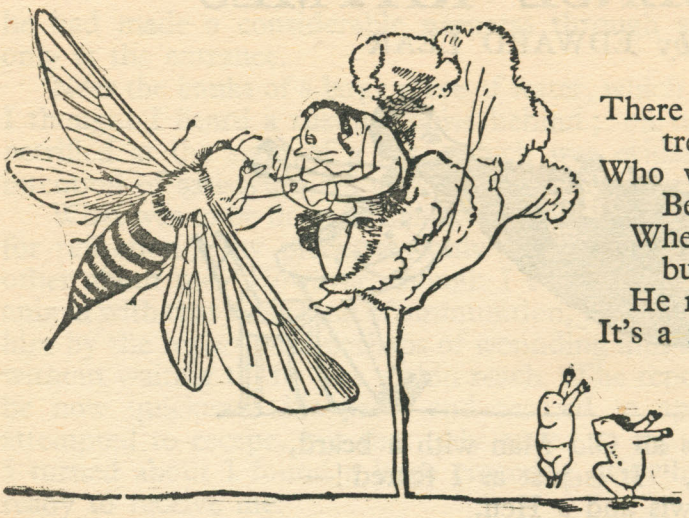
There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, " It is just as I feared !—
  Two Owls and a Hen,
  Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard ! "



There was an Old Man with a nose,
Who said, " If you choose to suppose,
  That my nose is too long,
  You are certainly wrong ! "
That remarkable Man with a nose.

There was a Young Lady whose bonnet
Came untied when the birds sat
    upon it;
  But she said, " I don't care !
  All the birds in the air
Are welcome to sit on my
    bonnet ! "





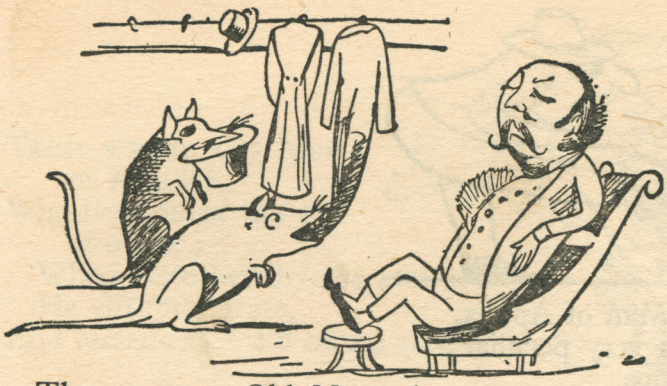
There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a Bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?"
He replied, "Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a Bee!"



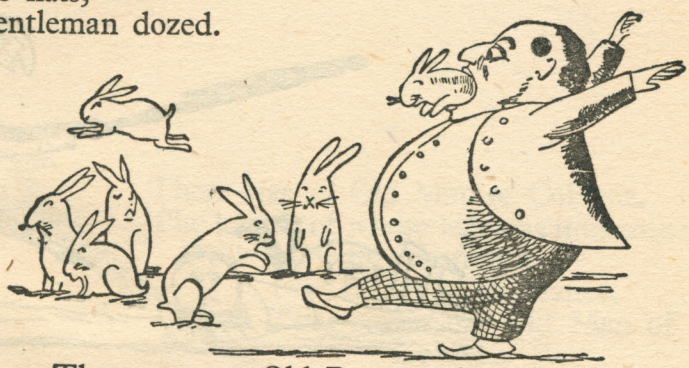
There was an Old Man in a boat,
Who said, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"
When they said, "No! you ain't!"
He was ready to faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a boat.

There was a Young Lady whose chin
Resembled the point of a pin:
So she had it made sharp,
And purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her chin.

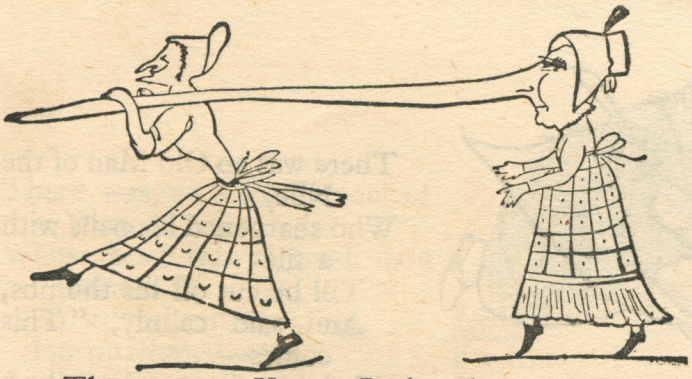




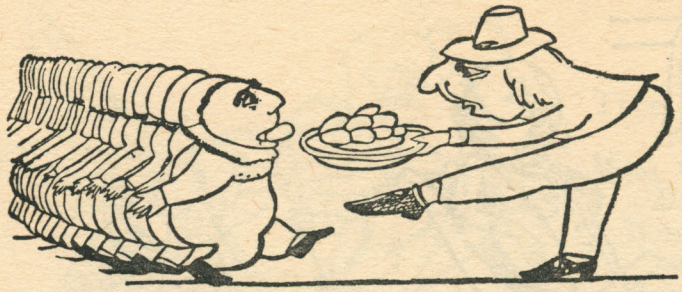
There was an Old Man who supposed,
That the street door was partially closed;
But some very large rats
Ate his coats and his hats,
While that futile old gentleman dozed.



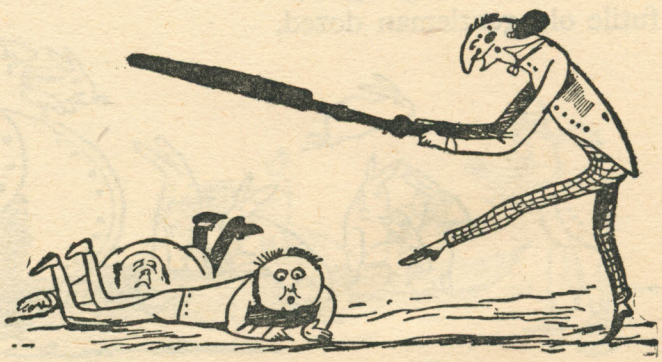
There was an Old Person whose habits
Induced him to feed upon Rabbits;
When he'd eaten eighteen,
He turned perfectly green,
Upon which he relinquished those habits.



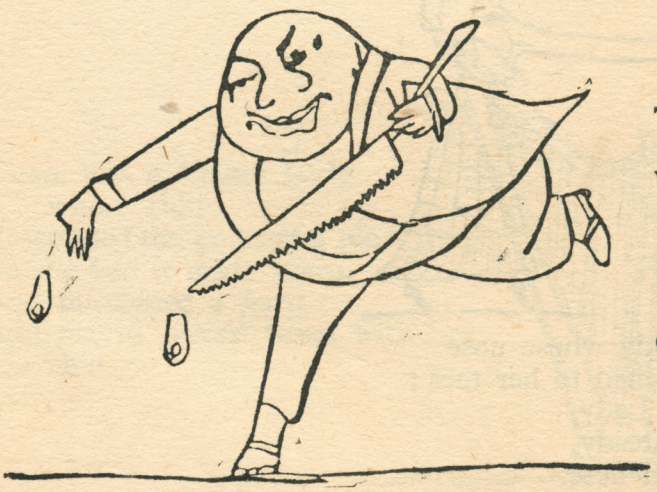
There was a Young Lady whose nose
Was so long that it reached to her toes:
So she hired an Old Lady,
Whose conduct was steady,
To carry that wonderful nose.



There was an Old Man of Apulia,
Whose conduct was very peculiar;
He fed twenty sons
Upon nothing but buns,
That whimsical Man of Apulia.



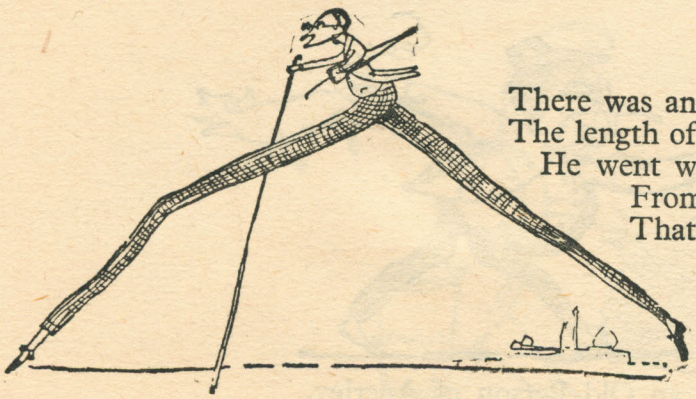
There was an Old Man with a poker,
Who painted his face with red oker;
When they said, "You're a Guy!"
He made no reply,
But knocked them all down with his poker.



There was an Old Man of the Nile,
Who sharpened his nails with a file;
Till he cut off his thumbs,
And said calmly, "This comes—
Of sharpening one's nails with a file!"



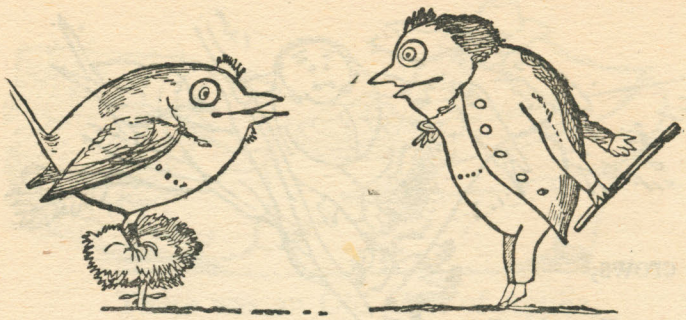
There was an Old Man
of Dundee,
Who frequented the top
of a tree;
When disturbed by the crows,
He abruptly arose,
And exclaimed, "I'll return to Dundee."



There was an Old Man of Coblenz,
The length of whose legs was immense;
He went with one prance
From Turkey to France,
That surprising Old Man of
Coblenz.



There was an Old Person of
Dutton
Whose head was as small as a
button;
So to make it look big,
He purchased a wig,
And rapidly rushed about
Dutton.



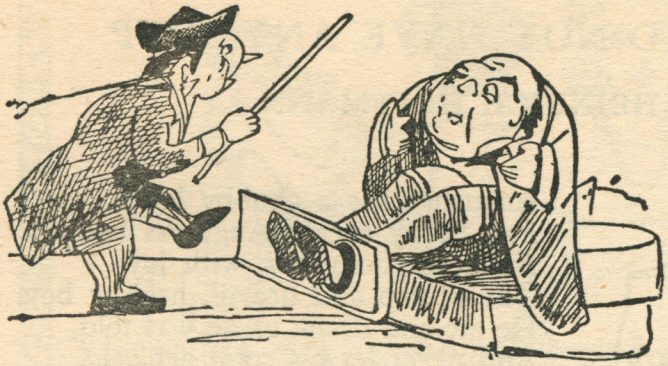
There was an Old Man who said, " Hush !
I perceive a young bird in this bush ! "
When they said, " Is it small ? "
He replied, " Not at all !
It is four times as big as the bush ! "



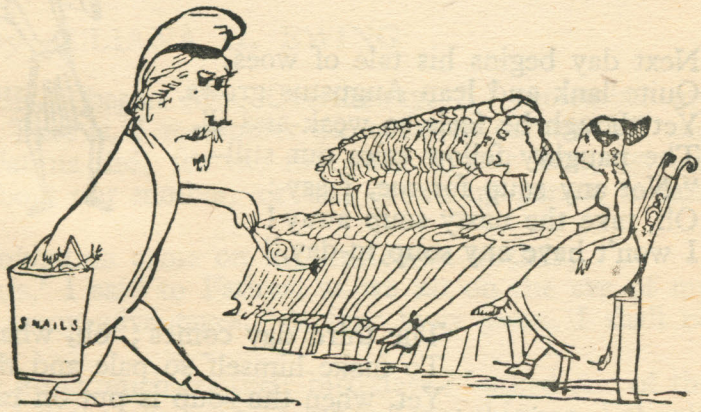
There was an Old Person of Anerley,
Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly :
He rushed down the Strand,
With a Pig in each hand,
But returned in the evening to Anerley.

There was a Young Lady of Troy,
Whom several large flies did annoy ;
Some she killed with a thump,
Some she drowned at the pump,
And some she took with her to Troy.





There was an Old Person of Cheadle,
Was put in the stocks by the beadle
For stealing some pigs,
Some coats, and some wigs,
That horrible Person of Cheadle.



There was an Old Person of Sparta,
Who had twenty-five sons and one daughter;
He fed them on snails,
And weighed them in scales,
That wonderful Person of Sparta.



There was a Young Lady of Clare,
Who was sadly pursued by a bear;
When she found she was tired,
She abruptly expired,
That unfortunate Lady of Clare.

THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS
WHO WOULD NOT HAVE ANY SOUP

by DR. HEINRICH HOFFMANN



Augustus was a chubby lad;
Fat, ruddy cheeks Augustus had;
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty, healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.

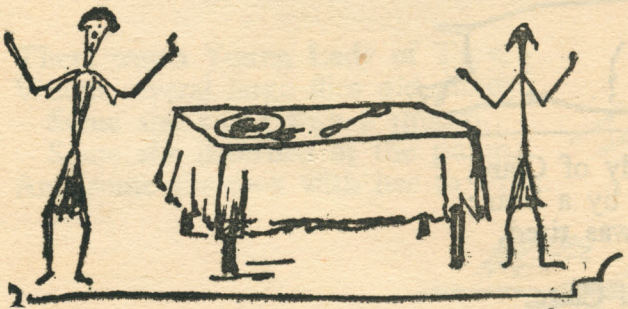
But one day, one cold winter's day,
He screamed out—" Take the soup away:
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

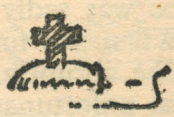


Next day begins his tale of woes,
Quite lank and lean Augustus grows.
Yet though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still—
" Not any soup for me, I say:
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

The third day comes; oh, what a sin!
To make himself so pale and thin.
Yet, when the soup is put on table,
He screams, as loud as he is able,—
" Not any soup for me, I say:
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

Look at him, now the fourth day's come!
He scarcely weighs a sugar-plum;
He's like a little bit of thread,
And on the fifth day, he was—dead!







THE SNORING GHOST

from " Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances "

by JULIANA H. EWING

" I REMEMBER," began Mrs. Overtheway, " I remember my first visit. That is, I remember the occasion on which I and my sister Fatima did, for the first time in our lives, go out visiting without our mother, or any grown-up person to take care of us.

" The invitation came on my thirteenth birthday.

" ' In four more years,' I said to Fatima, as we sat on the eve of my birthday, discussing its many advantages, ' in four more years, I shall be grown-up.'

" ' Do people always grow much on their birthdays ? ' asked one of the little ones. I had boasted in the nursery that, when I was thirteen, I should be ' nearly grown up,' and I myself had hardly outlived the idea that on one's birthday one was a year older than on the previous day, and might naturally expect to have made a year's growth during the night.

" This birthday, however, produced no such striking change. As usual, the presents were charming; the wreath as lovely as Fatima's deft fingers could make it, the general holiday and pleasure-making almost too much of a good thing. Otherwise there was little to mark it from other days in the year.

" Towards evening we were all sitting on the grass, and there had been an outcry for a story to which no one had responded. We had remained some time without speaking, and the idea was becoming general that the boys were napping, when the summer silence was broken by the distant footfalls of a horse upon the high road.

" ' Trotting,' observed one of the supposed sleepers. We were not, as a family, given to explanations, and we drew a few more breaths of the evening air in silence.

" Then some one said, ' We might make a story out of *that*, and fancy

all sorts of things. Who is it? Where does he come from? and where is he going?'

"'It is a messenger from the seat of war,' drawled one boy, without moving, 'To horse, gentlemen, to horse! The enemy will be at Barter's Mill by midnight.'

"There was a pause; the solitary footfalls came nearer through the evening mists, and a small brother, of a quaint turn of mind, sat up and said slowly, 'It is one of Job's messengers. The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away. Yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alive to tell thee.'

"The other boys laughed, but he lay down again, as solemnly as he had risen.

"'That was a foot messenger,' said one.

"'It doesn't say so,' retorted the small brother.

"'Well, anyway, the camels had been carried off—so what did he ride upon?'

"'Listen,' I said; 'it's the post. The mail from the north was stopped on the highway, but he has saved the bags and is riding hard for London.'

"But the new suggestion was drowned in a general shout of, 'It's coming up the lane.'

"The footfalls had diverged from the main road, and were coming up the sandy lane that skirted our wall. The boys lifted their heads, and we sat expectant. There was a pause, and a familiar gate click, and then the footfalls broke upon the carriage-road, close by us. A man in livery upon a well-groomed horse—nothing more, but rather an uncommon sight with us. Moreover, the man and his livery looked strange, and the horse looked tired.

"This event broke up the sitting, and we were strolling up to the house, when a maid met us, saying that my mother wished to see me and Fatima.

"We found my mother sewing, with an open letter beside her. It was written on one of the large sheets then in use, and it was covered and crossed at every corner in a vague, scratchy hand.

"'I have heard from an old friend of mine, Mary,' said my mother. 'She has come to live about twelve miles from here. There is something in the letter about you and Fatima, and you may read that part aloud if you can. The top of the last page.'

"I found the place with some difficulty and began. 'The dear Major was——'

"'No, no,' said my mother, 'the next sentence.'

"'Dear Cecilia was all sweetness. The dress was——'

"My mother took the letter and found the right place herself, and then I read: 'If you cannot come yourself, at least let us renew acquaintance in our children. I think you have two girls about thirteen. My Lucy, a dear child just fifteen, feels keenly the loss of her only sister, and some young companions would be a boon, as all our company will be elders. Pray send them. They can come by the coach, and shall be met at Durnfurd, at the Elephant and Castle.'

"'Is the other sister dead?' asked Fatima, pityingly.

" ' Oh, no, only married,' said my mother.

" It was decided that we should go. This decision was not arrived at at once, or without some ups and downs. My mother could not go herself, and had some doubts as to our being old enough, as yet, to go out visiting alone. It may be believed that I made much of being able to say, ' But, you know, I am thirteen, now.'

" Next day, in the evening, my father was busy in his study, and my mother sat at the open window, with Fatima and me at her feet. The letter of acceptance had been duly sent by the messenger, but she had yet a good deal of advice to give, and some doubts to express.

" ' We can't take all our good habits with us if you don't come,' I said, ' what is to become of the Sunday readings ? '

" My mother used to read to us every Sunday evening, and we were just in the middle of that wonderful book—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

" ' If it were not for the others, and if you would trust us with it,' said Fatima thoughtfully, ' we might take the book with us, and Mary might read to me if she would—I like her reading.'

" My mother consented. There was another copy in the house, and though this volume was a favourite, she said it was time we learned to take care of valuable books. We talked no more that evening ; and the clouds drifted out of sight.

" ' They have gone to bed in a big dark cloud on the other side,' said Fatima, yawning ; and we went to bed also.

" I will not describe the big box which my father lent us, nor the joys of packing. How Fatima's work-box dovetailed with my desk. How the books did not make comfortable paving for the bottom of the trunk ; whilst folded stockings may be called the packer's delight, from their usefulness to fill up corners. How, having packed the whole week long, we were barely ready, and a good deal flurried at the last moment ; and how we took all our property with us, and left the key of the trunk behind.

" Fancy for yourself how the green coach picked us up at the toll bar, and how, as it jingled on, we felt the first qualm of home sickness, and, stretching our heads and hands out of the window, waved good-bye and kisses to home, regardless of our fellow-traveller in the corner, an old gentleman, with a yellow silk handkerchief on his head, who proved in the end a very pleasant companion.

" I remember that we told him all our family history, and that he gave us the most clear, the most sweet, the most amber-coloured sticks of barley-sugar I have ever had the good fortune to meet with.

" Shall I tell you how we were met at the Elephant and Castle, by a footman of most gentlemanly appearance (his livery excepted), who, with a wisdom which somewhat startled us, discovered that we were ' the young ladies that were expected,' and led us to the carriage, firmly opposing my efforts to fulfil the last home orders I had received, to ' look after the box ! '

" In the carriage we found a lady dressed in handsome black, who came out to meet us, and seemed so anxious for our comfort, and so much interested in our arrival that we naturally supposed her to be the lady who had invited us, till we discovered that she was the lady's maid. On arriving we

found our hostess quite another sort of person, with no appearance at all of being interested in our arrival.

" It was a large house, reminding me of the Manor, within, but prettier outside; old and irregular, built with odd wings and corners. A glowing well-kept garden contrasted prettily with the gray stones, and the grounds seemed magnificent in our eyes.

" We were shown into the drawing-room, where the real lady of the house sat at a dainty writing-table, scratching away at a letter that was no doubt as affectionate as the one which my mother had received. She was short-sighted, which seemed to be the case also with most of the other ladies in the room. This perhaps was why they stared so hard at us, and then went on with the pieces of needlework on which all of them were engaged.

" It seemed to take our hostess a second or two to see us, and another second or two to recall who we were. Then she came forward very kindly, showed us where to sit, and asked after my mother. Whilst I was replying, she crossed to the fireplace and rang the bell; and I felt slightly surprised by her seeming wish for no further news of her old friend.

" She asked if we had had a pleasant journey, and Fatima had hardly pronounced a modest ' Yes,' before she begged we would allow her to finish her letter, and went back to the spindle-legged table. Whilst she scratched, we looked around us. Three or four ladies were in the room, more or less young, more or less pretty, more or less nicely dressed, and all with pieces of needlework.

" There was one gentleman, young and dark, with large brown eyes, who seemed to be employed in making paper pellets of an old letter, chatting the while in a low voice to a young lady with a good deal of red hair. We afterwards found out that he was an Irishman, familiarly called ' Pat ' by some of the young ladies, who seemed to be related to him. We had seen all this when the manservant appeared at the door.

" ' Where is Miss Lucy, Thompson? ' our hostess asked sharply.

" ' I will inquire, ma'am,' Thompson replied with the utmost softness, and vanished.

" The scratching began again, the Irishman went on gently chatting, and it all felt very like a horrid dream. Then Thompson reappeared.

" ' Miss Lucy is out, ma'am.'

" ' Did she know what time these young ladies were to arrive? '

" ' Miss Lucy knew that the carriage had gone to meet them, ma'am.'

" ' Very thoughtless! Very thoughtless, indeed! ' said the lady. Thompson paused respectfully, as if to receive the full weight of the remark, and then vanished noiselessly as before.

" There was an awkward pause. Our hostess left off scratching and looked very cross; the Irishman fired one of his pellets across the room and left off chatting; the red-haired young lady got up and rustled across to us. I remember her so well, Ida, for we fell deeply in love with her and her kindness. I remember her green and white dress. She had a fair, round face, more pleasant than really pretty, a white star-like forehead, almost too firm a mouth, but a very gentle voice, at least so we thought when she said, ' As Lucy is out, may I take these young ladies to their room? '

" Our hostess hesitated, and murmured something about Bedford, who

was the lady's maid. The red-haired young lady said rather strongly: 'As Lucy is not in to receive her friends, I thought, perhaps, I might supply her place.'

"'Well, my dear, if you will be so kind,' said our hostess, 'I must finish these letters.'

"'The yellow room?' said the young lady, and swept us off without further parley. The Irish gentleman opened the door for us, staring with a half-puzzled, half-amused look at the lofty air with which the young lady passed out. He followed us into the hall, where we left him discharging his remaining pellets at the furniture, and whistling, "Kathleen Mavourneen," as clearly as a bird.



"It's years and years ago," Lucy began.

"The yellow room was a large, airy one, with white-painted wainscoting, a huge four-post bed with yellow curtains, and a pretty view from the windows. In the middle of the floor we saw our box standing in all its dignity, uncorded and ready. Then it was that the terrible fact broke upon our minds, that the key was left behind. My sufferings during the few seconds before I found courage to confide this misfortune to our new friend were considerable. When I did tell her, the calmness and good nature with which she received the confession were both surprising and delightful.

"'The lock doesn't look a very uncommon one,' she said, as she opened the door, 'I dare say I may find a key to fit it.'

"'What's the matter?' said a voice outside. It was the Irish gentleman. She explained.

"'Keys?' said the Irish gentleman; 'got lots in my pocket, besides their not being wanted, as I'm a capital hand at lockpicking. Let me see.'

" With which he slipped in, seeming quite as much at his ease as in the drawing-room, and in another second had squatted upon the floor before our box, where he seemed to be quite as comfortable as in the arm-chair he had left. Here he poked, and fitted, and whistled, and chatted without a pause.

" ' I've locks and keys to everything I possess,' he cheerfully remarked, ' and as I never lock up anything, there's no damage done if the keys are left behind, which is a good thing, you see, as I always leave everything everywhere.'

" He had opened the box, and was leaning against the bedpost with a twinkle in his brown eyes, which faded, however, under the silent severity of the red-haired young lady, and gave place to a look of melancholy that might have melted granite.

" ' I'm all alone, you see,' he added, ' that's what does it. I believe I'm the neatest creature breathing, if I'd only somebody to keep me up to it.'

" Neither his untidiness nor his lonely lot, however, seemed to weigh heavily on his mind ; for he withdrew whistling, and his notes were heard about the passages for some little time. When they had died away in a distant part of the house, the red-haired young lady left us also.

" Bedford came in while we were in the midst of our unpacking, and warmly begged us to leave everything to her, as she would put our things away for us. The red-haired young lady had sent her, and she became a great comfort to us during our visit. From her we got odd meals when we were hungry, spirits of wine when Fatima's tooth ached, warnings when we were near to being late for breakfast, and stories of this household and others in which she had lived. I remember her with gratitude.

" Miss Lucy came home before our putting away was finished, and we had tea with her in the schoolroom. She was a slight, sharp, lively young lady, looking older than fifteen to us, rather pretty, and very self-possessed. She scanned us from head to foot when we first met, and I felt as if her eyes had found many defects, which seemed the less likely, as she was short-sighted also.

" As her governess was away visiting a sick relative, Miss Lucy did the honours of the schoolroom. She was cold at first, but ended by being gracious. In her gracious mood she was even affectionate. She called us, ' my dear girls,' put her arms round us as we sat in the dark, and chatted without a pause about herself, her governess, her sister, and her sister's husband.

" ' A wedding in the house is very good fun,' she observed, ' particularly if you take a principal part in it. I was chief bridesmaid, you know, my dear girls. But I'll tell you the whole affair from the first. I had never been bridesmaid before, and I couldn't make up my mind how I should like the dresses.' And we had got no further in the story than Miss Lucy's own costume, when we were called to dress and go downstairs.

" ' What are you going to put on ? ' she asked, balancing herself at our door and peering in.

" ' White muslin ! ' we said with some pride, for they were new frocks and splendid in our eyes.

" ' I have had so many muslins I am tired of them,' she said ; ' I shall wear a pink silk to-night. The trimming came from London. Perhaps I may wear a muslin to-morrow ; I have an Indian one. But you shall see my dresses to-morrow, my dear girls.'

" With which she left us, and we put on our new frocks (which were to be *the* evening dresses of our visit), in depressed spirits.

" Affectionate as Miss Lucy had been when we were alone together, she was no sooner among the grown-ups downstairs, than she kept with them as much as she was permitted, and seemed to forget us altogether. The red-haired young lady had made her fetch us a large scrap-book, and we sat with this before our eyes, and the soft chit-chat of our hostess in our ears, as she talked and worked with some elder ladies on the sofa.

" The next day's post brought news from Bath of more general interest to the household. Cecilia and the Major were coming to her mother's on the following Monday.

" ' My dear girls, I *am* glad,' said Miss Lucy ; ' you'll see them. But you will have to be moved out of your room, I'm sorry to say.'

" Sunday was a day of mixed experiences to us ; some pleasant and some the reverse. After breakfast we dawdled about till it was time to dress for church, and, as most of the ladies took five minutes more than they had allowed for, it seemed likely that we should be late. At the last moment Miss Lucy lost her prayer-book, and it was not until another five minutes had gone in the search that she remembered having left it in the church the Sunday before.

" This being settled, we all stowed away in the carriage and drove off. It was only a short drive ; but when we came in sight of the quaint church there was no sound of bells, and it became evident that we were late. In the porch we shook out our dresses, the Irishman divided the prayer-books he had been gallantly bearing, and we swept up the church into a huge square pew.

" We returned as we came.

" The evening slipped by, and our Sunday reading had not been accomplished. We had found good habits less easy to maintain in a strange household than we had thought, and this one seemed likely to follow some others that had been allowed to slip.

" The red-haired young lady had been absent for about half an hour, and the Irishman had been prowling restlessly round the room, when she returned with a book in her hand, which she settled herself resolutely to read. The Irishman gave a comical glance at the volume, and then, seating himself on a chair just behind her, found apparent peace in the effort to sharpen a flat ruler on his knee.

" I began to feel uncomfortable. Fatima was crouched down near Lucy. listening to the history of a piece of lace. I waited some time to catch her eye, and then beckoned her to me.

" ' We haven't read,' I whispered.

" ' Dare you go ? ' asked Fatima.

" ' We ought,' I said.

" It required more daring than may appear. To such little people as ourselves it was rather an undertaking to cross the drawing-room, stealing

over the soft carpet; to attack the large smooth handle, open the heavy door, and leave the room in the face of the company.

"We did it, however, our confusion being much increased by the Irish gentleman, who jumped up to open the door for us. We were utterly unable to thank him, and, stumbling over each other in the passage, flew up to our own room like caged birds set free.

"Fatima drew out the pillows, and made herself easy on the floor. I found the book and climbed into the window-seat.

"I lifted up my voice and read till I could see no longer; then we went downstairs slowly, hand in hand.

"'I wonder what mother is doing,' said Fatima.

"The next day, Lucy very good-naturedly helped us to move our belongings into the smaller room we were now to occupy. It was in another part of the house, and we rather enjoyed the running to and fro.

"'This is the oldest part of the house,' Lucy said, as we sat on the bed resting from our labours, for the day was sultry, 'and it breaks off here in an odd way. There are no rooms beyond this. There were some that matched the other side of the house, but they were pulled down.'

"'Why?' we asked.

"'Well, there's a story about it in the family,' she said. 'But it's a ghost story. I'll tell you, if you like. Some people are afraid of ghost stories. I'm not, but if you are, I won't tell it.'

"Of course, we declared we were not afraid. Sitting down together, on a sunny summer's afternoon, perhaps we were not.

"'It's years and years ago,' Lucy began; 'you know the place has been in our family for generations. At last it came down to an old Mr. Bartlett, who had one daughter, who, of course, was to be the heiress. But she fell in love with a man whose name I forget, but her father would not hear of it, and declared that if she married him he would disinherit her. She would have married the man in spite of this, but what he wanted was her money; so, when he found that the old man was quite resolute, and that there was little chance of his dying soon, he murdered him.'

"We both cried out, for this fairly took our breath away. Lucy's nerves were stronger, however, and she rattled on.

"'He smothered him in bed, and, as he was a very old man, and might have died in the night some other way, and as nothing could be proved, the man got off. Well, he married the daughter and got the property, but the very first evening as he was passing the old man's room, he heard some one breathing heavily inside, and, when he looked in, there was the old father asleep in his bed.'

"'Not really?' we cried.

"'Of course not really, but so it was said. That's the ghost part of it. Do what he would, he never could get rid of the old man, who was always there asleep, so he pulled the rooms down. At last he went abroad, and there both he and his wife died, and the property went to a cousin, who took the name of Bartlett.'

"'How awful!' we murmured; but Lucy laughed and told us other family anecdotes. The ghost story somewhat passed from our minds,

especially as a little later we heard wheels, and, peeping down from the landing-windows, beheld a post-chaise drive up.

" ' It's Cecilia ! ' screamed Lucy, and left us at once.

" I may as well say here, my dear Ida, that Cecilia and her husband proved altogether different from our expectations. Cecilia was really pretty, soft, and gentle, while the Major was kind and sensible. They seemed a happy couple, more like the rest of the world than we had been led to suppose.

" The newcomers took up most of our attention during the evening, and it was not until we were fairly entering the older part of the house on our way to bed, that the story of the old man's ghost came back to my mind. It was a relief to meet Bedford at this point, to hear her cheerful good-night, and to see her turn into a room only two doors from us.

" Once, while we were undressing, I said, ' What a horrid story that was Lucy told us.'

" To which sensible Fatima made answer, ' Don't talk about it.'

" We dismissed the subject by consent, got into bed, and I fell asleep. I do not quite know how far on it was into the night, when I was roused by Fatima's voice repeating my name over and over again in tones of subdued terror. I know nothing more alarming, when one is young and nervous, than to be roused thus, by a voice in which the terror is evident and the cause unknown.

" ' What is the matter ? ' I asked.

" ' Don't you hear ? ' gasped Fatima in a whisper. If she had said at once there was a robber under the bed, a burglar at the window, or a ghost in the wardrobe, I should have been prepared for the worst, and it would have been less alarming than this unknown evil.

" ' I hear nothing,' I said crossly. ' I wish you'd go to sleep, Fatima.'

" ' There ! Now ! ' said Fatima.

" I held my breath, and in the silence heard distinctly the sound of some one snoring in another room.

" ' It's only some one snoring,' I said.

" ' Where ? ' asked Fatima, with all the terror still in her voice.

" ' In the room behind us, of course,' I replied impatiently. ' Can't you hear ? '

" Fatima's voice might have been the voice of a shadow as she answered, ' There is no room there ! '

" A cold chill crept over me, for I remembered that the wall from beyond which the snoring proceeded was an outer wall. There had been the room of old Mr. Bartlett which his son-in-law and murderer had pulled down. There he had been heard ' breathing heavily ' and had been seen asleep upon his bed, long after he was smothered with his own pillows, and his body shut up in the family vault.

" At least so it was said, and at that particular moment we felt no comfort from the fact that Lucy had said that ' of course it wasn't true.' I said something, to which Fatima made no reply, and I could feel her trembling, and hear a half-choked sob. Fear for her overpowered my other alarm, and gave me a sort of strength.

" ' Don't dear,' I begged. ' Let's be brave. It must be something else.

And there's nothing in the room. Let's go to Bedford. She's next door but one.'

" Fatima could speak no more. By the moonlight through the blind I jumped up, and half dragged, half helped her out of bed across the room. Opening the door was the worst. To touch anything at such a moment is a trial. We groped down the passage, I felt the handle of the first door, and turned that of the second, and in we went. The window-blind of this room was drawn up, and the moonlight streamed over everything.

" A nest of white drapery covered one chair, a muslin dress lay like a sick ghost over a second, black satin shoes and weblike stockings were on the floor, a gold watch and one or two feminine ornaments lay on the table; and in the bed reposed—not Bedford, but our friend Kate, fast asleep, with one arm over the bed clothes, and her long red hair in a pigtail streaming over the pillow.

" I climbed up and treated her as Fatima had treated me, calling her in low, frightened tones, over and over again. She woke at last and sat up.

" ' You sprites ! What *is* the matter ? ' she exclaimed.

" I stumbled through an account of our misfortunes, in the middle of which the young lady lay down, and before it was ended I believe she was asleep again. Poor Fatima, who saw nothing before us but to return to our room with all its terrors, here began to sob violently, which roused our friend once more, and she became full of pity.

" ' You poor children,' she said, ' I am so sleepy. I cannot get up and go after the ghost now; besides, one might meet somebody. But you may get into bed if you like; there's plenty of room and nothing to frighten you.'

" In we both crept, most willingly. She gave us the long tail of her hair and said, ' If you want me, pull. But go to sleep if you can '—and, before she had well finished the sentence, her eyes closed once more. In such good company, a snoring ghost seemed hardly possible. We held the long plait between us, and, clinging to it as drowning men do to a rope, we soon slept also.

" When we returned to our room next day, there was no snoring to be heard, and in the full sunshine of a summer morning our fright seemed to be completely a thing of the past. I persuaded myself that it might have been fancy, but Fatima said, ' What's the use of trying to believe what's not true ? I heard it, and shall know that I heard it, if I live to a hundred.'

" In all proper ghost stories, when the hero comes down in the morning, valiant, but exhausted from the terrors of the night, to breakfast, his host always asks him how he slept. When we came down, we found Kate and the Irishman alone together in the breakfast-room.

" Now, it certainly was in keeping with our adventure when he stepped forward, and bowing, asked how we had passed the night. Still, in spite of his grave face, there was a twinkle in the big brown eyes that showed we were being made fun of, and I felt slightly angry with our friend, who had faithfully promised not to betray us to Lucy, and might, I thought, have saved us from the Irishman's jokes.

" The rest of the company, however, began to assemble, and to our relief the subject was dropped. But, though he kept our secret, we had every

reason to suspect that he did not forget it; he looked terribly roguish through breakfast, and was kept in order only by Kate's severe glances.

"'Always breathe through the nose,' he suddenly began, 'it prevents snoring.'

"'Very true,' said the Major.

"'It may be laid down,' continued the Irishman gravely, 'that the man who snores is sure to disturb somebody; and also that the man who doesn't snore till he dies is not likely to live to be a snoring ghost when he is dead.'

"Kate looked daggers. The Major laughed, and said, 'Let me give you some beef.' When he didn't understand a remark he always laughed and generally turned the conversation to eatables.

"A little later the Irishman asked, 'What's the origin of the saying, "to stir up with a long pole?"' which turned the conversation to wild beasts.

"Presently he inquired, 'What's the meaning of putting a thing up the spout?'

"'Pawning it,' replied the Major quickly.

"'People pawn their family jewels sometimes,' said Pat. 'Did you ever hear of anybody pawning the family ghosts?' he asked suddenly, turning to me.

"I gave a distressed 'No,' and he continued in a whisper, 'You never saw a ghost up the spout?'

"Before I could answer he caught Kate's eye, and making a penitent face became silent.

"We were in the drawing-room after breakfast, when the Irishman passed the window outside, whistling 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' We were sitting at Kate's feet, and she got up, and whispering, 'He's got something to show you, but he wouldn't let me tell,' went out into the garden, we following her.

"There we found the Irishman with a long pole, which he was waving in the air. He bowed as we approached.

"'This, young ladies,' he said, 'is the original long pole spoken of at the breakfast-table. With this I am about to stir up and bring forth for your inspection the living ghost whose snoring disturbed your repose last night.'

"The little Irishman's jokes reassured me. I guessed that he had found some clue to our mysterious noise; but with Fatima it was different. She had been too deeply frightened to recover easily. She clung trembling to me, as I was following him, and whispered, 'I'd rather not.'

"On her behalf I summoned courage to say, 'If you please, sir, Fatima would rather not; and, if you please, don't tease us any more.'

"The young lady added her entreaties, but they were not needed. The good-natured gentleman no sooner saw Fatima's real distress than he lowered his pole, and sank upon his knees on the grass, looking really penitent.

"'I *am* so sorry I have been tormenting you so,' he exclaimed. 'I forgot you were really frightened, and, you see, I knew it wasn't a ghost.'

"'I heard it,' murmured Fatima resolutely, with her eyes half shut.

"'So did I,' said the Irishman gaily; 'I've heard it dozens of times. It's the owls.'

"We both cried out.

"'Ah,' he said comically, 'I see you don't believe me! That's what comes of telling so many fibs. But it's true, I assure you. (And the brown eyes did look particularly truthful.) Barn owls do make a noise that is very like the snoring of an old man. And there are some with young ones who live in the spout at the corner of the wall in your room. They're snoring and scrambling in and out of the spout all night.'

"It was quite true, Ida, as we found when Fatima was at last persuaded to visit the corner where the rooms had been pulled down, and where, decorated with ivy, the old spout formed a home for the snoring owls.

"By the aid of the long pole he brought out a young one to our view—a shy, soft, lovely, shadow-tinted creature, ghostly enough to behold, who felt like a mass of fluff, refused to be kissed, and went blinking back into his spout at the first opportunity. His snoring alarmed us no more."

. . . . . .

"And the noise was really that?" said Ida.

"It really was, my dear."

"It's a splendid story," said Ida, "you see I didn't go to sleep this time. And what became of everybody, please? Did the red-haired young lady marry the Irishman?"

"Very soon afterwards, my dear," said Mrs. Overtheway. "We kept up our friendship, too, in after life; and I have many times amused their children with the story of the Snoring Ghost."

Welcome to the New Year

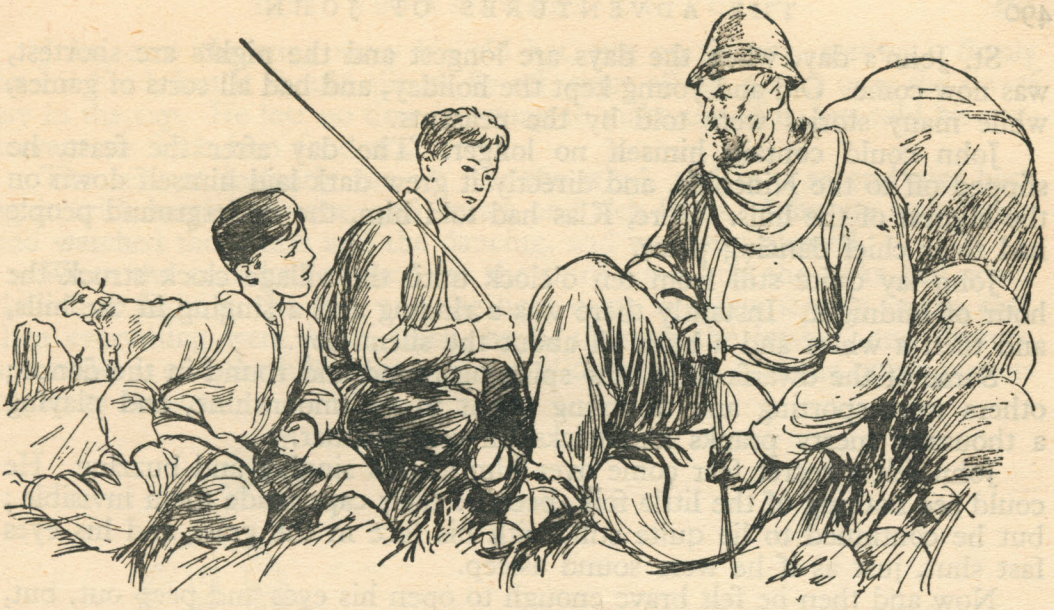
by ELEANOR FARJEON

HEY, my lad! ho, my lad!
Here's a New Broom.
Heaven's your housetop
And Earth is your room.

Tuck up your shirt-sleeves,
There's plenty to do—
Look at the muddle
That's waiting for you!

Dust in the corners
And dirt on the floor,
Cobwebs still clinging
To window and door.

Hey, my lad! ho, my lad!
Nimble and keen—
Here's your New Broom, my lad!
See you sweep clean.



THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN

Adapted from "Stories from the Isle of Rugen"

by THOMAS KEIGHTLEY

THE CAPTURED CAP

THERE lived formerly in Rugen an honest, hard-working man named James Dietrich. He had several children, the youngest of whom was John, a smart, good-looking boy. John loved listening to stories, and, whenever he met a person who knew any, never let him go until he had heard them all.

When about eight years old, John was sent to spend the summer with his uncle, a farmer, who set him to mind cows. Other boys had cows to mind also, and they all drove their cattle to graze about the Ninehills.

An old cowherd, one Klas, often joined the boys, and then they would sit down together and tell stories. Klas knew many interesting stories of the Ninehills, and the underground people in the old times, when the giants went away and the little people first came into the hills.

John, who always listened greedily, could think of nothing else but these tales. To his companions he was for ever talking of golden cups, and crowns, and glass shoes, and pockets full of money, and gold rings set with diamonds and such like.

He longed to go inside the Ninehills, for Klas had told him that any one who, by luck or cunning, should obtain the cap of a little one might go down with safety. Instead of the dwarfs making a servant of him, Klas said, he would be their master, and the one whose cap he obtained would be forced to do all that he ordered.

St. John's day, when the days are longest and the nights are shortest, was now come. Old and young kept the holiday, and had all sorts of games, while many stories were told by the peasants.

John could contain himself no longer. The day after the feast, he slipped off to the Ninehills, and directly it grew dark laid himself down on the highest of the hills. Here, Klas had told him, the underground people had their chief dancing place.

John lay quite still from ten o'clock until the village clock struck the hour of midnight. Instantly there was a ringing and a singing in the hills, and then a whizz and a buzz all about the silent boy.

Some of the dwarfs were now spinning round and round in the dance; others were sporting and tumbling about in the moonshine, and playing a thousand merry pranks and tricks on one another.

John felt a secret fear come over him at this singing and buzzing. He could see nothing of the little folk, because their caps made them invisible; but he continued to lie quite still, with his face in the grass and his eyes fast shut, just as if he were sound asleep.

Now and then he felt brave enough to open his eyes and peep out, but, though it was bright moonlight, not the slightest trace of the merry-makers could be seen.

At last, three dwarfs, full of life and fun, came dancing up to where John was lying. However, they took no heed of him, but flung their brown caps merrily into the air, and caught them from one another. At length, one pulled the cap out of the hands of another and threw it away: it fell upon John's head.

The moment the boy felt the cap, he caught hold of it, and, standing up, bade farewell to sleep. He swung the cap about for joy, making the silver bell tinkle, and then replaced it upon his head. Oh, wonderful! that instant he saw the merry swarm all around him, busy with their sports and dances.

The three little men came slyly up to him, thinking by their quickness and nimble wit to recover the cap; but John held his prize fast. They saw clearly that nothing was to be done in this way with him; for in size and strength the boy was a giant by the side of them, who hardly reached to his knee.

The owner of the cap now came up very humbly to the finder, and begged, as if begging for his life, that the cap might be given back to him.

"No," replied John, "you sly rogue, you'll get the cap no more. That's not the sort of thing one gives away for buttered cake. I should be in a nice state, if I had not something of yours; but, as it is, you have no power over me, but must do as I please.

"I will go inside the hill, and see how you live below, and you shall be my servant. Nay, no grumbling, you know you must. I know my power over you very well, for Klas has often and often explained it."

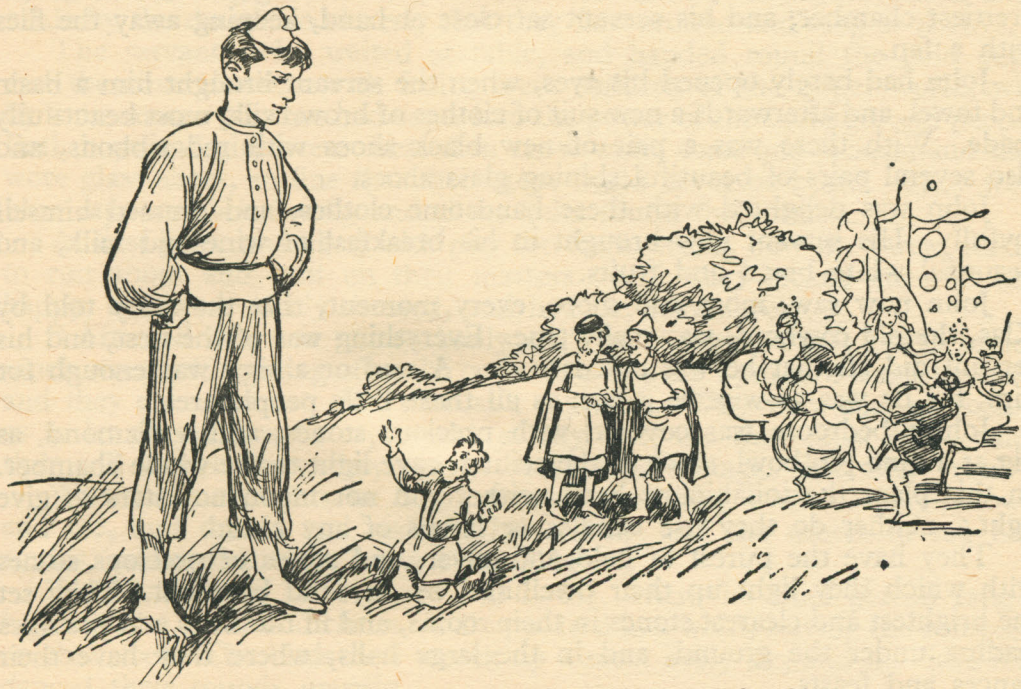
The dwarf behaved as if he had not heard or understood one word of this speech. He began his begging humbly all over again, and wept and screamed and howled for his cap.

At last John cut the pleading short by saying sharply, "Have done; you are my servant, and I intend taking a trip with you."

John, now throwing away his old hat, put on the cap, setting it firmly on his head, lest it should slip or fly off, since all his power over the dwarf lay in the cap. He lost no time in trying to make use of it, but told his new servant to fetch him food and drink.

The servant instantly ran off like the wind, and in a second was back again with bottles of wine, and bread, and rich fruits. John ate and drank, and watched the sports and the dancing, and was very pleased.

When the cock had crowed for the third time, and the larks had made their first flight in the sky, and the light came in white streaks in the east, then everything went hush, hush, hush, through the bushes, and flowers, and stalks; and the hills rang again, and opened up, and the queer visitors began to depart.



The dwarf wept and screamed, and howled for his cap.

John watched with great care, and found that everything happened as he had been told. On the top of the hill, where the dwarfs had been dancing, and where, as people see it by day, all was full of grass and flowers, there rose of a sudden a bright glass point.

As each dwarf in turn stepped upon this point, it opened, and he glided gently in, the glass closing again after him. Those who went down through the glass point sank gently into a wide, silver tun, which held them all in comfort.

John and his servant went down into such a tun, along with several other dwarfs, all of whom screamed out, and begged their visitor not to tread upon them, for, if his weight fell on them, they were dead men. He was, however, careful, and behaved in a very friendly manner towards them.

Several tuns of this kind went up and down after each other, until all

the merry-makers were safely inside. The vessels, it may be noted, hung by long silver chains, which were drawn and held below.

John gazed in wonder at the walls between which the vessel glided down. They were all, as it were, set with pearls and diamonds, and below him he heard, at a distance, the most beautiful music, so that he wondered what had happened to him. At last, out of sheer pleasure, he fell sound asleep.

AMONG THE DWARFS

He slept a long time, and on waking found himself in a most beautiful bed, very different from anything to be found in the village. It stood in the prettiest chamber, and his servant sat close at hand, keeping away the flies with a fan.

John had barely opened his eyes, when the servant brought him a basin and towel, and afterwards a new suit of clothes of brown silk, most beautifully made. With these was a pair of new black shoes with red ribbons, and also several pairs of beautiful shining glass shoes.

John was delighted with these handsome clothes, and dressed himself joyfully. His servant now brought in his breakfast of wine and milk, and beautiful white bread and fruits.

John now saw, more and more, every moment, that the story told by Klas, the old cowherd, was really true. Everything was of the best, and his servant did all that he was asked to do. A nod or a sign was enough for him, for he was as wise as a bee, as all these little people are.

John's bedroom was covered with precious stones, and a diamond, as big as a nine-pin bowl, stuck in the ceiling, gave light to the whole chamber. In this place the inhabitants have neither sun nor moon nor stars to give light; neither do they use candles or lamps of any kind.

They have the purest of gold and silver, and stores of precious stones with which they light up their dwellings, by day and by night. They set the brightest and clearest stones in their rooms, and in the ways and passages leading under the ground, and in the large halls, where they have their dances and feasts.

When John had finished his breakfast, his servant opened a door in the wall. Inside was a cupboard, with the most beautiful silver and gold cups and dishes and other vessels, and baskets filled with money, and boxes of jewels and precious stones. There were also charming pictures and the finest storybooks.

John spent the morning looking at these things, and reading the books. At midday a bell rang, and his servant said, "Will you dine alone, sir, or with the large company?"

"With the large company, to be sure," replied John, and the servant led him from the chamber.

John, however, saw nothing but large halls, lit up with precious stones, and here and there little men and women, who seemed to him to glide out of the clefts of the rocks. He wondered why the bells had rung, and asked where the company was.

At that moment the hall opened out, and a covering set with diamonds

was drawn over it. Then the boy saw a large number of nicely-dressed little men and women coming in through several open doors. The floor also opened in several places, and tables covered with the most beautiful ware, and the finest meats and fruits and wines, placed themselves beside each other. There were chairs also, alongside the tables, and the men and women took their seats.

The chief persons now came forward, bowed to John, and led him to their table, where they placed him among their most beautiful maidens. The party, too, was very merry, for the underground people are lively and cheerful, and can never stay quiet for long.

The most charming music sounded overhead; and beautiful birds, flying about, sang most sweetly. These were not real birds, but metal ones, made by the dwarfs so cleverly that they flew around and sang as if alive.

The servants who waited at table, and handed round the gold cups, and the silver baskets with fruits, were children of the upper world, who by some means or other had come into the power of the underground people. Both boys and girls were dressed in snow-white coats and jackets, and they wore glass shoes, so fine that their steps could never be heard. They wore blue caps on their heads, and silver belts round their waists.

At first John was filled with pity for them, seeing how they were forced to run about and wait on their masters. Still, they looked cheerful and happy, and were nicely dressed, and had fat, rosy cheeks.

"After all they are not so badly off," he thought, "and I was myself much worse off running after the cows. To be sure I am now a master here, and they are servants; but that isn't my fault. Why were they so foolish as to let themselves be captured: at any rate, the time must come when they will be set free; they cannot be kept here longer than fifty years."

With these thoughts he began to sport and play with his play-fellows, and ate, and drank, and ordered his servant and the others to tell him stories, as he wanted to know everything.

They sat at the table about two hours, when the chief person rang a bell, and the tables and chairs all disappeared in a whiff, leaving the company on their feet. The birds now struck up a most lively air, and the little folk danced their rounds merrily.

When these were finished, the joyous sets jumped and leaped, and turned round and round, as if the world had grown dizzy. The pretty girls sitting next to John caught hold of him, and he danced with them for two good hours. Every afternoon he used to dance thus merrily, and, to the last hour of his life, he spoke of this with the greatest glee.

He always held that nothing could equal the music and the dancing under the earth, the beautiful and lively little men, the wonderful birds in the branches, and the tinkling silver bells on their caps. "No one," said he, "who has not seen and heard it, can form any idea of it whatever."

The music and dancing were over about four o'clock, after which the little folk went away about their work or pleasure. They played again after supper and at midnight. On starry nights, they slipped out of their hills to dance in the open air. On these occasions, John remained below and went to bed.

During his first week in the glass-hill, John went only from his room

to the great hall and back again. After that time, however, he went about more freely, taking his servant to show everything to him. He found beautiful walks, in which he might ramble along for miles, so large was the hill, inside which the dwarfs lived, though on the outside it seemed but a small place, dotted here and there with a few bushes and trees.

Beneath the meads and fields, which were thick sown with hills and lakes and islands, and covered with trees and flowers, one passed through delightful lanes like glass. The single meads and fields were often a mile long, and the flowers were so bright, and the songs of the birds so sweet, that John was filled with joy.

There was a breeze, yet one did not feel the wind; everything was clear and bright, yet there was no heat; the waves were dashing, yet there was no danger; and when one wished to cross the water, the most beautiful canoes, like white swans, went backwards and forwards of themselves.

Those lovely meads and plains were, for the most part, very lonely. Few of the underground people were to be seen upon them, and those that were, glided across, as if in the greatest hurry. Very few danced out here in the open air; John never saw more than half a dozen together.

The meads were never cheerful, except when the servants, of whom there were some hundreds, came out for a walk. This, however, happened only twice a week, as they were mostly kept in the great hall or at school.

John had stayed with the dwarfs about ten months, when one day he saw something snow-white gliding into a rock.

"What," said he to his servant; "are there any of you, too, that wear white, like the servants?"

He was told there were, but they were few in number, and never came to the large tables or the dances, except once a year, on the birthday of the great Hill-King, who dwelt many thousand miles below in the great deep.

They were the very oldest inhabitants, some many thousand years old, who knew all things, and could explain the beginning of the world, and were called the wise. They lived all alone, and only left their rooms to teach the underground children and the servants.

John was greatly pleased to hear this, and next morning ordered his servant to take him to the school, where he was so well pleased that he never missed a day going there.

The scholars were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and many kinds of work, so that many came out of the hills, both men and women, very learned people. John became clever at painting and drawing, and did much fine work in gold and silver. He spent several happy years without ever thinking of the upper world, or of those he had left behind—so pleasantly passed the time.

ELIZABETH

Of all his playfellows, there was none of whom he was so fond as of a fair-haired girl named Elizabeth. She had been brought from his own village, and was the daughter of the minister. She was but five years old, when taken away, and John had often heard of her.

She was not, however, stolen by the little people, but came into their power in this manner. One day in summer, she with other children ran out into the fields, and went to the Ninehills, where Elizabeth fell asleep, and was forgotten by her companions. At night, when she awoke, she found herself under the ground among the little people.

It was not simply because she came from his own village that John grew so fond of Elizabeth, but she was a most beautiful child, with clear blue eyes, and ringlets of fair hair, and a heavenly smile.

John was now eighteen, and Elizabeth sixteen. They had begun to love each other, and the dwarfs were pleased, thinking that, by means of her, they might induce John to give up his power, and become their servant.

They were fond of him, and would willingly have had him to be their servant, for they liked to be masters. But they were mistaken! John had learned too much from his servant to be caught in that manner.

John's chief delight was in walking about alone with Elizabeth, for he now knew every place very well. In these walks he was always gay and lively, but the girl was often sad, thinking about the land above, where men lived, and where the sun, moon, and stars shone.

Now, in one of their walks, about midnight, they passed under the place where the tops of the glass-hills opened, to permit the underground people to pass in and out.

As they walked quietly along, they heard of a sudden the crowing of several cocks above. At this sound, which she had not heard for nearly twelve years, Elizabeth threw her arms around John's neck and burst into tears.

"Dearest John," said she, "everything down here is very beautiful, and the dwarfs are kind and do nothing to hurt me, but I have always been unhappy. This is not the right way of living, such as it should be for human beings.

"Every night I dream of my dear father and mother, and of our churchyard, where the people waited at the church door for my father. I weep that I cannot go to church with them, and worship God as human beings should. Try to discover some way to leave this prison; for I cannot tell you how I long to see once more my dear parents."

John, too, felt what he had never felt before, a longing after the land where the sun shines, and he replied:

"Dear Elizabeth, all you say is true, and I now feel that it is a sin to stay here. It seems to me as if our Lord said to us, in that crowing of the cocks, 'Come up, ye children, to the light of the stars, and act as children of light.'

"It was wicked of me to come down here, but I trust I shall be forgiven, because of my youth. I was a simple child and knew not what I did. Now I will not stay longer. They cannot keep me here."

At these last words Elizabeth turned pale, as, being a servant, she must serve her fifty years.

"I shall remain young, and be but as of twenty years when they set me free, but of what use will that be?" she asked. "My father and mother will be dead, all my playmates will be old and grey, and you, dearest John, will be old and grey also."

JOHN ASKS A FAVOUR

JOHN had not thought of this, but now he said he would never leave the place without her. He spent the whole night in making plans, and at last fixed on one. In the morning, he sent his servant to bring six of the chief dwarfs to him.

" My friends," he began, " you know how I came here. I came not as a servant, but as lord and master over one of you, and, therefore, over all. We have always been good friends ! I have sported and played with you, rather than ruled over you."

The little people bowed their heads.

" I have now to ask something of you. There is a girl, Elizabeth, among your servants, whom I love. She was born in my village. Give her to me and allow us to depart. We will return to where the sun shines, and the plough goes through the land. I seek to take only Elizabeth and the things from my chamber."

They were quiet for a time, but at last the oldest replied :

" Sir, you ask what we cannot grant. It is a fixed law that no servant can leave the hill before the proper time. Were this law broken, our whole kingdom would be ruined. Anything else you wish, because we love you, but we cannot give up Elizabeth."

" You can, and you shall," cried John, in a great rage ; " go, think over the matter till to-morrow, and return here at this same hour."

Next day, when the six came back, John looked at them sternly, and said, " Yes or No ? " and they replied with one voice, " NO."

At this, he ordered his servant to fetch twenty-four more of the chief dwarfs, with their wives and children. When they arrived, there were in all five hundred men, women, and children. John told them to fetch pick-axes, spades, and bars, which they did in a second.

He now led them out to a rock in one of the fields, and set them to work blasting, hewing, and dragging stones. They toiled hard and made as if it were only sport to them. From morning till night their task-master forced them to work without resting. Still they would not give way, and, at the end of some weeks, his pity for them was so great that he stopped their punishment.

He tried several other plans, but all in vain. He began to hate the little people of whom he had been so fond, and kept away from their feasts and dances, eating and drinking in his own room.

One evening, while taking a walk, he was flinging stones that lay in his path against one another. One of them, of quite a large size, split open, and out jumped a toad. As soon as John saw the animal, he picked it up, put it into his pocket, and ran back to his chamber.

" Now, I shall win," he cried in joy ; " now, you rascals, you will have to do as I wish."

On reaching his room he put the toad into a costly silver box, as if it were the greatest treasure.

Klas had often told John that the underground people hated any evil smell, and that the sight of a toad made them faint. Hence there are no bad smells to be found in the whole glass kingdom, and a toad is a thing unheard of there.

Carrying the silver box under his arm, John went out, and presently met two of the little people in a lonely place. The moment he came near they fell to the ground, and howled with pain as long as he stayed there.

Next morning, sending again for the chief dwarfs, with their wives and children, he begged them once more to grant him the only favour he had ever asked of them.

" For the last time," said he, " think well before deciding. If you say



The moment he came near they fell to the ground and cried in pain.

' No,' I must punish you in a way which to you and your children is most terrible."

The dwarfs smiled and shook their heads.

Their smiling roused John's anger, and he ran a few hundred paces to where the casket had been laid. He had hardly come back within a hundred paces of them, when they all fell to the ground and cried in pain.

Stretching out their hands they cried, " Have mercy ! have mercy ! we feel you have secured a toad, and there is no escape for us. Take it away and we will do all you ask."

Presently he did as they asked him, and they all stood up and felt no more pain.

THE DWARFS ARE MASTERED

JOHN sent them all away, except the six chief persons, to whom he said:

"This night, between twelve and one, Elizabeth and I will depart. Load for me three wagons, with gold, silver, and precious stones. I might, you know, take all that is in the hills and you deserve it, but I will be merciful.

"Further, put all the things from my chamber into two wagons, and get ready for me the finest carriage you have, with six black horses."

The dwarfs bowed.

"Next, you must set free all the servants who have been so long here that, on earth, they would be twenty years old or upwards. Give them as much gold and silver as will make them rich for life, and pass a law that no one shall be kept a prisoner longer than his twentieth year."

The six took the oath and departed quite sorrowful, while John buried his toad deep in the ground. The little folk worked hard to get everything in readiness. At midnight all the things were out of the hill, and John and Elizabeth, getting into the silver tun, were drawn up.

It was then one o'clock and midsummer, the very time that, twelve years before, John had gone into the inside of the hill. Music sounded around them, and they saw the glass hill open: the rays of the light of heaven shone on them, and when they came out the first streaks of dawn already appeared in the east.

Crowds of the underground people were working busily. John bade them a last farewell, waved his brown cap three times in the air, and then flung it into their midst. At the same moment he ceased to see them. He beheld nothing but a green hill, and the well-known bushes and fields, and he heard the church clock strike two.

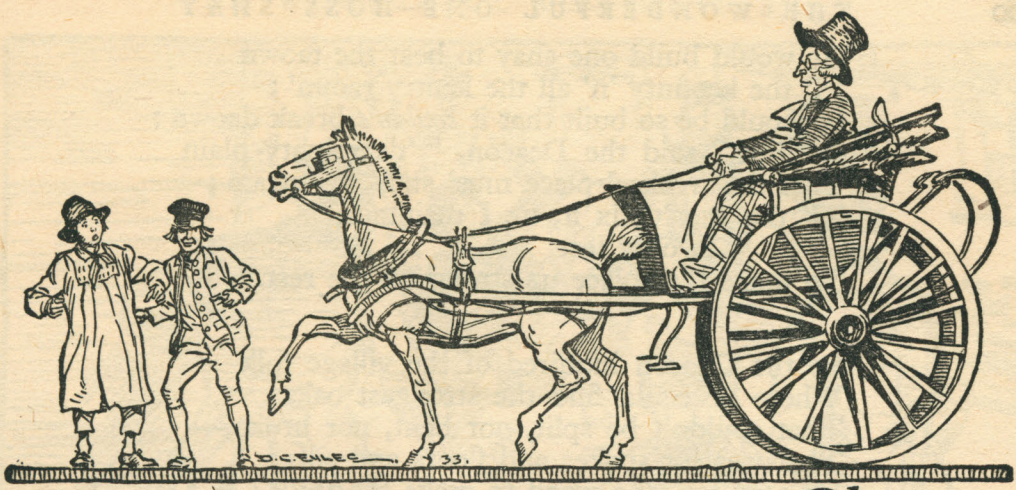
It was four in the morning when he and Elizabeth reached the village, and stopped some twenty paces from where John was born. The whole village came out to gaze on them. John beheld his father and mother, his brother Andrew, and his sister. The old minister stood there, too, in his black slippers and white night-cap, staring with the rest. What joy there was when the truth became known!

Never was there such a wedding as that of John and Elizabeth. John sent for whole loads of wine and sugar and coffee, and bought herds of oxen, sheep, and pigs. Every one feasted to his heart's content.

To his old friend Klas, the cowherd, John gave enough money to make him comfortable for the rest of his days.

John, who was made a count, and his wife spent their days in doing good. They built several churches, and had the blessing of every one that knew them. The present church was built by Count John on the site of his father's house.

He placed in it several of the cups and plates made by the underground people, and his own and Elizabeth's glass shoes. When, however, a long while afterwards, the Russians invaded the island, they robbed even the churches and carried everything away.



THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY

by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah! but stay,
I'll tell you what happen'd without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finish'd the one-hoss-shay.
Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot.—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*
But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an " I dew vum," or an " I tell *yeou*,")

He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floors and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,—
Never an axe had seen the chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide,
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I'll tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turn'd grey.
Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge," they call'd it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.



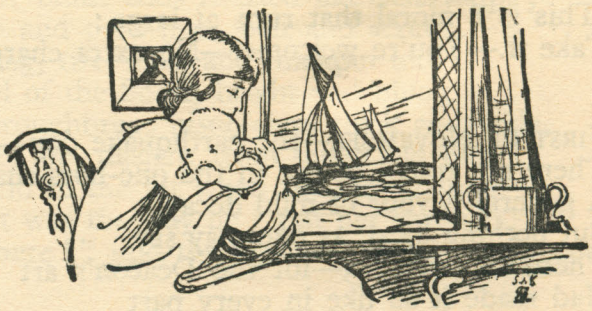
All at once the horse stood still.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November—the earthquake day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'fifty-five;
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.



Lullaby

by THOMAS DEKKER

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise!
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.
Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.



I

There is a song of England that none shall ever sing . . .
The throstle has a stave of it,
The sea a breaking wave of it.
It mounts into the sun-rise like a falcon on the wing.
It rides the winds of heaven.
It steals thro' lanes in Devon.
It breathes through hedges flowering like the foam the breakers fling
Against the cliffs of England, the salt wet cliffs of England;
And still the depths resound with it
Where, dark as death and drowned with it,
Tintagel hears the sunken bells of lost Atlantis ring.

II

There is a song of England—only her lovers know.
Yet even love, the soul of it,
Can never tell the whole of it,
Or see the distant goal of it, beyond the sunset glow.
So fools may mock the faith of it
And wittols flout the wraith of it,
But we've a winding foot-path, where the ragged robins grow;
And still through Robin's England, those old oak-woods of England,
When ferns are at their vespers
And full of elfin whispers,
Through all the aisles of memory, his vanished bugles blow.

III

There is a song of England, too young of heart to sing.
So new it is and true it is
Oh, fresh as April dew it is;
And seaward with the sea-mew it spreads a whiter wing;
And with the skylark hovers
Above the kiss of lovers,
Where bare-foot Mab led on her flock of daffodils in Spring
By blue-bell glades of England, through hazel shades of England,
Till sprays of may enwound her
And Puck leapt out and crowned her
With Love's wild rose for Oberon, the little children's king.

IV

There is a song of England that robs the heart of rest.
Oh, long as are the years of it,
And salt as are the tears of it,
It draws her exiles homeward, north and south and east and west,
Back in dreams, the wide world over,
Back to Plymouth, back to Dover,
Back thro' drifts of briny sea-fog to the old thyme-scented breast . . .
Ditchling down, the tinkling sheep-fold, and the wind-mill on the crest.
Fields of honey-hearted clover,
With the sea-wind washing over . . .
Crags and glens behind Coombe Martin . . . each as dreams deceive him best . . .
Each to one bright door in England, and the love he left in England;
Eyes that filled with light to greet him,
And the feet that flew to meet him,
And the meadows of remembrance in his Island of the Blest.

V

There is a song of England that flows along the blood,
With Chaos and old Night in it,
And yet—a tide of light in it,
Uplifting her to chivalries for ends not understood;
A stream of living glory
Flowing on, through all her story,
In sacrificial silence when the tide is at the flood,
In the men that live for England, live and love and die for England.
By that light of their desire
They shall blindly blunder higher
To a wider grander kingdom, and a deeper nobler good.

The Lost City of Atlantis

from Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

by Jules Verne



ONE evening, about 11 p.m., I received the very unexpected visit of Captain Nemo. He asked me very graciously if I felt fatigued from sitting up so late the night before. I answered in the negative.

"Then, M. Aronnax, I have a curious excursion to propose to you."

"What is it, captain?"

"You have as yet only been on the sea-bottom by daylight. Should you like to see it on a dark night?"

"I should like it much."

"It will be a fatiguing walk, I warn you. You will have to go far, and climb a mountain. The roads are not very well kept in repair."

"What you tell me makes me doubly curious. I am ready to follow you."

"Come, then, professor. We will go and put on our diving dresses."

When we reached the ward-room I saw that neither my companions nor any of the crew were to follow us in our excursion. Captain Nemo had not even asked me to take Ned or Conseil.

In a few minutes we had put on our apparatus. They placed on our backs the reservoirs full of air, but the electric lamps were not prepared. I said as much to the captain.

"They would be of no use to us," he answered.

I thought I had not heard aright, but I could not repeat my observation, for the captain's head had already disappeared under its metallic covering. I finished harnessing myself, felt that some one placed an iron spiked stick in my hand, and a few minutes later, after the usual manœuvre, we set foot on the bottom of the Atlantic, at a depth of 150 fathoms.

Midnight was approaching. The waters were in profound darkness, but Captain Nemo showed me a reddish point in the distance, a sort of large

light shining about two miles from the *Nautilus*. What this fire was, with what fed, why and how it burnt in the liquid mass, I could not tell. Anyway it lighted us, dimly it is true, but I soon became accustomed to the peculiar darkness, and I understood, under the circumstances, the uselessness of the Ruhmkorff apparatus.

Captain Nemo and I walked side by side directly towards the light. The flat soil ascended gradually. We took long strides, helping ourselves with our sticks, but our progress was slow, for our feet often sank in a sort of mud covered with seaweed and flat stones.

As we went along I heard a sort of pattering above my head. The noise sometimes redoubled, and produced something like a continuous shower. I soon understood the cause. It was rain falling violently and crisping the surface of the waves. Instinctively I was seized with the idea that I should be wet through. By water, in water! I could not help laughing at the odd idea. But the truth is that under a thick diving dress the liquid element is no longer felt, and it only seems like an atmosphere rather denser than the terrestrial atmosphere, that is all.

After half an hour's walking the soil became rocky. The medusæ, the microscopic crustaceans, the pennatules slightly lighted us with their phosphorescent gleams. I caught a glimpse of heaps of stones covered by some millions of zoophytes and thickets of seaweed. My foot often slipped upon this viscous carpet of seaweed and without my stick I should have fallen several times. Turning, I still saw the white light of the *Nautilus* beginning to gleam in the distance.

The heaps of stones of which I have just spoken were heaped on the bottom of the ocean with a sort of regularity I could not explain to myself. I perceived gigantic furrows which lost themselves in the distant darkness, the length of which escaped all valuation. Other peculiarities presented themselves that I did not know how to account for. It seemed to me that my heavy leaden shoes were crushing a litter of bones that cracked with a dry noise. What then was this vast plain I was thus moving across! I should have liked to question the captain, but his language by signs, that allowed him to talk to his companions when they followed him in his submarine excursions, was still incomprehensible to me.

In the meantime the reddish light that guided us increased and inflamed the horizon. The presence of this fire under the seas excited my curiosity to the highest pitch. Was it some electric effluence? Was I going towards a natural phenomenon still unknown to the *savants* of the earth? Or—for this thought crossed my mind—had the hand of man any part in the conflagration? Had it lighted this fire? Was I going to meet in this deep sea companions and friends of Captain Nemo living the same strange life, and whom he was going to see? All these foolish and inadmissible ideas pursued me, and in that state of mind, ceaselessly excited by the series of marvels that passed before my eyes, I should not have been surprised to see at the bottom of the sea, one of the submarine towns Captain Nemo dreamed of.

Our road grew lighter and lighter. The white light shone from the top of a mountain about eight hundred feet high. But what I perceived was only a reflection made by the crystal of the water. The fire, the source of the inexplicable light, was on the opposite side of the mountain.

Amidst the stony paths that furrowed the bottom of the Atlantic Captain Nemo went on without hesitating. He knew the dark route, had doubtless often been along it, and could not lose himself in it. I followed him with unshaken confidence. He appeared, whilst walking before me, like one of the sea genii, and I admired his tall stature like a black shadow on the luminous background of the horizon.

It was one o'clock in the morning. We had reached the first slopes of the mountain. But the way up led through the difficult paths of a vast thicket.

Yes, a thicket of dead trees, leafless, sapless, mineralised under the action of the water, overtopped here and there by gigantic pines. It was like a coal-series, still standing, holding by its roots to the soil that had given way, and whose branches, like fine black paper-cuttings, stood out against the watery ceiling. My readers may imagine a forest on the side of the Hartz Mountains, but forest and mountain sunk to the bottom of the sea. The paths were encumbered with seaweed and fucus, amongst which swarmed a world of crustaceans. I went on climbing over the rocks, leaping over the fallen trunks, breaking the sea-creepers that balanced from one tree to another, startling the fish that flew from branch to branch. Pressed onwards I no longer felt any fatigue. I followed my guide, who was never fatigued.

What a spectacle! How can I depict it? How describe the aspect of the woods and rocks in this liquid element, their lower parts sombre and wild, the upper coloured with red tints in the light which the reverberating power of the water doubled? We were climbing rocks which fell in enormous fragments directly afterwards with the noise of an avalanche. Right and left were deep dark galleries where sight was lost. Here opened vast clearings that seemed made by the hand of man, and I asked myself sometimes if some inhabitant of these submarine regions was not about to appear suddenly.

But Captain Nemo still went on climbing. I would not be left behind. My stick lent me useful aid. A false step would have been dangerous in these narrow paths, hollowed out of the sides of precipices; but I walked along with a firm step without suffering from vertigo. Sometimes I jumped over a crevice the depth of which would have made me recoil on the glaciers of the earth; sometimes I ventured on the vacillating trunks of trees thrown from one abyss to another without looking under my feet, having only eyes to admire the savage sites of that region. There, monumental rocks perched on these irregularly-cut bases seemed to defy the laws of equilibrium. Between their stony knees grew trees like a jet of water under strong pressure, sustaining and sustained by the rocks. Then, natural towers, large scarps cut perpendicularly like a fortress curtain, inclining at an angle which the laws of gravitation would not have authorised on the surface of the terrestrial regions.

And did I not myself feel the difference due to the powerful density of the water, when, notwithstanding my heavy garments, my brass headpiece, my metal soles, I climbed slopes impracticably steep, clearing them, so to speak, with the lightness of an isard or a chamois?

I feel that this recital of an excursion under the sea cannot sound probable.

I am the historian of things that seem impossible, and that yet are real and incontestable. I did not dream. I saw and felt.

Two hours after having quitted the *Nautilus* we had passed the trees, and a hundred feet above our heads rose the summit of the mountain, the projection of which made a shadow on the brilliant irradiation of the opposite slope. A few petrified bushes were scattered hither and thither in grimacing zigzags. The fish rose in shoals under our footsteps like birds surprised in the tall grass. The rocky mass was hollowed out into impenetrable confractuosities, deep grottoes, bottomless holes, in which I heard formidable noises. My blood froze in my veins when I perceived some enormous antennæ barricading my path, or some frightful claw shutting up with a noise in the dark cavities. Thousands of luminous points shone amidst the darkness. They were the eyes of gigantic crustaceans, giant lobsters setting themselves up like halberdiers, and moving their claws with the clanking sound of metal; titanic crabs pointed like cannon on their carriages, and frightful poulps, intertwining their tentacles like a living nest of serpents.

What was this exorbitant world that I did not know yet? To what order belonged these articulates to which the rock formed a second carapace? Where had Nature found the secret of their vegetating existence, and for how many centuries had they lived thus in the lowest depths of the ocean?

But I could not stop. Captain Nemo, familiar with these terrible animals, paid no attention to them. We had arrived at the first plateau, where other surprises awaited me. There rose picturesque ruins which betrayed the hand of man, and not that of the Creator. They were vast heaps of stones in the vague outlines of castles and temples, clothed with a world of zoophytes in flower, and, instead of ivy, seaweed and fucus clothed them with a vegetable mantle.

But what, then, was this portion of the globe swallowed up by cataclysms? Who had placed these rocks and stones like dolmens of ante-historical times? Where was I? Where had Captian Nemo's whim brought me to?

I should have liked to question him. As I could not do that, I stopped him. I seized his arm. But he, shaking his head, and pointing to the last summit, seemed to say to me,—

"Higher! Still higher!"

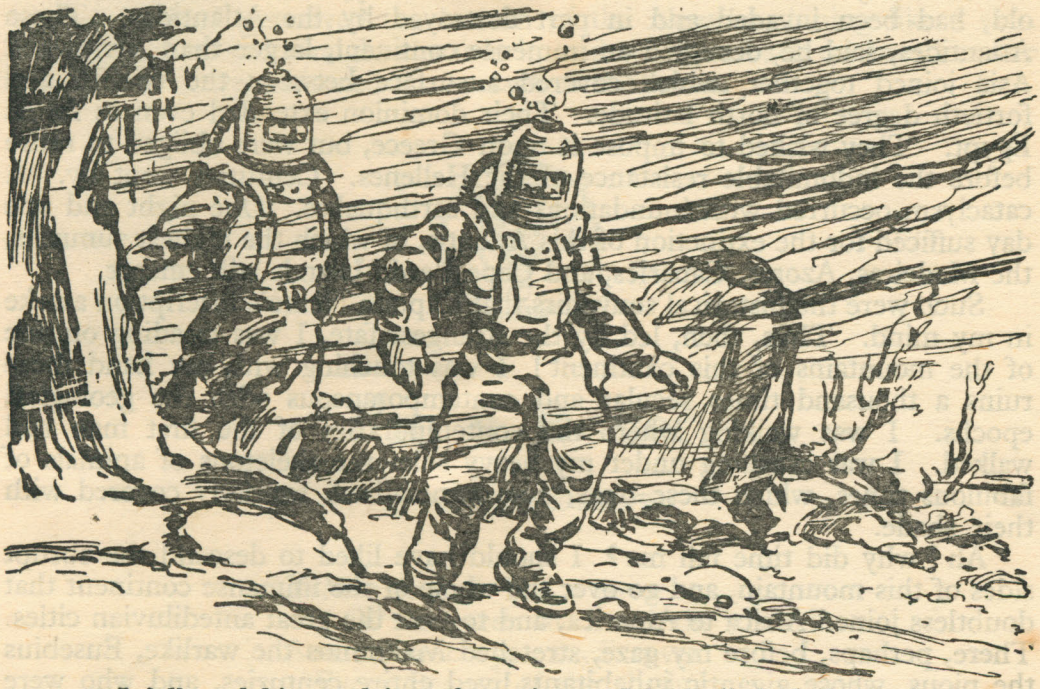
I followed him with a last effort, and in a few minutes I had climbed the peak that overtopped for about thirty feet all the rocky mass.

I looked at the side we had just climbed. The mountain only rose seven or eight hundred feet above the plain; but on the opposite side it commanded from twice that height the depths of this portion of the Atlantic. My eyes wandered over a large space lighted up by a violent fulguration. In fact, this mountain was a volcano. At fifty feet below the peak, amidst a rain of stones and scoriæ, a wide crater was vomiting forth torrents of lava which fell in a cascade of fire into the bosom of the liquid mass. Thus placed, the volcano, like an immense torch, lighted up the lower plain to the last limits of the horizon.

I have said that the submarine crater threw out lava, but not flames. The oxygen of the air is necessary to make a flame, and it cannot exist in water; but the streams of red-hot lava struggled victoriously against the liquid element, and turned it to vapour by its contact. Rapid currents

carried away all this gas in diffusion, and the lava torrent glided to the foot of the mountain like the eruption of Vesuvius on another Torre del Greco.

There, before my eyes, ruined, destroyed, overturned, appeared a town, its roofs crushed in, its temples thrown down, its arches dislocated, its columns lying on the ground, with the solid proportions of Tuscan architecture still discernible upon them ; farther on were the remains of a gigantic aqueduct ; here, the encrusted base of an Acropolis, and the outlines of a Parthenon ; there, some vestiges of a quay, as if some ancient port had formerly sheltered, on the shores of an extinct ocean, merchant vessels and war triremes ; farther on still, long lines of ruined walls, wide deserted streets, a second Pompeii buried under the waters, raised up again for me by Captain Nemo.



I followed him and in a few minutes I had climbed the peak.

Where was I ? Where was I ? I wished to know at any price. I felt I must speak, and tried to take off the globe of brass that imprisoned my head.

But Captain Nemo came to me and stopped me with a gesture. Then picking up a piece of clayey stone he went up to a black basaltic rock and traced on it the single word—

" ATLANTIS."

What a flash of lightning shot through my mind ! Atlantis, the ancient Meropis of Theopompus, the Atlantis of Plato, the continent disbelieved in by Origen, Iamblichus, D'Anville, Malte-Brun, and Humboldt, who placed its disappearance amongst legendary tales ; believed in by Possidonius, Pliny, Ammianus, Marcellinus, Tertullian, Engel, Sherer, Tournefort, Buffon, and

D'Avezac, was there before my eyes bearing upon it the unexceptionable testimony of its catastrophe! This, then, was the engulfed region that existed beyond Europe, Asia, and Lybia, beyond the columns of Hercules, where the powerful Atlantides lived, against whom the first wars of Ancient Greece were waged!

The historian who put into writing the grand doings of the heroic times was Plato himself. His dialogue of Timotheus and Critias was, thus to speak, written under the inspiration of Solon, poet and legislator.

One day Solon was talking with some wise old men of Sais, a town already eight hundred years old, as the annals engraved on the sacred walls of its temples testified. One of these old men related the history of another town, a thousand years older. This first Athenian city, nine hundred centuries old, had been invaded and in part destroyed by the Atlantides. These Atlantides, said he, occupied an immense continent, larger than Africa and Asia joined together, which covered a surface between the twelfth and fortieth degree of north latitude. Their dominion extended even as far as Egypt. They wished to impose it upon Greece, but were obliged to retire before the indomitable resistance of the Hellenes. Centuries went by. A cataclysm occurred with inundations and earthquakes. One night and one day sufficed for the extinction of this Atlantis, of which the highest summits, the Madeiras, Azores, Canaries, and Cape Verde Islands still emerge.

Such were the historical souvenirs that Captain Nemo's inscription awoke in my mind. Thus, then, led by the strangest fate, I was treading on one of the mountains of this continent! I was touching with my hand these ruins a thousand times secular and contemporaneous with the geological epochs. I was walking where the contemporaries of the first man had walked. I was crushing under my heavy soles the skeletons of animals of fabulous times, which these trees, now mineralised, formerly covered with their shade.

Ah! why did time fail me? I should have liked to descend the abrupt sides of this mountain, and go over the whole of the immense continent that doubtless joined Africa to America, and to visit the great antediluvian cities. There, perhaps, before my gaze, stretched Makhinios the warlike, Eusebius the pious, whose gigantic inhabitants lived entire centuries, and who were strong enough to pile up these blocks which still resisted the action of the water. One day, perhaps, some eruptive phenomenon would bring these engulfed regions back to the surface of the waves. Sounds that announced a profound struggle of the elements have been heard, and volcanic cinders projected out of the water have been found. All this ground, as far as the Equator, is still worked by underground forces. And who knows if in some distant epoch, increased by the volcanic dejections and by successive strata of lava, the summits of ignivome mountains will not appear on the surface of the Atlantic?

Whilst I was thus dreaming, trying to fix every detail of the grand scene in my memory, Captain Nemo, leaning against a moss-covered fragment of ruin, remained motionless as if petrified in mute ecstasy. Was he dreaming about the long-gone generations and asking them the secret of human destiny? Was it here that this strange man came to refresh his historical memories and live again that ancient existence?—he who would have no

modern one. What would I not have given to know his thoughts, to share and understand them!

We remained in the same place for a whole hour, contemplating the vast plain in the light of the lava that sometimes was surprisingly intense. The interior bubblings made rapid tremblings pass over the outside of the mountain. Deep noises, clearly transmitted by the liquid medium, were echoed with majestic amplitude.

At that moment the moon appeared for an instant through the mass of waters and threw her pale rays over the engulfed continent. It was only a gleam, but its effect was indescribable. The captain rose, gave a last look at the immense plain, and then, with his hand, signed to me to follow him.

We rapidly descended the mountain. When we had once passed the mineral forest I perceived the lantern of the *Nautilus* shining like a star. The captain walked straight towards it, and we were back on board as the first tints of dawn whitened the surface of the ocean.



I'm a Rover

by GEORGE DARLEY

I'M a rover! I'm a rover
  Of the greenwood and the glade!
And I'll teach you to discover
  Every Beauty of the shade!

I'm a rover! I'm a rover
  Of the woodland and the dell!
And I know the leafy cover
  Where the maiden-roses dwell!

I'm a rover! I'm a rover!
  Where her couch the lily keeps;
And I'll bring you slily over—
  You may kiss her as she sleeps!

I'm a rover! I'm a rover!
  Where the cowslip quaffs the dew,
Where the bee delights to hover,
  Come! I'll choose a cup for you!

THE WINDMILL

by H. W. LONGFELLOW

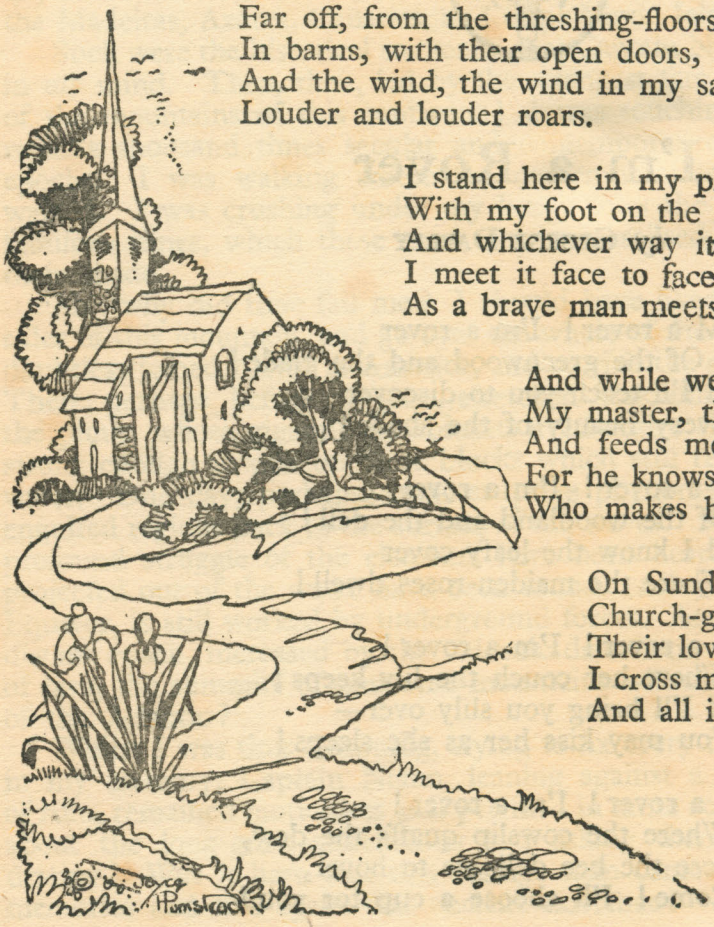


BEHOLD! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower.
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors,
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face
As a brave man meets his foe.



And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands,
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

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